SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII MAY, 1918 NO. 5

THE FLOWERING

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE land is like a garden with a blossoming of boys.
All across a continent, from the wide Atlantic's booming,
To the hoarse Pacific breakers, shouting deep triumphant noise;
All across a thousand prairies; from the Rocky Mountains' looming;
From the farms and from the cities, out of villages like toys
Pour the boys!
Everywhere—oh, my country, everywhere
The flower of America has sprung to sudden blooming.

Steady flowing, never-ending, never heeding rank or races,
Eager faces set and sober, toward the cloud of battle lowering—
Hear the swinging of battalions, see the young, unfearing faces.
Thousands upon crowding thousands, iron muscles, steady faces,
Out of snows and out of bayous, out of fields and cities towering,
Rich and poor, from lordly mansions, out of tiny homes like toys
Stream the boys!
Everywhere—oh, my country, everywhere
The harvest of the land we love has ripened to its flowering.

For the God of Hosts has lifted up our soul to be a nation;
He has silenced them who doubted that we knew his trumpet voice;
He has set us on a mountain top to suffer for salvation,
Has crowned us and has cleaned us with suffering and salvation.
And—to answer if our hearts are fixed on riches and on toys—
Lord, the boys!
Not for gain—God Almighty, not for gaining
We are offering our flowering for a bulwark to creation—
Lord—our boys!

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WAR LETTERS OF EDMOND GENET

THE FIRST AMERICAN AVIATOR KILLED FLYING OFFICIALLY THE STARS AND STRIPES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A PAINTING BY LIEUTENANT FARRÉ AND PHOTOGRAPHS

EDMOND CHARLES CLINTON GENET, great-great-grandson of "Citizen" Genet (who was the first Minister from the French Republic to the United States, coming here in 1793), was brought up in Ossining, New York, enlisted in the United States navy when he was sixteen, served at Vera Cruz in 1914, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in February, 1915, serving with distinction for fifteen months at the front, and entered the Aviation Corps in May, 1916, becoming a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille which, after our entry into the war, flew the American flag. Young Genet was killed on April 16, 1917, ten days after the United States entered the war. The following letters written to his mother and other members of his family are the concluding ones only of a long series written throughout the war, which will appear in a volume. Genet was a few months over twenty when he was killed, and the letters reveal an enthusiastic, boyish, and brave character.

The emblem of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Escadrille La Fayette, N 124,
Secteur postal 182, France.
January 20th, 1917.

MY DEAR LITTLE MOTHER:

This is my first full day at the front with the escadrille. Like almost all the occurrences of my life this change has occurred with a jump. I was sent out here by the G. D. E. [Grande Division d'École] to get a machine from another escadrille here and pilot it back to the G. D. E., as it was one being discarded from use on the front. I arrived yesterday morning and discovered that the G. D. E. had already 'phoned here ordering me back without taking the machine, as there had come an order for Bigelow, Parsons, and myself to join our escadrille. Instead of going back I stayed right here at the order of our captain, thus saving a rather unnecessary trip to the G. D. E. and back here. Parsons and Bigelow ought to be out here by Monday at the latest.

It's a big relief to me to be out here at last, dear Mother. The rumble of the big guns this morning which 'roused me from beneath my warm covering of four big blankets (for it's right cold here and we've snow all over the ground) wasn't new music to my ears. It seemed like old times, the roar of old comrades.

It is by a very singular coincidence that I slept the night before last on my way out here at the very same little village in which I slept the very first night I reached the front here from Lyon with the Legion in March of 1915. I'll be flying over the very part of the front from which I first faced the enemy so many months ago in those early ones of the war.

It may be some time yet before I have a machine of my own. Meanwhile, as two of the fellows are in America on leave, I'll be using one of theirs. The days are

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persisting in being so disagreeable lately that there has been very little flying done at all.

We are quartered in a very comfortable wooden barrack, two to a room. There are orderlies for each of us, mechanics for each machine, and automobiles to go around with if we care to go to any near-by big town. We eat excellently and really one feels quite like a prince,—far different from the life in the schools—*or* in the famous legion.

G—— H—— in Ossining told Mr. H—— some while ago about my having been the first to volunteer on board the *Georgia* to go ashore in case of necessity at Vera Cruz. Isn't it funny that all the good stories about me seem to be getting around and the others are keeping dark? Some day those will out and then there'll be a mess of affairs.

E. C. Genet

"Citizen" Genet.
First Minister from the French Republic to the United States in 1793.

I made my first little speech in public on Wednesday last. Mr. Hedin of the Brooklyn *Eagle* office in Paris took me to the monthly luncheon of the Associated Franco-English Press, which was held at the Café de Paris (one of the best Parisian restaurants), and I happened to be the only one there who was in uniform. There were about forty newspaper men of the French, American, and British papers. The chairman, Mr. Adams, introduced two gentlemen who were to say a few remarks and then he announced that the great-great-grandson of Citizen Genet, who was serving with the French in the war in the aviation corps, was with them and a few other remarks, and of course I had to get up and acknowledge as best I could. I didn't say very much, but they all say I did all right and lots of them came up after the luncheon and were very pleasant to me.

Do you know, Mother dear, that it's exactly two years to-day that I sailed away from little old New York? It seems impossible.

Endless love and best wishes to you and all, dear Mother, from

Your devoted "third,"*

EDMOND.

January 28, 1917.—My last letter, written the 20th, was from the front, so of course you know all about my getting out here from that one. I've been to Paris since then, because on Monday I flew a machine in part of the way and then went by R. R. to Plessis to get my belongings, which I had been forced to leave there when I was sent out the previous week. I got them and, as the captain told me I need not rejoin them here until Thursday, I stayed the two intervening days with the P——s in Paris. It was quite fortunate for me, because I was thus able to see H—— before she left for Italy.

Excuse this scrawl. I'm already "turned in" for the night, but am sitting up in my bunk and have a lamp beside me for illumination purposes. We're having the coldest weather I've found since coming over the "pond." These last few days have been superbly clear but terribly cold and with a sharp, biting northerly wind. Everything freezes up. I actually had to thaw out my fountain pen the night before last to write up my diary, and I've a bottle of ink which is simply a

* Referring to his being the third and youngest son.

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solid brick of iced ink. Needless to say we heat up the water we use for washing purposes every morning.

I've got a Nieuport of my own now, one which is really new, and to-morrow I go out over the lines with the escadrille for the first time. I haven't been out yet, simply because there was no machine for me, and in fact I haven't been here many days yet, having been in Paris after my things a good part of this week.

For the past two weeks I've been so much on the move that I haven't been able to answer letters or do much writing of any sort except write up my diary every night. I always manage to do that, no matter how rushed or how tired I may be. This is the fifth year now I've been doing that without ever losing a single day.

I think I have a mighty courageous and brave little Mother, for you write that you would like to have been with me on that flight I took up over the Pyrenees at Pau. Do you think you would risk yourself with your wild "third" in a little flying-machine at 3000 or more meters (about 9000 ft.) away above clouds and jagged mountains? Some day I hope I shall be able to test your courage, little Mother.

We have a very pleasant captain of the escadrille and the lieutenant (de Laage) is a dandy fellow. Of course, Thaw, who is a lieutenant, looks out for us a good deal, but de Laage is our regular lieutenant. Both he and the captain speak English—particularly de Laage. We all eat together in one mess and our cook is an AI man.

Must get to sleep now, dear little Mother. I have to get off to the lines at 7 to-morrow morning which means arising at 6 o'clock. Flying these days is mighty cold work and risky too on account of the high winds. To-morrow I'll be under fire again—this time as an *aviator*, not a *légionnaire*. Good night and God bless you.

Escadrille N 124,
Secteur Postal 182, France.
February 2d, 1917.

DEAR, DEAR RIVERS*:

Why your letter of December 4th didn't reach me until to-day I cannot tell, except that it had, of course, to go to Pau and then to the G. D. E. and then out here; but I've already received letters of much later dates which have had to take the same route. At any rate, it's here and I surely am mighty well contented to hear from you.

You ask me something which both startles and amazes me. Are you really and actually serious about wishing to come over here and enter the aviation corps to fight with us for this glorious cause and country? Do you mean to say that you are seriously thinking of following in the footsteps of your crazy, hair-brained kid brother? Rivers, I don't really know whether to advise you to come over or not. Of course the training is well worth it if one gets through all right and *can* return and take up aviation in the States. Undoubtedly there will be heaps of chances for us back there if we are capable of continuing when this big scrap is completed and we're free to return *chez nous*, but the dangers and risks are mighty big, and to have two of us in the game—well, think it over very carefully before you do any moving. You certainly have—or seem to have—excellent chances of a commission, for which I congratulate you with all my heart. Will it really be worth your while to give up all that, come over here, run the risk we're running, take from six to eight months in training, take the chance of being overthrown by your own country which you want to serve, and even run the chance of having the war end before you could get time to put in any active service—for, after all, there are *some* chances at least that it will terminate before next year? If you do decide to come I advise you to do so well before July. Come as early in the Spring as possible—April will be a good month to start in training. Be sure, though, through a thorough medical exam, that you are O. K. in all physical matters, and bring a medical certificate with you, a birth certificate (if possible), and you'll probably have to show references that you have no German connection, which, of course, will be easy, as the fact of our excellent French ancestry will be sufficient to calm all suspicions and also, I guess, the fact that your younger brother has already two years of good service under the French colors and is in the Franco-American Corps will be enough to get you in all

*His brother, Ensign, U. S. N.

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right. Look out for your passport, though —I don't advise you to give the real reason of your coming over here when you get it. Say you are coming over to serve in the ambulance corps or else some private reason, such as I used—to look up property of your French connections or some such reason as that—which I think will be better than the former I have suggested, the ambulance work, as in that you might have to produce papers from the American Ambulance Service, etc., to confirm your statements, whereas a personal family reason would let you out of such trouble.

How I would like to have you come, dear brother! Think it all over mighty hard, though, before you make any definite move. I wouldn't be in any other place myself for all the world, but for you it's an entirely different question indeed. Don't be rash. You already have got military prospects before you over there. I've got to win mine over here and I've

Edmond C. C. Genet in his aviator's uniform.
From a photograph taken in Paris September 4, 1916.

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already two years of steady excellent service to help me along toward that end. Again I say—don't be rash. Heaven knows, though, dear Rivers, I certainly would be delighted to have you here with me in this wonderful big fight,—among this wonderful heroic people.

If the U. S. accepts this latest extraordinary dictation from Germany which is in to-day's papers, about the steamship route to England, I can't see that any genuine, self-respecting American should feel justified in holding his head up any more. It's abominable and goes fully beyond all bounds of patience. Cæsar or Nero could not have dictated any more severely to their slaves than has the Kaiser to our country. It's simply dictation and nothing more and no self-respecting nation can stand it. Will ours? Damn the Boches! I hope and pray that I can live long enough to make them realize there's one American who refuses to be neutral in the face of their confounded audacities.

Since getting out here I've been out over the lines, but not very much, on account of the weather. The days have been excessively cold and snowy, and sleeping at night is no really warm event. We won't be very active as far as flying is concerned until more toward March, I'm afraid. I've got a machine of my own now—a 110 h. p. Nieuport. It's a dandy machine, but I burned out two cylinders this morning just after I started up and had to come back. The cold weather has been rotten for the oil, and it froze in my tank and the oil-clutch. I get a new motor to-morrow to replace the old. The first morning I flew over the lines I went 4200 metres (about 12,600 ft.), which is some altitude for a clear and very cold morning. The view was wonderful, and just about 500 metres below and to our right (I was out with one of the other fellows) shells fired at us from a German anti-aircraft battery were bursting. A light covering of snow helped to accentuate the outlines of the ground, the railroad lines, roads, villages, etc. That was one of our exceptionally clear days, though. This is surely no kid's game. It's mighty tiring and trying on the nerves and one feels it lots at the end of each day's flying. One has to keep constantly on the alert—and a mighty wide-awake alert too. Manœuvring the machine has practically to be done involuntarily—mechanically, I should say, and keep all the senses absolutely on the alert for the enemy and the course taken. The enemy machines drop down behind one with blamed suddenness and then there's the devil to pay. It's *some* job! There isn't a great deal of danger of being brought down by shells, although there have been machines brought down that way—mostly with a lot of luck on the part of the gunners. Both sides, though, do possess some mighty good anti-aircraft batteries.

Now write to me immediately when you decide what you're going to do about coming over here—only, go thoughtfully.

Please remember me to M—— and every one else, including my bright "Star." Bonne chance pour l'amour. C'est tout à fait bien, cher frère.

Ton frère dévoué,

EDMOND.

Same address—February 13th, 1917.

MY DEAR LITTLE MOTHER.

I have been delayed in writing to you for several days, as flying and writing letters are hard things to do the same day, and I've had quite a number of letters lately which had to be written. I was held up for a while with flying on account of motor trouble and a new one was installed. Yesterday I tried it out and this afternoon I spent two solid hours over the lines and feel almost too tired now to write, but there are already two of your letters before me unanswered (Jan. 12th and 17th) and I feel I should at least try to get this off, even though I may have to complete it to-morrow. When one comes to think of it there is great possibility that many days will go by before this or any mail is sent over to the States or any comes over here from the States, for the simple reason that reports have it that no ships are leaving with the mails either from here for the States or vice versa. Communications will probably be opened before very long, as armed vessels will very likely be sent out with all ships of American nationality on the seas on account of the present critical crisis between the States and Germany. I feel sure, as do most other people, that there will be actual war existing between the

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two nations in a mighty short space of time,—long before this reaches you. We cannot deplore such an event. It is the inevitable which has been coming all the while and we should be very thankful that our President has at last done the right thing at the right time. The people of the States seem to be far too much aroused and ready for war to permit of backing down. It is only for Germany to make the first hostile move now and it's a sure thing that she will, sooner or later. The rupture has gone too far now to prevent a complete severance and war.

My last letter to you was on January 28th, the day before I made my first flight over the lines. Since then I have made quite a number of flights but have had no particularly exciting experiences thus far. I've been shelled a few times and have nearly had my face frozen in the excessive cold which has prevailed these past few weeks. It has been bitterly cold practically all the while—very exceptional for France as the usual French winter weather is damp, rainy—with occasional wet snows,—and plenty of raw winds. It has been marvellously clear for a long time, but we're likely to get the wet weather any day now. This continual clear weather—and so cold—is very surprising.

We are having a little difficulty in securing sufficient coal and wood for our fires, but we're managing to keep our living-room warm and habitable, and we cover up well in our cold rooms to sleep at night. One can't expect all the comforts of home in war-time at the front.

Our living-room, where we are most of the time while off duty, is a mighty attractive little den. We have covered all the walls and ceiling with corrugated cardboard strips (smooth side outside) over the rough boards and on this in various places I have drawn and painted vivid scenes of aerial combats between French and German machines, etc., and here and there I've made other pencil drawings, of girls. Each of the two doors is draped with attractive blue-and-brown curtains, the

"Whiskey-Man," the cub lion, mascot of the escadrille.

"Whiskey" is now about a year old and just as gentle and nice a lion as ever existed. . . . He plays around with us all day long.—Page 526.

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four windows have white curtains (except one which caught fire from a lamp by accident last night) and a huge painting of an Indian head, the symbol of the escadrille, which is also painted on each of our machines. The Indian's mouth is open, as though he was shouting his terrible war-cry in defiance of his enemies, and he looks very warlike indeed. It's quite an appropriate symbol for the escadrille, being something genuinely American.

For entertainment we have a pretty fair piano, which we have hired from a family in a near-by village by the month, and a victrola with a goodly supply of American and French records. There are at least five of us who have a smattering of musical ability, so you can imagine that the piano is tinkling pretty frequently each day. Your "third" does his full share of the pounding with neither scruples nor regard for piano notes or the ears of the listeners. 'Nough said!

We eat splendidly all the time and, as we all eat "ensemble" without regard to military grade (captain and all), it is far more sociable and jolly than in the other escadrilles, which have separate messes for officers and under-grade pilots. We have a very good system here—of everybody speaking English throughout the noon meal and paying a fine of two cents for each break into French. At dinner it is just the opposite—we all speak French and pay fines for any mistakes into English. It helps us learn French and the Captain and Lieutenant, who are French, and who can speak pretty fair English, learn English. It works finely.

We each have two mechanics to care for our machine and an orderly to look after our personal wants, so you see we are pretty well off. We have an excellent chef too.

Same address, February 20th, 1917.

MY DEAR UNCLE CLAIR:

Since writing to you last I have completed my training as an "aviateur militaire" and have come to the front. I joined our escadrille of American volunteers soon after the middle of January and have been flying on active service ever since—when the weather permitted. Up until this last week it has permitted pretty regular flying and I've seen—or rather participated in—some very exciting combats with enemy airmen. On Thursday morning of last week I got into a hot old scrap with two enemy biplane machines quite a ways back of their first line and only a four hundred metres over several of their anti-aircraft batteries. I succeeded in driving both adversaries earthward after some lively manœuvring and exchanging of machine-gun fire, but the batteries made it decidedly hot for me after it was over. I made swift tracks for the upper atmosphere in a good zig-zag course to outwit the range-finders at their nasty game of placing shells under my tail and around my wings in attempts to clip them for me. Life here is not all one long, sweet, idle dream.

A final break with the Central Powers certainly seems inevitable for the States before very many days. Everything seems to point that way. Every one connected with diplomatic matters seems to be practically certain of actual hostilities within a mighty short time. Thank Providence that President Wilson at last took the stand he did, when such outrageous dictations were sent by Germany on American shipping. It was astoundable and enough to rile the most pacific of pacific American citizens. It's utterly deplorable that it didn't rile our eminent statesman W. J. Bryan. Some one ought to take violent measures against him.

We are delightfully situated with regard to quarters and in spite of the scarcity of coal we manage to keep warm in our attractive little living (and mess) room.

Under my feet is sedately reposed, with his black-and-white terrier chum (now he is in the arms of one of the fellows), our wonderful mascot—a nine-months-old cub *lion*. We call him "Whiskey" and he surely is some *pup*. He's *nearly* as gentle as a little kitten, but growls profusely when his dog is not with him. They sleep together every night, curled up amiably in a little house, and all day long they play together around the fire in our living-room. They're heaps of fun.

The Christmas holidays passed so quickly that I didn't get much chance to write. I had a few days in Paris after leaving Pau on Dec. 10th, and spent

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Christmas Day there also, but was pretty busy the rest of the time with flying, and then I came out here in January. Now it's all grim work until the conflict ends some day in next year or the one after that.

Love and warmest wishes to you all and every best wish for this new year.

Affectionately—
EDMOND C. C. GENET,
Caporal Pilote.

Same address, March 8th, 1917.

MY DEAR LITTLE MOTHER:

I am answering your letter of February 7th, which arrived several days ago. On the 5th I answered a letter from Rivers which I received the previous day, telling me among other things that he really had passed the exams and had received his coveted commission as ensign in the 8th Division. I surely was delighted over that fine piece of news. It's splendid, and he deserves all possible credit for his efforts. I presume it is as you write—that Rod will have to remain a much longer time than was expected down along the border while the country is on the brink of a possible war. He must be completely fagged out with the place there.

The day before yesterday I got my nose and one cheek all frozen while flying over the lines. Yesterday the skin had all peeled off but I put vaseline over it and now the new skin is forming. I'm a sight, though, for the present, although it isn't very painful. I guess I really started to freeze up last Sunday, for that morning I was up in the air nearly five steady hours and it was extremely chilly, and then the sharp wind of the day before yesterday finished up the job. I scarcely noticed the chill wind at the time.

Last Sunday I was far into the German territory and got lost. I shouldn't have gotten lost, but the mists all around were extremely thick and all I could see was the ground directly below me—a matter of 4000 metres beneath me—and it was really simply luck that I got back over French territory instead of getting more into enemy territory before I ran out of fuel and had to land at an aviation camp. After filling up I returned to the lines and got lost again up in the sector of the British forces, and had to land at one of their aviation camps to find out where I was. Altogether I was in the air nearly five hours that morning. It was quite a trying experience, as the mists were almost too thick to make out one's direction. The only thing that I could rely on was my compass.

The Captain just asked me if I knew what were the sufferings of the men in the trenches during winter days such as we're having now. I guess he doesn't quite realize that I've had two winters out there with them. I realize as well as any of them what misery the troops suffer out there along those chill wet muddy lines. My own experiences there haven't been in any degree more comfortable than those of any of them.

Several of us motored over a second time last week to see the Legion, as it is near us in repose. We saw several of the Americans still in it and had three of them over to dine with us one day. One of the fellows, Casey by name, is from the art sections of Paris, where he worked previous to the war, and we're trying to secure permission for him to come over here for several days to draw our pictures. He wants to do so very much indeed. He is one of those who joined the Legion in August, 1914.

Must close now. It's lunch-time. If I'm in Paris on Sunday you may be sure I'll be on hand at the American Church for the morning service—perhaps also for early communion.

My name has been put in by the Captain for promotion to the grade of Sergeant, so I guess by another fifteen days I'll be one and be drawing about 80 cents a day for pay.

Heaps of love, dear little Mother. God bless you.

Same address, March 15th, 1917.

MY DEAR RIVERS:

Yours from the "Granite State" came a day or so ago. In fact I found it waiting here when I got back on Monday afternoon from spending the week-end with —— in Paris. It is fortunate that I got in when I did, for an order was issued yesterday suspending indefinitely all leaves, on account of forthcoming activities on the front. I managed to do all that I wished while there, so it doesn't cut

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much ice with me one way or the other now.

It seems to me that you are right about the price of your mess being a trifle steep, although of course you have to think of the service and the position. We ourselves, over here in actual war, are paying about six francs ($1.20) apiece a day for our fare, and that does not include service. We eat splendidly—except for the service—I've no doubt but that we eat just as good as do you. Of course this is exceptional with us. The Franco-American Corps gives us so much a month (about $200) to help pay for our mess.

My present pay is only about 48 cents a day as a corporal, but I've already been proposed for sergeant and the order should come in soon. I'm practically drawing the pay now, because when the order comes it will read from the day I was proposed—the 10th, so I'll get pay from that date. A sergeant's pay per month is about 240 francs, which is roughly $48. That is a big jump from corporal, you see. Besides that, each of us receives about $20 a month for personal use from the F. A. Corps, so you see we get nearly $70 per month as sergeant, quite sufficient on which to exist comfortably.

War seems far more certain now for you than it did when I last wrote. Every one over here connected with the military side of the U. S. say war is merely a question of days now. Major P—— seems sure of it. Another thing (I don't give it much credit yet, but it's worth thinking about) is that I have heard very indirectly lately that there are commissions already at Paris for all of us, to be given immediately in the event of war—commissions appointing us either first or second lieutenants—according to our merits here on the front—in the U. S. Naval Aviation service. We would simply be taken over by our government, be commissioned, and remain here on the front as we are now. All that seems a good deal, to be so. P—— assures me he feels sure that I shall find no difficulty in getting cleared should war come on. I'm not worrying about it too much, though it is on my mind all the time. He tells me not to cross any bridges before I come to them, which I'm following as pretty good advice.

You're right about not having very exciting prospects ahead of you should war come, if you all are to be in the coast-patrol reserve fleet. Maybe you'll be on the *Georgia*. She's in the Philadelphia Navy Yard attached to the reserve force now, I believe. You might have exciting times, even then, along the coast with submarines, but it's doubtful at that.

There's coming a time when the aviation service will be completely separate from both the Army and Navy—the real Fifth Arm. It should really be that way anyhow. You ask me for an essay on French aviation, if it is permissible for me to write about it. There are lots of things I can't tell you about on account of their secrecy, but I guess it won't bring any harm to either the French Government or myself to give you the following facts:

All aviation corps are of course divided into the following groups: bombardment, artillery regulation, reconnoitring, and chase and combat. The latter (chase and combat) is the kind to which we belong. It is composed of the smaller, lighter, and faster machines. The French use very few avions de chasse carrying two men. Practically all are monoplane machines. These comprise the Nieuport and Spad (both biplane avions) and the Morane monocock (not very much used). It is a monoplane. You probably already know what functions we have,—protecting our lines and territory from invasion by hostile machines in order to prevent photographic work, reconnoitring, artillery reglaze, and bombardment. We also protect our own machines of these last types over the enemy territory, although very exceptionally, because there are certain escadrilles de chasse which are attached to these other groups as their protectors. Our chief duty is to patrol over the lines—sometimes only along the lines themselves and other times going well into the enemy's territory to hunt down their machines, at the same time keeping our eyes open for movements of their troops, etc. We generally go in groups of from two to four or occasionally six—very rarely alone, particularly inside the German lines.

Reconnoitring and photography work are done principally by biplane machines, such as the Sopwith, the bimotor Caudron, and the Morane Parasol. This last is used more by the British than by the

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French. Farman biplanes do photography work, but their chief function is artillery regulation. The bombarding expeditions—particularly those carried on in the night at long distances—are effected by the heavy Voisin biplanes and frequently by Farmans. The Voisins are armed with a one-pounder cannon as well as a machine gun. Sopwith monoplane machines are excellent, as they are fairly rapid, easily manœuvred, are armed with two machine guns—one forward fixed stationary on the plane superieur and fired by the pilot from his seat and the second in the rear beside the gunner, from where he can aim and fire it in practically every direction—and they can offer a very formidable resistance when attacked. The Morane Parasols (the one plane is above the fuselage giving it the appearance of a parasol) are likewise excellent for observation and photography, having, like the Sopwith, two machine guns mounted in the same positions, and therefore are easily defended. They are more fragile and dangerous to handle, though, than the Sopwith, and therefore are not quite so good.

Major Raoul Lufbery, the American Ace of the Lafayette Escadrille, who has brought down sixteen German aviators.

From the painting by Lieutenant Farré.

The bimotor Caudron biplanes are excellent, fast, and very easy to manœuvre. They are armed with one machine gun (movable), and the gunner (who is also the observer) is placed forward of the pilot. The Farman machines are along somewhat these same lines, but are much slower and far more difficult to handle quickly, presenting therefore much less resistance to attack—especially from the rear.

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The motors made in France and used in aviation are far, far superior to any made in America. The English use French motors in their 'planes almost entirely. Germany has excellent motors, but two are merely copied from French ones. Their Mercedes is as good as any motor. The French Rhone rotary motor, though, far excels any other both in simplicity of running and in strength and durability. You will see in many American aviation periodicals the advertisements of the Gnome rotative motor, and it is used a great deal there in aeroplanes. Over here it is only used by the French on some of their machines, such as the Bleriot monoplane, which are used in their schools. The Rhone rotary is the improvement on the Gnome and it's a great improvement too. The French also have a rotary motor—the Clerget—which is very good.

I guess I've written enough about French aviation for you now without overstepping the limits of secrecy. I hope so. Ask me any questions, though, which you wish to and I'll answer them if permissible or I can. You can probably find some fairly good books on aviation over there and talk as much as possible with aviation men over there, but *don't* believe all they say to you. Aviation is a pretty poorly known subject over there yet. They haven't had one eighth of the practical experience which the French have gained over here since August, 1914. *And* they have *largely* profited by it.

"Jim" McConnell, one of the fellows here who wrote such a good article about the escadrille in *World's Work*, has had a longer account published in book form, called "Flying for France," by James R. McConnell. You should get it and read it, for it is mighty well written and true.

Don't let the Boche blow up anything around old Manhattan Isle. They've done sufficient damage already. To-day's paper says they have just torpedoed "sans avertissement" the *Algonquin*, carrying the American flag. I hope some one of our armed merchant vessels see and fire upon a German U-boat without any warning soon and sink it. They've got orders to do just that, so let them do it. Strafe the damned Boches!

Best wishes to you all and love.

Your devoted brother,

EDMOND.

Same address, March 20th, 1917.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER:

We are all feeling decidedly blue because our oldest pilot of the escadrille—one of the four who were its first members (the other three were Prince, Chapman, and Rockwell)—has been missing since yesterday morning and undoubtedly is on the other side of the lines—either dead or wounded and a prisoner. He is McConnell, the one who wrote such a good account of the escadrille, which was published in *World's Work*. He and I were out together yesterday morning over the new territory just captured by the French and English, and about ten o'clock, while well inside the enemy lines, we encountered two German biplane machines. I mounted to attack the nearest and left Mac to take care of the second, and it is the last seen of him. There were plenty of clouds and mist, and after I had finished my scrap with the one I attacked, in which I got one of my main upper-wing supports cut in half, a guiding rod cut in half, several bullets through my upper wing, and half an explosive bullet in the side of my left cheek, which stunned me for a moment, I went down lower to look for Mac and help him if he was hard pressed; and looked all around and waited for fifteen minutes for him to show up, but I could see neither him nor the German machine which must have attacked him. My upper wing was in great danger of breaking off, the support being half cut through, my wound was bleeding and pained quite a bit, so I finally headed back for camp, hoping Mac had perhaps missed me and gone back before me. I had a driving wind to face going back and had to fly very low to get beneath heavy clouds to see my way. When I got to ground on our field I looked in vain for Mac's machine. When I asked if he had returned my worst fears were confirmed. He had not, and we have, up to the present time, had absolutely no news of him whatsoever. It's terrible, little Mother. I feel horribly over it, for I was the only

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one with him. If I could have only seen what became of him—been nearer to him while fighting—but I had to go up to keep both machines from coming down on him. I headed off one and fought it against all odds because I couldn't gain, in the short time I had, an appreciable advantage over him, and his gunner was able to shoot much easier than I, as we were on the same level circling around each other. It was one of his first shots which hit me. It stunned me for a second, but I kept at him and fired until we nearly collided. Then I dived to look out for Mac and then couldn't locate him. A battery kept shelling me as I came down. Poor Mac, Mother! I've been out of my mind ever since getting back yesterday. My wound is slight. It was dressed as soon as I got back. It pains dully, but will be all right soon and won't keep me from continuing my duties. I'd have gone out to-day but for the rotten condition of the weather—wanted to go yesterday afternoon to look for Mac or his machine, if it had fallen inside the German lines, but my machine had to be repaired. Our lieutenant and Lufbery did go out to look for signs or news of him but found nothing. It's miserable luck. The commandant told me I did bravely—I wish I could have done more—have saved poor Mac from his fate.

Since last Friday there has been an enormous amount of activity on this front. The big French and British advance has given us all a strenuous amount of work each day. Friday I was after enemy observation balloons. Saturday morning, at 6.10, several of us went out on an alert after Zeppelins. I was the one to attack, as I carried incendiary bullets; the others were my guard. Unfortunately we were sent out in a wrong direction and missed the Zeppelins, and one of the fellows and myself became lost above the clouds and had to land, for lack of fuel, in the west of France. We got back at one-thirty that afternoon. One Zeppelin had been brought down by anti-aircraft battery fire just south of Compiègne at 6.15 that morning. Had we gone up above the clouds toward the east that morning instead of heading north as we did, we would have undoubtedly sighted the Zeppelin and consequently your "third" might now be a Zeppelin conqueror. Its motors were out of order and it was drifting south with the wind when brought down in flames by the batteries. I could have caught it easily and set it on fire immediately with my incendiary bullets. My luck wasn't with me then.

On Sunday I was out reconnoitring with patrols both morning and afternoon over the new territory gained by the French, and yesterday I had the experience with McConnell which I've already told you.

The retiring Germans have completely torn up the country, burned the villages, carried off many of the civilian population—especially the old men and young women; those left have been outrageously mistreated—half-starved and left with their homes in destruction. Trees have been cut down or half-cut, so they would fall over with the wind and obstruct routes. Roads were blown up everywhere and railroads destroyed. Regions have been flooded and all kinds of other things done to impede the advance, and all supplies of food, etc., have been taken by them. The ground captured by the Allies is virtually a barren waste. It was very interesting to fly over this territory just before the attacks—while the villages were being burned by the enemy. Practically no opposition up to date has been offered by the retiring Germans. There has been little loss of life and the advance has really been carried out by the French and English cavalry. It's quite a change from the trench warfare. The French civilians whom the enemy left in the villages when they retreated were so overjoyed when the French troops came that they fell on the soldiers' necks and embraced and kissed and wept over them. The children shouted and danced and waved French flags at us as we flew at a low altitude over them these last few days. It was very novel and exciting. Peronne and all the region between Roye and Soissons has been taken and the advance is continuing every day. It is cheering everybody up.

The new Russian government just set up seems to be in better favor than the old one was, and the French are patching up satisfactorily their internal political troubles; so the news all around is good, and now it seems very certain that the States will be with the Allies in full mea-

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sure very soon. Even far-away China has thrown off relations with the Huns.

We have a little sweetheart now for our lion cub "Whiskey." Her name is "Soda," and "Soda" is a little lioness about ten weeks old. They're a great pair.

Don't worry, dear little Mother, over my wound or anything else. God has been very good to me thus far and he knows best what shall become of me. I'd be very willing to have a dozen such wounds if poor McConnell were only back with us. I'll avenge him if it costs me my own life.

Every bit of love to you, dear Mother. God bless you and keep you well and happy for long, long years to come for

Your devoted son,

EDMOND.

March 27, 1917.—Unless the conflict stops suddenly very soon there isn't much chance of my ever getting back to you all anyway. Don't grieve, dear little Mother, because I write that. God knows best. I feel sure that he had some big purpose in guiding me over here and what more glorious cause can a volunteer give his life for these days than this great one men are dying for every day over here on these battle-fields?

Jim McConnell has just gallantly earned a lonely grave out behind the present fighting lines. I wrote to you last Tuesday—the day after he and I were out together—when we had to return, wounded, without him and with no definite news of him. Since then the Germans were forced back farther and finally French troops came across a badly smashed Nieuport with the body of a sergeant-pilot beside the ruins. All identification papers were gone, and the d—ned Boches had even taken off the flying clothes and even the boots, and left the body where it had fallen. The number of the machine was sent in and so we knew it was Mac's. The following morning, after a flight over the lines, I spiralled down over the location given and found the wreck—almost unrecognizable as an aeroplane, crushed into the ground at the edge of a shell-torn and wrecked little village. I circled over it for a few minutes and then back to camp to report. Our captain flew over that way the same morning to see about the body. When he returned he told us about the clothes and shoes having been stolen and said that Mac had been buried beside the road next to which he had fallen. There is no doubt but that he was killed during the combat in the air, and the machine crashed down full speed to the earth. Since that day I've chased two Boche machines but could get up to neither, but I'll get one yet and more than one, or be dropped myself, to avenge poor Mac. I've already been told I was reckless in the air over the lines, but after this I vow I'll be more than reckless, come what may. Mother, my blood boils and thirsts after those accursed Huns. They're brutes and fiends, and daily they grow worse.

Mac and myself have been proposed by Capt. Thénault for army citations which will bring me the Croix de Guerre. It seems a mighty slight thing to get decorated for, considering that poor Mac has died to win his. I'd have had a citation for what I did at Champagne if I had done what most of my comrades did there after the battle—deliberately asked for it; but that isn't my way of winning laurels. It has been pretty hard since, though, to meet again and again these fellows who have been decorated for service in the American Ambulance Field Service for carrying wounded back of the lines—fellows who return to America after half a year's service over here and they are petted and idolized by every one—and know that I went through what I did with the Legion for a year and a half in the very face of Hell and have had nothing to display for it all. I'm not the only American who has served in the Legion since the beginning or near it who is that way, either. There are two or three others who were even wounded who were never decorated. Poor Dowd was one of them, and he had his right hand badly lacerated at Champagne, which put him in a hospital for six months, after which he volunteered to continue his services in aviation—where he was killed while training, as you know. I've seen so many, many fellows decorated for very insignificant wounds and services that it is quite a sore subject with me.

We have a little sweetheart for our "Whiskey-Man," the cub lion, mascot of the escadrille. She's a 2-½ months old lioness whom we call "Soda." "Whiskey"

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From a photograph, copyright by Sterling Heilig.

Gun-carriage bearing the body of Genet, surrounded by guard of honor.

is now about a year old and just as gentle and nice a lion as ever existed. Since his little fiancée came he has been ever so much nicer and more contented than ever before. "Soda" is rather snappy and not half as nice as her "Man." We still feed her on warmed milk. "Whiskey" eats like a young pig—anything that is offered him. He plays around with us all day long. He just loves to be rolled on his back and tickled.

April 15, 1917.—We've had lots of flying to do and I have been able to do very little writing. There is an awful stack of unanswered letters in my box now. I just can't get down to them so they steadily keep collecting.

I was in Paris over April 1st and 2d, as the memorial service for McConnell was held on the morning of the 2d at the Amer. Church in Paris. There was a very large attendance, including Ambassador Sharp and several high French military officials. I sat with Major and Mrs. P——, and stayed at the hotel with them during the two days. Paul Rockwell came up from the south, where he is on his delayed honeymoon with his wife, for service, so I saw him quite a bit during the two days. He went south again the next day. Only three of us could be allowed to go in for the service, as there was too much activity on the front for the escadrille. On Monday of last week several of us went in to get new machines. A lot of new fellows have come out lately to join us, so we had to have additional machines. I didn't get one after all, but we were there five days before we could come back.

Cheer up, little Mother, things are coming out O. K. for us all.

My citation for Croix de Guerre has been granted, but I have not yet received it, so am still waiting to be decorated. It will come very soon now. My nomination for grade of sous-officier is still on its way, so I'm not yet wearing my stripes. It should be here any day now, though.

The day before yesterday I had two combats during the afternoon but neither resulted in anything important. The

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Huns are becoming much more active along here now and fights occur practically daily. Lufbery, our Ace, brought down his eighth avion the other day, and our Lieutenant, de Laage, brought down his second and third on Sunday last.

What is going to be done with us now that the States are in is still a mystery. There have been lots of rumors in the papers, etc., but all based on no definite facts. We're waiting for news. I don't believe that we'll get one quarter the recognition which is due us, but what can we expect when up to the time the U. S. came in it regarded us as ones who had forfeited our right of citizenship for being over here, and when our country is run so much by politics?

If possible I am going to come back on a furlough if I can get authority to go from the French. That will be a month or two yet, so you'll know later what I'll do about that. I surely would like to have a little leave over there, dear Mother. Practically all the others who have been here two or three years (and several who haven't) have been to the States on leave for three or four weeks, so I guess I'm entitled to the same. It will be all the better to be over there now that the States are one of the Allies. I can wear a uniform and not be afraid of getting interned by my own government for being unneutral. I've asked Uncle Clair to send me some money in case I do get off and I have some here—about $100—of my own—gained by my citation.

Take heed of our change of postal secteur. We moved about two weeks ago.

Yesterday, under the eye of a motion-picture machine for pictures which will be shown later in America and France, and elsewhere also, we displayed the glorious Stars and Stripes for the first time in history on a European battle-front. Pictures were also taken of the Captain, Thaw, and Lufbery leaving the field in their machines for a patrol over the lines. Keep watch for the pictures—perhaps you will be able to see them yourself.

So Rivers is at sea? I wish he'd write and tell me all about it. I don't suppose he is more than simply cruising along the Atlantic coast on guard for submarines. Where is Rod? Has he really returned from Texas yet?

I think that the United States coming in with the Allies has really been the crowning assurance for all of a sure and complete victory. I got to Paris just a few days after war was declared and what a change I found there! American flags were flying everywhere among those of the Allies and everybody was feeling far brighter and more cheerful than I have ever seen them before. It was fine to see Old Glory waving everywhere, Mother. We've waited so long for it to fly over here and all Americans have had to be restrained before. Now it's entirely changed and all are happy and contented and hopeful. One can see that it has made a big moral impression on the French soldiers.

It has been raining this afternoon so I couldn't get out to fly. Thus I've been able to do all this writing.

Heaps of love, dear little Mother. Take good care of yourself.

Your devoted, loving "third"—

EDMOND.

Genet was killed April 16.

The following is an account of Genet's death, by Lufbery, the famous Ace of the Lafayette Escadrille:

One afternoon, at half-past two, Genet and I were ordered to make a patrol on the lines between St. Quentin and La Fère. I was leading and everything seemed to be all right. At about 3 o'clock, somewhere around Moy, the German anti-aircrafts started to shell us. I saw very plainly three shells bursting right behind Genet's machine, about one hundred yards from it. As we get that very often I did not pay much attention to it. Many times I myself had been shelled much closer than that and nothing had happened. Anyway, I don't know if he got hit or not, but he suddenly turned around and went toward the French lines. I followed him for about three or four minutes to make sure that he was taking the right direction; after that I went back to the lines to finish my patrol duty. There is another thing—Genet that day was not feeling well. He went out in the morning for a moment and when he landed he told us that there was something wrong with him and went to bed. We did not want to let him go the afternoon sortie, but he insisted, saying he was now much better.

Soldiers who saw him fall say that the machine got in a corkscrew dive at about 1400 yards high; finally a wing came off and the whole thing crashed on the ground.

I do not know exactly what happened, but might suppose that being ill he fainted. He also might have got wounded by a piece of shell.

Genet was a nice little fellow and everybody in the escadrille was very fond of him. He was very brave and I am sure he would have become one of the best.

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Genet was buried in the cemetery at Ham. At his funeral, on April 17, the following discourse was delivered by Captain Thénault, commandant of the American Escadrille:

The pride of commanding brave and courageous soldiers often carries with it cruel offsets.

To-day we are conducting to his tomb one of our comrades, Genet—a valiant soldier.

Born in the State of New York, 1896, he voluntarily left his country in order to join—two years ago,—for the cause which he believed right,—the Foreign Legion.

There he gained that decoration [the fourragère] which he was so proud to wear, and last year aviation tempted him. He at once gave promise, as before, of a brilliant career. The only solicitude of his chiefs was to teach him moderation. With his juvenile ardor he was always ready to fly, whether to attack an avion or burn a drachen.

He was young, and he seemed even younger. He was our Benjamin, and we cherished him as in a family one prefers the youngest, the weakest. But his heart was not weak, as on many occasions he caused us to see.

A month ago, during our advance, flying low with his comrade McConnell, in order to see whether the Germans were not traitorously lying in wait for our soldiers, they were surprised by an enemy escadrille. McConnell had not the time to stand his ground; but Genet straightened, swift as a flash of lightning, and engaged in the struggle. He put the enemy to flight, disabled one, and returned with his cheek cut by a ball. Rest? Never. He was not dead. To fight for France was his dream, and yesterday, disdainful of the storm raging, during a patrol an enemy shell reached him. He fell. At a good altitude he still had sufficient strength to return within our lines to die.

He loved his country, most certainly, but in his last wishes, which one cannot read without being strongly moved, after having sent a touching farewell to his mother,—who will weep, over there,—he said: "If I die, wrap me in the French flag, but place the two colors together upon my grave, to show that I died for the two countries."

Then he added, addressing his comrades: "Thank you, my friends; may God guide you to great success, and give much honor to this great nation and to this glorious cause for which we fight. May France live forever."

My dear friend, farewell. Respectfully I salute your memory—which we shall cherish—and before the grave of the first soldier fallen for the two flags,—the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor,—in the Great War, we say, "Thanks to America for having given to the light sons such as Thou." Farewell.

From a photograph, copyright by Sterling Heilig.

Ceremony at the grave of Edmond Genet.

In his last wishes . . . he said: "If I die, . . . place the two colors together upon my grave, to show that I died for the two countries."

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RESTORATION WORK IN FRANCE

SKETCHES AND NOTES

BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE OF THE FRENCH ARMY

In 1870 he lost an arm; in this war he has lost a son and all his property.

CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE is a young artist, a native of California, who, in addition to developing his talent for drawing, has punched cattle, served in the United States cavalry, and as a war artist pictured the German advance into Belgium.

When America joined the cause of the Allies, Mr. Baldridge enlisted in the American Field Service, and on his arrival abroad was assigned to driving a *camion* on the French front. He had abundant opportunities to witness the war at first hand, and in October last he wrote as follows:

"I write this at a loading depot as I get my *camion* packed with a cargo of barbed wire. At the present moment the 'Boches' are shelling Soissons. Every five minutes the big '305s' come over;

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

A typical road back of the lines in Northern France.

The evening procession begins. Two continuous lines of traffic present themselves composed of every variety of vehicle on two or four wheels ever invented—loaded wagons and *camions* going front, empty wagons and *camions* coming back—with, at intervals, detachments of troops. On the right of the drawing is a camouflage screen to hide this movement in the road. And in the distance are French "Saucisses" to take photographs and signal and telegraph to their batteries. German shells are getting close to one balloon and soon its position must be changed by the automobile to which it is attached, or it will have to be hauled down out of danger.

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we hear the report, the long, whistling screech overhead—a pause—'Boom!' behind us, and a black cloud of smoke.

"The other day I was near enough to an 'arrivé' to pick up a small, jagged portion of it where it fell in the road. It had been aimed at a captive balloon (and the balloon didn't wait for a second). The fragment was still hot. 'C'est la guerre!' as the French say on every occasion. . . . Later I may get something for you, especially since I may soon be transferred to the Intelligence Service, and if I do I'll shoot it to you."

His hopes materialized, and a month later he wrote:

"I am sending several sketches done on the French front. Many of the old ruins and historic cathedrals here have been put to strange uses due to the exigencies of this war. I was able to get about and do this stuff because of a remarkable pass which I received from the French Army General Headquarters. I am now in the French army, recognized as an artist, and am spending practically all my time sketching."

Madame —— who has been within the range of German guns for three years and a half.

The following sketches, most of them made in the vicinity of Soissons, show types of the survivors of this devastated district and a few phases of the work being done by the "Civilian Section of the American Fund for French Wounded in Co-operation with the Red Cross" in their effort to restore the towns and villages and, so far as is possible, help to rebuild the lives of the inhabitants.

The stairway which was once inside the home of Madame Crépin now serves as an approach to the little green wooden barracks put up by the American Red Cross for her use. The barracks are furnished by the French Government. They can be owned for seventy-five francs or leased at five francs a month.

The American Organization attends to the distribution of these temporary houses, and gives clothes, household utensils, and food that the village life may grow up again. They also strive to find the inhabitants of these ruined villages who have been driven away and get them to return; and they reorganize the village by persuading the "maire," the schoolmaster, the baker, and any other integral parts of the community that can be found, once more to resume their work.

Madame ——, sketched by Mr. Baldridge, has been within the range of Ger-

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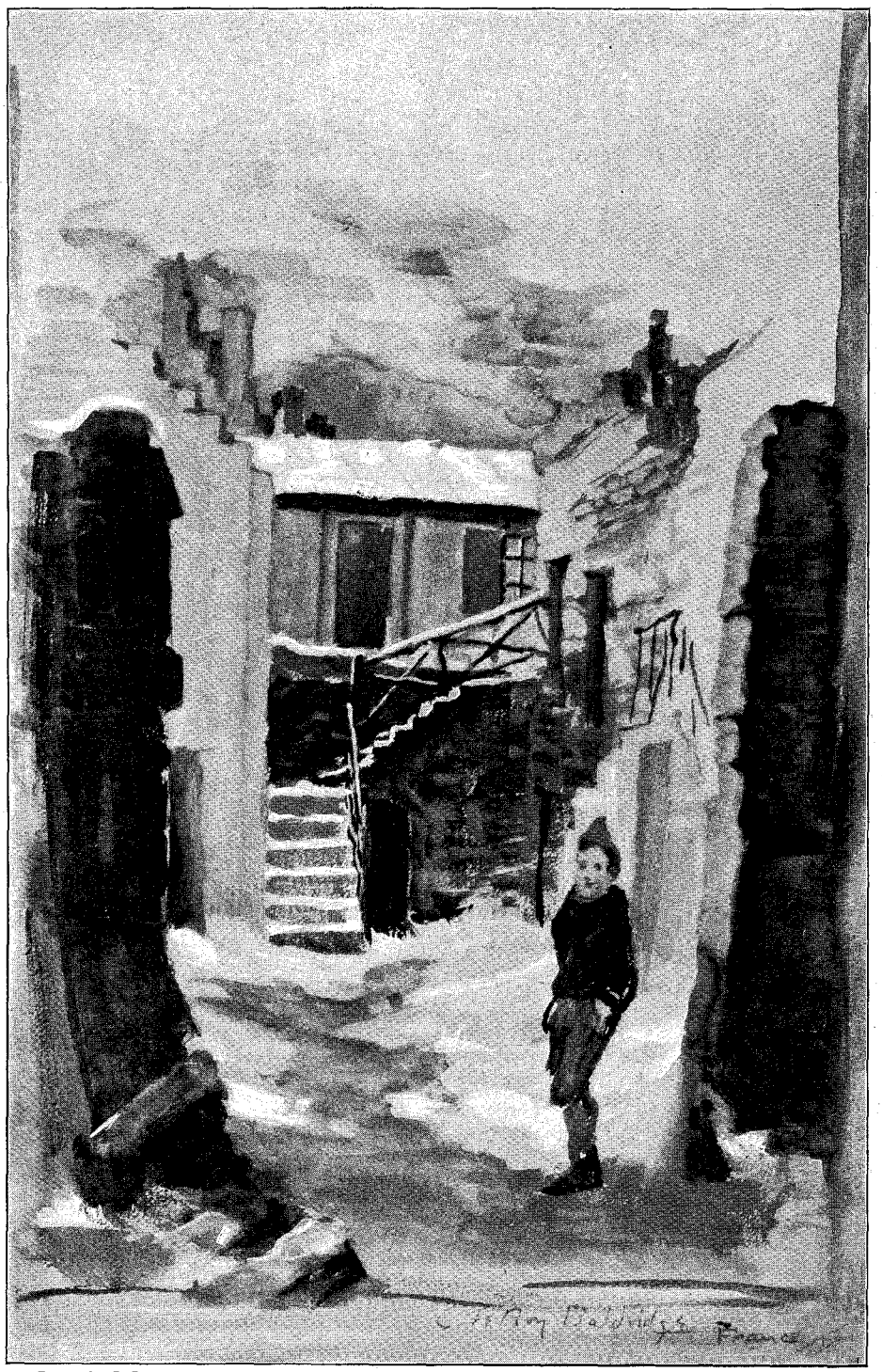

Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

The stairway which was once inside the home of Madame Crépin—Page 535.

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

Madame Gaston in the cellar of her home.—Page 535.

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Distribution of supplies in a French village being rehabilitated.

man guns for three years and a half. During ten days she was forced to cook for German officers in her home; and at the point of an automatic she delivered up the contents of her wine-cellar. The automobile of the Crown Prince has waited outside her door. Now in the half of her house which still stands she makes chocolate for some Americans in the morning and serves dinner to six French officers in the evening.

Madame Gaston, another survivor, now lives in the cellar of her home. Her house above this cellar no longer exists. For her living she washes clothes for the soldiers. Her daughter with two young children is a prisoner in Belgium. A third grandchild lives in this cave.

The final sketch shows the distribution of supplies in a French village being rehabilitated by the American Organization.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

The lady in the black robes lifted her eyes and, with a barely murmured "Good day, m'sieu'," passed, followed by the pattering feet of the little children.—Page 539.

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"ALI BABETTE"

By Edward C. Venable
Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Six-Feet-Four," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALLACE MORGAN

THAT year the 10*n*th U. S. Infantry was billeted in and about the ruins of the village of Sarre. Its chaplain was the Reverend Hugh Cowan, a doctor of divinity, a master of arts, and in civil life a distinguished preacher, well on his way to an Episcopal bishopric. In the regiment he was known as "The Gander."

For the 10*n*th didn't like him. In the first place, it did not feel any need or see any use for a chaplain. In the opinion of the 10*n*th the fewer non-combatants attached to it the better for the glory of the regiment. One of the first symptoms that the misery of trench fighting develops in men is a sovereign contempt for all men who are not in trenches. They feel themselves, and they are, in a way, a class apart—a caste—and the 10*n*th had this caste feeling very strongly developed. They never spoke of themselves as the "Fighting 10*n*th," and when they read that title in the newspaper correspondent's jubilations they passed over the reading in pained silence; but, nevertheless, they had been the first of the National Army in the trenches, and they had stayed there constantly and unyieldingly ever since, and—well, there you are. The other services they admitted to a sort of fellowship, though, of course, not as actual trenchmen, because they daily felt the need and benefits of such services. But the chaplain was beyond even this outer periphery. He was absolutely superfluous.

Besides, he was personally unpopular. This was his fault. He might have won a sort of toleration from the 10*n*th, but he did not. He won, instead, the dislike of almost every individual in it. This was not only a pity, it was also a little remarkable, because the trenchman in billets is the most easily amused, the best-natured creature in the world. He can lie happily all day looking up at a patch of sky; he can play with little children in the streets by the hour, as merrily and carelessly as the little children; he will be perfectly amused washing dishes and weeding a garden. Of course, he can also get very drunk and commit capital crimes, but, as a rule, he seems actually to prefer the children and the dish-rag and the hoe. But the Reverend Hugh Cowan offended even this most amiable creature.

And it was all because this educated gentleman, who had volunteered for the most dangerous and arduous service he could render his country, and was performing that service at the cost of his ambition and his personal happiness, held one very curious belief. He believed Christianity was noxious and abhorrent to humanity. He absolutely believed that. Of course, he never spoke of this conviction, and it no more interfered with his faith than a physician's knowledge of the nasty taste of a drug influences his faith in its efficacy; but it influenced every action of his professional life. "Men dislike the religion of Jesus Christ." He would have phrased it something like that if he could have been got to phrase it at all, and then he would have gone on preaching the doctrines of Jesus Christ in the face of death and disease, without a tremor of either his heart or his intellect, as, in fact, he was doing in the ruins of the village of Sarre.

He was quite as aware of his unpopularity as any one in the regiment, but of course, he was not in the least surprised at it. He was there to save men's souls from eternal damnation, and, of course, the men disliked his efforts. Men always dislike such efforts, he thought. It made no difference to him. It was perhaps the most remarkable thing in the village of Sarre, which was full of remarkable things, only no one ever noticed it.

His colleague there was M'sieu' le Curé.

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M'sieu' le Curé had been in Sarre when the Germans came, and when they departed he was still there—all that was left of him. He was an old man when they came, and afterward he could do very little except live on and be M'sieu' le Curé. He used to walk out if the weather was fine, and whenever he came to a street corner or a road-crossing he would stop and peer about as if it was dark and he was afraid of losing his way.

"See m'sieu'," the villagers would say, pointing him out at such times, "he is looking for the Boches. He forgets sometimes they are gone."

But he had not forgotten the faces of his parishioners, nor their sins nor their needs, and so he went on being M'sieu' le Curé, and no one cared that he had forgotten the Boches had gone. Sometimes, when they woke up in the night, they forgot it themselves, and perhaps they loved him all the better on that account. He and Doctor Cowan saluted very politely when they met on the street and occasionally exchanged views about the weather, for the Curé knew no English, and the American very little French, but they wisely kept apart in other matters. Very wisely, because the Curé could never have understood Doctor Cowan or Doctor Cowan's creed any more than his language. He had probably never in his simple life met any one to whom Christianity was abhorrent. He could not have imagined such a state of mind, any more than he could have imagined a man's preferring winter, when one had to struggle for warmth and food, to summer, when the good God gave both plenteously.

The 10*n*th, beyond a justifiable interest in the shape of his hat, paid little attention to the Curé. He was merely an old gentleman in a black gown who had to be made way for in the street. He seemingly had no interest in their souls, or anything else of theirs. Sometimes, indeed, he forgot and thought they were the English, who had first occupied the village after the German retreat. "Ah, les Anglais," he would mutter sometimes, as he looked at them and returned their salutes. But as the 10*n*th didn't, for the most part, know what "les Anglais" meant, they were quite content, thinking it some form of greeting or blessing and not caring very much which. He was known simply and briefly as "Round Top" because of the shape of his hat.

It was Private Phelan of B Company who composed the title for M. le Curé. He also had first called the chaplain "The Gander." Private Phelan was a man with an eye for such things—that exact vision which perceives with deadly accuracy just where the individual extrudes from the type, and on that irregular projection hangs a fatally fitting nickname. He was describing one day meeting Sister Thérèse in the street with her flock of little children.

"It reminded you," said Private Phelan, "of one of these pictures you see in foreign countries of goose-girls. That's just what they reminded me of, little yaller soft ducks. And there was him following behind like an old gander."

But neither Private Phelan nor any officer or man or hanger-on of the 10*n*th ever had any nickname for Sister Thérèse. Perhaps the reason was that she nowhere extruded from the type. She was to them a woman heavily robed who went about the village followed always by a flock of little children. And if you were to look into the average man's mind you would probably find that to be very nearly his picture of the type-word "woman." Some of the regiment had heard her voice—a low-toned "Good day, m'sieu'," for she spoke English, it seemed, and some of them had even looked into her face, beneath her veil, and had looked into a pair of large, sad, blue eyes. But that was all any one had done, and the type concept remained intact. And so, because the 10*n*th were very far from their women, and some of them from their children, they each individually a little fell in love with Sister Thérèse—just enough, say, for them to break the head of any man who called her anything but Sister Thérèse, and that properly. Because men are very curious creatures; left alone with only their own sex, and without discipline, they become beasts; but left so, and with discipline, whether external or of self-will, they become mariolaters. The 10*n*th, in respect to Sister Thérèse, became mariolaters. They talked about her very little, but they watched her constantly and with

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delight. They saluted her more smartly than the colonel, and from Private Phelan, who was officially the worst soldier in the regiment, to the colonel, who was officially the best, they worshipped her just a little. And it was all because she was a heavily robed woman who was always followed by a flock of little children. It could have been that only, because that was all they knew.

They didn't know even what children these were who followed her so closely. Private Phelan said they looked like little yellow ducks, which they did, and they shrank from any approaches, even from proffers of chocolate and great round copper pennies, in a curious way, and that was all the regiment knew. Sister Thérèse and two other sisters, who never apparently went out of doors, took care of them in an old yellow farmhouse about half a mile beyond the village, and it was generally said that they were "orphans of the war." Sister Thérèse brought them to mass on Sundays, and walked with them about the village and the fields on week-days, but in church they sat in even rows silently, and walked just so on week-days, and seemed to care nothing and know nothing of sweets or play or pennies —the most curious and the saddest little children the sun ever shone on. They looked like little yellow ducks, as Private Phelan said, because they were dressed in that color. They suggested, too, if you like, in their comings and goings, always in order of line, a silent chorus of an opera, to which at times the heavy gun-fire in the east furnished the music.

"Can that tune," bellowed Private Geraghty, lounging at the gates of the barracks one bright morning in September. There was a phonograph whirling blithely within to which he referred.

Corporal Snaith thrust his head out of the window and scowled down at his inferior. "Wot in 'ell itchin' you?" he demanded.

Private Geraghty jerked his thumb toward the head of the village street. "Here comes the lady," he whispered out of the corners of his mouth, but loudly enough to be heard fifty feet away.

Corporal Snaith hastily disappeared and there was silence in the barracks. Private Geraghty drew himself up into a posture which might be described as semi-attention and snapped his fingers to his hat-brim.

The lady in the black robes lifted her eyes and with a barely murmured "Good day, m'sieu'," passed, followed by the pattering feet of the little children. There hung over the little procession the shadow of an ineffable tragedy. Private Geraghty held his salute until it was twenty paces to the right of him. Presently the head of Corporal Snaith protruded once more from the second-story window.

"Is she gone, Bull?" he asked.

"Not quite she ain't," said the private. "Wait till she gets to the corner."

So the corporal waited until she got to the corner, and then he resumed the very vulgar but very tuneful music of the song of "Ali Babette."

Unknown to both the corporal and the ranker, the chaplain had witnessed the happening. He was much impressed by it and repeated it at lunch that day, but being a man possessed by an evil idea he repeated it entirely wrong. No man who is so entirely unshaken in the fundamental concept of his spiritual life as the chaplain was can ever be entirely right about anything. If he should arrange his necktie properly, he would think it wrong and consider it a vanity.

"It is a shame," he said to Major McClellan at lunch, "that such records should be sent out to our men from home. It is bad enough that such influences should surround them here, but surely there is some way of preventing corruption coming from that quarter."

Major Mac looked worried. He had an official respect for the chaplain and yet he knew he was wrong. He would never have been major of the 10*n*th if he had not known it. And yet he didn't know how to combine the respect and contradiction in his reply.

It was here that Second Lieutenant James Stirling came to his rescue. There was nothing either official or respectful about Lieutenant Stirling. Hence he was called "Ruddy" and drew the pay of a second lieutenant of the line.

"That's the whale of a song," said the lieutenant. "What's the matter with that song? I used to know the girl who sang it. She was some girl, too, major.

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You know they say old Leopold, King of Belgium, the one before this one—they say he used——"

"I don't think I remember it," put in Major Mac, who had probably whistled it one thousand times.

"Don't you?" said Lieutenant Stirling. "Well, it goes this way," and he began to whistle.

Now, "Ali Babette" has only six verses, but in those six the physical charms of the lady are minutely and enthusiastically enumerated. Furthermore, the woman who sang it had been, as Ruddy was about to explain when interrupted by the major, the mistress, or at any rate the reputed mistress, of a king. And she had been forbidden to sing it by the police of at least three large American cities. Altogether, it was no chant fit to be hummed before a chaplain. And the major knew it, and the chaplain knew it, and best of all Lieutenant Stirling knew it. The major was fond of Stirling, but he was truly exasperated now, and suddenly remembered a detail which he thought would suit his case, and he was about to introduce that disagreeable subject, when Captain Pitney, at the bottom of the table, stepped in and saved both the situation and the lieutenant.

"Did any of you know," he asked, "that she was born in Louvain? It has always seemed to me a curious thing that a woman like that should have been born in Louvain. Do you know what I mean? And they say, too, that she has gone back there now."

"Ah, press-agent stuff," broke in Lieutenant Stirling—most ungratefully, all things considered. "Last time I heard from her, she was out at Coronado, with that prize-fighter fellow. What's his name?"

"Heard from her?" commented Doctor Cowan; "and may I ask, do you still continue the correspondence?"

"By George, doctor, I am glad you reminded me. I owe her a letter. Funny how this war messes everything up."

That was too much even for Major Mac, and the subordinate got his detail after all.

In revenge, Ruddy got the record from Corporal Snaith for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and played constantly whenever he was sure that the chaplain was in ear-shot. Furthermore, he read aloud, whenever he thought fit, extracts from the letter he affirmed he was writing to the singer of "Ali Babette." He made it a rule, he said, always "to get even" while he lived—so that he could die in charity with all men. And, he added, he had to hurry up about this because his superiors seemed always to choose him for the nastiest details. There was no doubt, apparently, in Lieutenant Stirling's mind, as to whom he owed that night in the rain.

It was all amusing to the officers of the 10*n*th. It would not have been, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, but these were not ordinary circumstances. It was war, and war—modern war—is of all human occupations the most utterly stupid and boring. And it was not amusing to the chaplain, but then he was not at war. His business was only to minister to the spiritual needs of the 10*n*th, and the regiment stubbornly refused to reveal to him what their spiritual needs were. They revealed them to their officers, and to each other, and to Sister Thérèse by the manner in which they looked at her, but to their chaplain they were mute as stones. So the chaplain had nothing to do except to brood over such matters as Ruddy Stirling and his purely imaginary liaison with the ex-mistress of the King of the Belgians. In the end, the matter assumed terrific importance in his thoughts. But, then, for that matter, it assumed importance in the thoughts of everybody.

It was in the evening, after dinner, about three weeks after the beginning of the feud between the chaplain and Ruddy Stirling. Major McClellan and those officers who were billeted with him in the Tellier house in the village were still lingering at the table in the large room up-stairs which served as their dining-room. It had been an early dinner, and it was still sunset out of doors. Madame Tellier, who had cooked the dinner, served it, and was now busy clearing the table, came up-stairs with the news that M'sieu' le Curé was below and wished to make a request of M. le Commandant—an ever so little request, madame insisted.

Major Mac, who never faced a Frenchman speaking his native tongue without

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a sinking of his honest heart, pulled himself together and asked that M'sieu' le Curé be shown in immediately. His junior officers gathered about him consolingly. The major's French was one of the few consolations of the campaign so far.

"I wish you boys would go away," he complained fretfully. "I can speak the language well enough, but a lot of giggling asses upset me—rattle me—I probably won't be able to get one word out properly."

"You probably won't," agreed Ruddy Stirling sympathetically. "Poor fellow!"

But the effect was ruined when M'sieu' le Curé appeared, hat in hand in the doorway; for with him, supporting his left arm, was Sister Thérèse, and every one knew that Sister Thérèse, in some mysterious way, spoke English.

The major heaved a sigh of relief, and his juniors furtively straightened belts and pulled down their cuffs.

It was, as Madame Tellier had said, an ever so little request, and it was Sister Thérèse who made it. She spoke perfect English, but with a queer little intonation that stirred in the minds of those who heard her vague memories.

There was a road, she said, a road which led out of the village to the north, which was forbidden to the—she stumbled ever so slightly over the word—to the *civiles*. And beyond that road was a meadow, and in that meadow was a stream. It was the only stream of its kind—as M. le Commandant doubtless knew—for many miles around. Would M. le Commandant be so polite as to permit her and her little charges to cross that road into that meadow, where the stream was? The reason was that the little ones liked to play in the stream, and it was a very little water, and would not hurt them, and they played so little ever. If it was impossible, of course it was impossible. But the walk around was very long and tired them. Did M. le Commandant think it was possible to let them take the short cut by the road?

Was it possible? Good Lord, the major would see to it immediately. It would be a duty, a pleasure. He was almost eloquent in his protestations. In truth, M. le Commandant was almost as confused as any private in the ranks could have been by thus talking face to face with Sister Thérèse. He would write out an order and give it to her on the spot. And he sat down and began to write.

Meanwhile the Curé was gazing about with the half-vacant, half-intent look of those who are very old or very young.

When the sister had finished speaking and the major was writing he suddenly caught her arm and, drawing her to him, whispered some words in French.

She smiled a little as she answered, "Yes, father."

The old priest excitedly turned from her to the little group of American officers who were standing by the big window. He pointed to the corner.

"Messieurs," he asked rapidly, "C'est un phonographe—n'est-ce-pas?" He spoke with the curiosity of a child.

"Yes, M. le Curé," several of them answered at once.

"Ah!" he approached the thing, so blatantly varnished in that age-dimmed room. "Ah, yes. Truly, I have heard of them. Very wonderful. Marvellous." He fingered the varnished wood, as if its magic powers were susceptible to the touch.

Captain Poindexter of C Company, who officially spoke French, stepped forward.

"*Voulez-vous—de—ah—*" he began, and then stuttered into silence.

It was Sister Thérèse who saved the situation.

"M'sieu' le capitaine wishes to know if he may play it for you, father," she explained.

"Yes. Yes. If m'sieu' would be so amiable. I have never heard one. Never, never, in all my life."

His hands were trembling with eagerness. "Never, never, in all my life," he kept repeating, and smiling and nodding at the others, as though his inexperience was the most charming thing in the world.

Captain Poindexter lifted a disk from the table, where they lay in some confusion, and, putting it under the needle, started the machine.

And then a sort of gasp of horror ran around the room, for the record Poindexter had unwittingly picked up was

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Ruddy Stirling's purchase from Corporal Snaith, "Ali Babette."

But when Poindexter jumped forward to remedy his mistake the old priest caught his arm almost fiercely. "Non, non," he cried—the first few notes of the voice had sounded— "non, m'sieu'."

He was bent almost double before the machine, leaning on his long staff. In his long, black, shabby gown and his white hair he looked like some sorcerer of the Middle Ages bent in worship before the wizardry of his own contrivance. Poindexter drew back overpowered by his intensity. The others stood helpless. Stirling was as red as his hair and fiddled with his belt-buckle. He had never intended this. Doctor Cowan's face was white and set. The major had stopped writing and looked from one face to another, as if for advice. Only the nun was unmoved. She was standing exactly in front of the phonograph, her clasped hands hanging down, her head a little bowed. They all saw something then that they had only vaguely surmised before—that Sister Thérèse was a beautiful woman—only now, they thought, she had the whitest, saddest face they had ever seen.

And so they stood while the song ran on, belching out its melodious indecency into the white face of the nun, who stood listening.

Then it ended, whirred, and Poindexter's finger silenced it.

The old priest drew himself up like a man awakening from a trance.

"Why, daughter," he cried in amazement. "It is your voice that sings here in the wood."

"Yes, father."

"Why, yes! I heard it no later than yesterday in the church there. The voice of Sister Thérèse! Ah, messieurs!" he went on, turning to the others, though still speaking in French. "Here, in Sarre, the very animals know the voice of Sister Thérèse. We heard it first when we were sorely afflicted and afraid. She lifted up our hearts, messieurs, she lifted them up unto the Lord." He turned again to the varnished wooden stand. "We must hear it again. It is very wonderful. Is that possible, messieurs, to hear it again?"

But of them all, only Sister Thérèse answered.

"Yes, father, it is possible—if you wish it?"

It was she who arranged the record the second time. Then she stepped back to where she had stood before. Then once more they listened to it all.

At the end the Curé lifted his head. "It is very wonderful. It is unmistakable——"

Major McClellan rose hastily. "There is some mistake—" he began.

But Sister Thérèse interrupted him. "No, gentlemen. It is I who sing those words." There is too much of shame in the word confession to call her words so. She spoke them as simply, quietly, as her daily greeting to the soldiers in the streets. But afterward, for just an instant, her eyes fluttered, and, as confession does not suit the dignity of her first words, so excuse is unworthy of those she added. "It was before the war," she said.

A little sort of shiver ran through the group of officers. They drew closer together behind their seniors.

But it was their chaplain who spoke for them.

"Madam," he said, in his harsh, heavy voice, "if ever it is in the power of the regiment to serve you in any way, we shall esteem it a privilege."

And it was their chaplain who held open the door as she passed through it with M'sieu' le Curé leaning on her arm.

The story, of course, was known to all the regiment in twelve hours. The 10*n*th still salutes Sister Thérèse in the streets. There is only one difference. Now she answers only in French; she never speaks English any more, and it is:

"Bon jour, messieurs."

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"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

V—THE MIDDLE WEST IN POLITICS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

The great interior region bounded east by the Alleghanies, north by the British dominions, west by the Rocky Mountains, and south by the line along which the culture of corn and cotton meets . . . already has above 10,000,000 people, and will have 50,000,000 within fifty years if not prevented by any political folly or mistake. It contains more than one-third of the country owned by the United States—certainly more than 1,000,000 square miles. Once half as populous as Massachusetts already is, it would have more than 75,000,000 people. A glance at the map shows that, territorially speaking, it is the great body of the republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to it.—Lincoln: Annual Message to Congress, December, 1862.

IF a general participation in politics is essential to the successful maintenance of a democracy, then the people of the West certainly bear their share of the national burden. A great deal of history has been made in what Lincoln called "the great body of the republic," and the election of 1916 indicated very clearly the growing power of the West in national contests, and a manifestation of independence that is not negligible in any conjectures as to the issues and leadership of the immediate future.

A few weeks before the last general election I crossed a Middle Western State in company with one of its senators in Congress, a gentleman long active in politics, who had served his party as State chairman and as chairman of the national committee. In the smoking compartment was a former governor of an Eastern State and several others, representing both the major parties, who were bound for various points along the line where they were to speak that night. In our corner the talk was largely reminiscent of other times and bygone statesmen. Republicans and Democrats exchanged anecdotes with that zest which distinguishes the Middle Western politician, men of one party paying tribute to the character and ability of leaders of the other in a fine spirit of magnanimity. As the train stopped, from time to time, the United States senator went out upon the platform and shook hands with friends and acquaintances, or received reports from local leaders. Everybody on the train knew him; many of the men called him by his first name. He talked to the women about their children and asked about their husbands. The whole train caught the spirit of his cheer and friendliness, and yet he had been for a dozen years the most abused man in his State. This was all in the day's work, a part of what has been called the great American game. The West makes something intimate and domestic of its politics, and the idea that statesmen must "keep close to the people" is not all humbug, not at least in the sense that they hold their power very largely through their social qualities. They must, as we say, be "folks."

Barring wars, the quadrennial Presidential campaigns are America's one great national expression in terms of drama; but through months in which the average citizen goes about his business, grateful for a year free of political turmoil, the political machinery is never idle. No matter how badly defeated a party may be, its State organization must not be permitted to fall to pieces; for the perfecting of an organization demands hard work and much money. There is always a great deal of inner plotting preliminary to a State or national contest, and much of this is wholly without the knowledge of the quiet citizen whose active interests are never aroused until a campaign is well launched. In State capitals and other centres men meet, as though by chance, and in hotel-rooms debate matters of which the public hears only when differ-

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ences have been reconciled and a harmonious plan of action has been adopted. Not a day passes even in an "off year" when in the corn belt men are not travelling somewhere on political errands. There are fences to repair, local conditions to analyze, and organizations to perfect against the coming of the next campaign. In a Western State I met within the year two men who had just visited their governor for the purpose of throwing some "pep" into him. They had helped to elect him and felt free to beard him in the capitol to caution him as to his conduct. It is impossible to step off a train anywhere between Pittsburgh and Denver without becoming acutely conscious that much politics is forward. One campaign "doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow." This does not mean merely that the leaders in party organizations meet constantly for conferences, or that candidates are plotting a long way ahead to secure nominations, but that the great body of the people—the "folks" themselves—are ceaselessly discussing new movements or taking the measure of public servants.

The politician lives by admiration; he likes to be pointed out, to have men press about him to shake his hand. He will enter a State convention at just the right moment to be greeted with a cheer, of which a nonchalant or deprecatory wave of the hand is a sufficient recognition. Many small favors of which the public never dreams are granted to the influential politician, even when he is not an office-holder—favors that mean much to him, that contribute to his self-esteem. A friend who was secretary for several years of one of the national committees had a summer home by a quiet lake near an east-and-west railway line. When, during a campaign, he was suddenly called to New York or Chicago he would wire the railway authorities to order one of the fast trains to pick him up at a lonely station, which it passed ordinarily at the highest speed. My friend derived the greatest satisfaction from this concession to his prominence and influence. Men who affect to despise politicians of the party to which they are opposed are nevertheless flattered by any attention from them, and they will admit, when there is no campaign forward, that in spite of their politics they are mighty good fellows. And they *are* good fellows; they have to be to retain their hold upon their constituents. There are exceptions to the rule that to succeed in politics one must be a good fellow, a folksy person, but they are few. Cold, crafty men who are not "good mixers" may sometimes gain a great deal of power, but in the Western provinces they make poor candidates. The "folks" don't like 'em!

Outside of New York and Pennsylvania, where much the same phenomena are observable, there is no region where the cards are so tirelessly shuffled as in the Middle Western commonwealths, particularly in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas, which no party can pretend to carry jauntily in its pocket. Men enjoy the game because of its excitement, its potentialities of preferment, the chance that a few votes delivered in the right quarter may upset all calculations and send a lucky candidate for governor on his way to the Federal Senate or even to the White House. And in county-seats where there isn't much to do outside of routine business the practice of politics is a welcome "side line." There is a vast amount of fun to be got out of it; and one who is apt at the game may win a county office or "go" to the legislature.

To be summoned from a dull job in a small town to a conference, called suddenly and mysteriously at the capital, to be invited to sit at the council-table with the leaders, greatly arouses the pride and vanity of men to whom, save for politics, nothing of importance ever happens. There are, I fancy, few American citizens who don't hug the delusion that they have political "influence." This vanity is responsible for much party regularity. To have influence a man must keep his record clear of any taint of independence, or else he must be influential enough as an independent to win the respect of both sides, and this latter class is exceedingly small. At some time in his life every citizen seeks an appointment for a friend, or finds himself interested in local or State or national legislation. It is in the mind of the contributor to a campaign fund that the party of his allegiance has thus a concrete expression of his fidelity, and if he "wants something" he has opened a channel through which to make a request with a

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reasonable degree of confidence that it will not be ignored. There was a time when it was safe to give to both sides impartially so that no matter who won the battle the contributor would have established an obligation; but this practice, long followed by corporations or their heads, has not worked so satisfactorily since the institution of publicity for campaign assessments.

It is only immediately after an election that one hears criticisms of party management from within a party. A campaign is a great time-eater, and when a man has given six months or possibly a year of hard work to making an aggressive fighting machine of his party he is naturally grieved when it goes down in defeat. In the first few weeks following the election of 1916 Western Republicans complained bitterly of the conduct of the national campaign. Unhappily, no amount of *a posteriori* reasoning can ever determine whether, if certain things had been handled differently, a result would have been changed. If Mr. Hughes had not visited California, or, venturing into that commonwealth, he had shaken the hand of Governor Hiram Johnson, or if he had remained quietly on his veranda at home and made no speeches, would he have been elected President? Speculations of this kind may alleviate the poignancy of defeat, but as no two political situations are ever repeated they are hardly profitable.

There are phases of political psychology that defy analysis. For example, in doubtful States there are shifting moods of hope and despair which are wholly unrelated to tangible events and not reconcilable with "polls" and other tests. Obscure influences and counter-currents may be responsible, but often the politicians do not attempt to account for these alternations of "feeling." When, without warning, the barometer at headquarters begins to fall, even the messengers and stenographers are affected. The gloom may last for a day or two or even for a week; then the chairman issues a statement "claiming" everything, every one takes heart of hope, and the dread spectre of defeat steals away to the committee-rooms of the opposition.

An interesting species are the oracles whose views are sought by partisans anxious for trustworthy "tips." These "medicine-men" may not be actively engaged in politics, or only hangers-on at headquarters, but they are supposed to be endowed with the gift of prophecy. I know several such seers whose views on no other subject are entitled to the slightest consideration, and yet I confess to a certain respect for their judgment as to the outcome of an election. Late in the fall of 1916, at a time when the result was most uncertain, a friend told me that he was wagering a large sum on Mr. Wilson's success. Asked to explain his confidence, he said he was acting on the advice of an obscure citizen, whom he named, who always "guessed right." This prophet's reasoning was wholly by inspiration; he had a "hunch." State and county committee-rooms are infested with elderly men who commune among themselves as to old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago, and wait for a chance to whisper some rumor into the ear of a person of importance. Their presence and their misinformation add little to the joy of the engrossed, harassed strategists, who spend much time dodging them, but appoint a subordinate of proved patience to listen to their stories, for they may possibly have some clew of value.

To be successful a State chairman must possess a genius for organization and administration, and a capacity for quick decision and action. While he must make no mistakes himself, it is his business to correct the blunders of his lieutenants and turn to good account the errors of his adversary. He must know how and where to get money, and how to use it to the best advantage. There are always local conditions in his territory that require judicious handling, and he must deal with these personally or send just the right man to smooth them out. Harmony is the great watchword, and such schisms as that of the Sound Money Democrats in 1896, the Progressive split of 1912, and the frequent anti-organization fights that are a part of the great game leave much harsh jangling behind.

The West first kicked up its heels in a national campaign in the contest of 1840, when William Henry Harrison, a native of Virginia who had won renown as a soldier in the Ohio valley and served as governor of the Northwest Territory, was the

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Whig candidate. The campaign was flavored with hard cider and keyed to the melody of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The log cabin, with a raccoon on the roof or with a pelt of the species nailed to the outer wall, and a cider barrel seductively displayed in the foreground, were popular party symbols. The rollicking campaign songs of 1840 reflect not only the cheery pioneer spirit but the bitterness of the contest between Van Buren and Harrison. One of the most popular ballads was a buckeye cabin song sung to the tune of "The Blue Bells of Scotland":

"Oh, how, tell me how does your buckeye cabin go?
Oh, how, tell me how does your buckeye cabin go?
It goes against the spoilsman, for well its builders know
It was Harrison who fought for the cabins long ago.

"Oh, who fell before him in battle, tell me who?
Oh, who fell before him in battle, tell me who?
He drove the savage legions and British armies, too,
At the Rapids and the Thames and old Tippecanoe.

"Oh, what, tell me what will little Martin do?
Oh, what, then, what will little Martin do?
He'll follow the footsteps of Price and Swartout, too,
While the log cabins ring again with Tippecanoe!"

The spirit of the '40's pervaded Western politics for many years after that strenuous campaign. Men who had voted for "Tippecanoe Harrison" were still pointed out as citizens of unusual worth and dignity in my youth; and organizations of these veterans were still in existence and attentive to politics when Harrison's grandson was a candidate for the presidency.

I am surprised to find how frequently in these papers I have referred to the continuing influence of the Civil War in the social and political life of these western States. The "soldier vote" was long to be reckoned with, and it was not until Mr. Cleveland brought a new spirit into our politics that the war between the States began to fade as a political factor; and even then we were assured that if the Democrats succeeded they would pension Confederate soldiers and redeem the Confederate bonds. There were a good many of us in these border States who, having been born of soldier fathers, and with Whig and Republican antecedents, began to resent the continued emphasis of the war in every campaign; and I look back upon Mr. Cleveland's rise as of very great importance in that he was a messenger of new and attractive ideals of public service that appealed strongly to young men. But my political apostacy (I speak of my own case because it is in some sense typical) was attended with no diminution of admiration for that great citizen army that defended and saved the Union. The annual gatherings of the Grand Army of the Republic have grown pathetically smaller, but this organization, which originated in Illinois, is not a negligible expression of American democracy.

II

THE West has never lost its early admiration for oratory, whether from the hustings, the pulpit, or the lecture-platform. Many of the pioneer preachers of the Ohio valley were orators of distinguished ability, and their frequent joint debates on such subjects as predestination and baptism drew great audiences from the countryside. Both religious and political meetings were held preferably out-of-doors, to accommodate the crowds that collected from the far-scattered farms. A strong voice, a confident manner, and matter so composed as to hold the attention of an audience which would not hesitate to disperse if it lost interest were prerequisites of the successful speaker. Western chronicles lay great stress upon the oratorical powers of both ministers and politicians. Henry Ward Beecher, who held a pastorate at Indianapolis (1839–47), was already famed as an eloquent preacher before he moved to Brooklyn. Not long ago I heard a number of distinguished politicians discussing American oratory. Some one mentioned the addresses delivered by Beecher in England during the Civil War, and there was general agreement that one of these, the Liverpool speech, was probably the greatest of American orations—a sweeping statement, but its irresistible logic and a sense of the hostile atmosphere in which it was spoken may still be felt in the printed page.

The tradition of Lincoln's power as an

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orator is well fortified by the great company of contemporaries who wrote of him, as well as by the text of his speeches, which still vibrate with the nobility, the restrained strength, with which he addressed himself to mighty events. Neither before nor since his day has the West spoken to the East with anything approaching the majesty of his Cooper Union speech. It is certainly a far cry from that lofty utterance to Mr. Bryan's defiant cross-of-gold challenge of 1896.

The Westerner will listen attentively to a man he despises and has no intention of voting for, if he speaks well; but the standards are high. There is a death-watch that occupies front seats at every political meeting, composed of veterans who compare all later performances to some speech they heard Garfield or "Dan" Voorhees, Oliver P. Morton or John J. Ingalls, deliver before the orator spouting on the platform was born. Nearly all the national conventions held in the West have been marked by memorable oratory. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's speech nominating Blaine at the Republican convention of 1876 held at Cincinnati (how faint that old battle-cry has become: "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine of Maine!") is often cited as one of the great American orations. "He swayed and moved and impelled and restrained and worked in all ways with the mass before him," says the Chicago *Times* report, "as if he possessed some key to the innermost mechanism that moves the human heart, and when he finished, his fine, frank face as calm as when he began, the overwrought thousands sank back in an exhaustion of unspeakable wonder and delight."

Even making allowance for the reporter's exuberance, this must have been a moving utterance, with its dramatic close:

"Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their gallant general upon the field of battle. . . . Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine."

In the fall of the same year Ingersoll delivered at Indianapolis an address to war veterans that is still cited for its peroration beginning: "The past rises before me like a dream."

The political barbecue, common in pioneer days, is about extinct, though a few such gatherings were reported in the older States of the Middle West in the last campaign. These functions, in the day of poor roads and few settlements, were a means of luring voters to a meeting with the promise of free food; it was only by such heroic feats of cookery as the broiling of a whole beef in a pit of coals that a crowd could be fed. The meat was likely to be either badly burnt, or raw, but the crowds were not fastidious, and swigs of whiskey made it more palatable. Those were days of plain speech and hard hitting, and on such occasions orators were expected to "cut loose" and flay the enemy unsparingly.

Speakers of the rabble-rouser type have passed out, though there are still orators who proceed to "burn the grass" in the old style in country districts where they are not in danger of being reported. This, however, is full of peril, as the farmer's credulity is not so easily played upon as in the old days before the R. F. D. box was planted at his gate. The farmer is the shrewdest, the most difficult, of auditors. He is little given to applause, but listens meditatively, and is not easily to be betrayed into demonstrations of approval. The orator's chance of scoring a hit before an audience of country folk depends on his ability to state his case with an appearance of fairness and to sustain it with arguments presented in simple, picturesque phraseology. Nothing could be less calculated to win the farmer's franchise than any attempt to "play down" to him. In old times the city candidate sometimes donned his fishing-clothes before venturing into country dis-

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tricts, but some of the most engaging demagogues the West has known appeared always in their finest raiment.

There has always been a considerable sprinkling of women at big Indiana rallies and also at State conventions, as far back as my memory runs; but women, I am advised, were rarely in evidence at political meetings in the West until Civil War times. The number who attended meetings in 1916 was notably large, even in States that have not yet granted general suffrage. They are most satisfactory auditors, quick to catch points and eagerly responsive with applause. The West has many women who speak exceedingly well, and the number is steadily growing. I have never heard heckling so cleverly parried as by a young woman who spoke on a Chicago street corner, during the sessions of the last Republican convention, to a crowd of men bent upon annoying her. She was unfailingly good-humored, and her retorts, delivered with the utmost good nature, gradually won the sympathy of her hearers.

The making of political speeches is exhausting labor, and only the possessor of great bodily vigor can make a long tour without a serious drain upon his physical and nervous energy. Mr. Bryan used to speak with delight of the manner in which Republicans he met, unable to pay him any other compliment, expressed their admiration for his magnificent constitution, which made it possible for him to speak so constantly without injury to his health. The fatiguing journeys, the enforced adjustment to the crowds of varying size in circumstances never twice alike, the handshaking and the conferences with local committees to which prominent speakers must submit make speaking-tours anything but the triumphal excursions they appear to be to the cheering audiences. The weary orator arrives at a town to find that instead of snatching an hour's rest he must yield to the importunity of a committee intrusted with the responsibility of showing him the sights of the city, with probably a few brief speeches at factories; and after a dinner, where he will very likely be called upon to say "just a few words," he must ride in a procession through the chill night before he addresses the big meeting.

A few dashes of local color assist in establishing the visiting orator on terms of good-fellowship with his audience. He will inform himself as to the number of broom-handles or refrigerators produced annually in the town, or the amount of barley and buckwheat that last year rewarded the toil of the noble husbandmen of the county. It is equally important for him to take counsel of the local chairman as to things to avoid, for there are sore spots in many districts which must be let alone or touched with a healing hand. The tyro who prepares a speech with the idea of giving it through a considerable territory finds quickly that the sooner he forgets his manuscript the better, so many are the concessions he must make to local conditions.

In the campaign of 1916 the Democrats made strenuous efforts to win the Progressive vote. Energetic county chairmen would lure as many Progressives as possible to the front seats at all meetings that they might learn of the admiration in which they were held by forward-looking Democrats—the bond of sympathy, the common ideals, that animated honest Democrats and their brothers, those patriotic citizens who, long weary of Republican indifference to the rights of freemen, had broken the ties of a lifetime to assert their independence. Democratic orators, with the Progressives in mind, frequently apostrophized Lincoln, that they might the better contrast the vigorous, healthy Republicanism of the '60's with the corrupt, odious thing the Republican party had become. This, of course, had to be done carefully, so that the Progressive would not experience twinges of homesickness for his old stamping-ground.

There is agreement among political managers as to the doubtful value of the "monster meetings" that are held in large centres. With plenty of money to spend and a thorough organization, it is always possible to "pull off" a big demonstration. Word passed to ward and precinct committeemen will collect a vast crowd for a parade adorned with fireworks. The size and enthusiasm of these crowds is never truly significant of party strength. One such crowd looks very much like another, and I am betraying no confidence in saying that its units are often drawn from the same sources. The participants in a procession rarely hear the

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speeches at the meeting of which they are the advertisement. When they reach the hall it is usually filled and their further function is to march down the aisles with bands and drum-corps to put the crowd in humor for the speeches. Frequently some belated phalanx will noisily intrude after the orator has been introduced, and he must smile and let it be seen that he understands perfectly that the interruption is due to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the intelligent voters of the grand old blank district that has never failed to support the principles of the grand old blank party.

The most satisfactory meetings are small ones, in country districts, where one or two hundred people of all parties gather, drawn by an honest curiosity as to the issues. Such meetings impose embarrassments upon the speaker, who must accommodate manner and matter to auditors disconcertingly close at hand, of whose reaction to his talk he is perfectly conscious. In an "all-day" meeting, held usually in groves that serve as rural social centres, the farmers remain in their automobiles drawn into line before the speakers' stand, and listen quietly to the programme arranged by the county chairman. Sometimes several orators are provided for the day; Republicans may take the morning, the Democrats the afternoon. Here, with the audience sitting as a jury, we have one of the processes of democracy reduced to its simplest terms.

The West is attracted by statesmen who are "human," who impress themselves upon the "folks" by their amiability and good-fellowship. Benjamin Harrison was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the bar of his day, but he was never a popular hero and his defeat for re-election was attributable in large degree to his lack of those qualities that constitute what I have called "folksiness." In the campaign of 1888 General Harrison suffered much from the charge that he was an aristocrat, and attention was frequently called to the fact that he was the grandson of a President. Among other cartoons of the period there was one that represented Harrison as a pigmy standing in the shadow of his grandfather's tall hat. This was probably remembered by an Indiana politician who called at the White House repeatedly without being able to see the President. After several fruitless visits the secretary said to him one day: "The President cannot be seen." "My God!" exclaimed the enraged office-seeker, "has he grown as small as that?"

Probably no President has ever enjoyed greater personal popularity than Mr. McKinley. He would perform an act of kindness with a graciousness that doubled its value and he could refuse a favor without making an enemy. Former Governor Glynn of New York told me not long ago an incident illuminative of the qualities that endeared Mr. McKinley to his devoted followers. Soon after his inauguration a Democratic congressman from an eastern State delivered in the House a speech filled with the bitterest abuse of the President. A little later this member's wife, not realizing that a savage attack of this sort would naturally make its author *persona non grata* at the White House, expressed a wish to take her young children to call on the President. The youngsters were insistent in their demand to make the visit and would not be denied. The offending representative confessed his embarrassment to Mr. Glynn, a Democratic colleague, who said he'd "feel out" the President. Mr. McKinley, declaring at once with the utmost good humor that he would be delighted to receive the lady and her children, named a day and met them with the greatest cordiality. He planted the baby on his desk to play, put them all at ease, and as they left distributed among them a huge bouquet of carnations that he had ordered specially from the conservatory. In this connection I am reminded of a story of Thomas B. Reed, who once asked President Harrison to appoint a certain constituent collector at Portland. The appointment went to another candidate for the office, and when one of Reed's friends twitted him about his lack of influence he remarked: "There are only two men in the whole State of Maine who hate me: one of them I landed in the penitentiary, and the other one Harrison has appointed collector of the port of my town!"

III

STATESMEN of the "picturesque" school, who attracted attention by their

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scorn of conventions, or their raciness of speech, or for some obsession aired on every occasion, are well-nigh out of the picture. The West is not without its sensitiveness, and it has found that a sockless congressman, or one who makes himself ridiculous by advocating foolish measures, reflects upon the intelligence of his constituents or upon their sense of humor, and if there is anything the West prides itself upon it is its humor. We are seeing fewer statesmen of the type so blithely represented by Mr. Cannon, who enjoy in marked degree the affections of their constituents; who are kindly uncles to an entire district, not to be displaced, no matter what their shortcomings, without genuine grief. One is tempted far afield in pursuit of the elements of popularity, of which the West offers abundant material for analysis. "Dan" Voorhees, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash," was prominent in Indiana politics for many years, and his fine figure, his oratorical gifts, his sympathetic nature and reputation for generosity endeared him to many who had no patience with his politics. He was so effective as an advocate in criminal cases that the Indiana law giving defendants the final appeal was changed so that the State might counteract the influence of his familiar speech, adjustable to any case, which played upon the sympathy and magnanimity of the jurors. Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, a man of higher intellectual gifts, was similarly enshrined in the hearts of his constituency. His bandanna was for years the symbol of Buckeye democracy, much as "blue jeans" expressed the rugged simplicity of the Hoosier democracy when, in 1876, the apparel of James D. Williams, unwisely ridiculed by the Republicans, contributed to his election to the governorship over General Harrison, the "kid-glove" candidate.

Nothing is better calculated to encourage humility in young men about to enter upon a political career than a study of the roster of Congress for years only lightly veiled in "the pathos of distance." Among United States senators from the Middle West in 1863–9 were Lyman Trumbull, Richard J. Oglesby, and Richard Yates, of Illinois; Henry S. Lane, Oliver P. Morton, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana; James Harlan and Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa; Samuel C. Pomeroy and James H. Lane, of Kansas; Zachariah Chandler and Jacob M. Howard, of Michigan; Alexander Ramsey and Daniel S. Norton, of Minnesota; Benjamin F. Wade and John Sherman, of Ohio.

In the lower house sat Elihu B. Washburne, Owen Lovejoy, and William R. Morrison, of Illinois; Schuyler Colfax, George W. Julian, Daniel W. Voorhees, William S. Holman, and Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana; William B. Allison, Josiah B. Grinnell, John A. Kasson, and James F. Wilson, of Iowa; James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio. In the same group of States in the '80's we find David Davis, John A. Logan, Joseph E. McDonald, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas W. Ferry, Henry P. Baldwin, William Windom, Samuel J. R. McMillan, Algernon S. Paddock, Alvin Saunders, M. H. Carpenter, John J. Ingalls, and Preston B. Plumb, all senators in Congress. In this same period the Ohio delegation in the lower house included Benjamin Butterworth, A. J. Warner, Thomas Ewing, Charles Foster, Frank H. Hurd, J. Warren Keifer, and William McKinley.

How many students in the high schools and colleges of these States would recognize any considerable number of these names or have any idea of the nature of the public service these men performed? To be sure, three members of Congress from Ohio in the years indicated, and one senator from Indiana, reached the White House; but at least two-thirds of the others enjoyed a wide reputation, either as politicians or statesmen or as both. In the years preceding the Civil War the West certainly did not lack leadership, nor did all who rendered valuable service attain conspicuous place. For example, George W. Julian, an ardent foe of slavery, a member of Congress, and in 1852 a candidate for Vice-President on the Free Soil ticket, was a political idealist, independent and courageous, and with the ability to express his opinions tersely and effectively.

It is always hazardous to compare the statesmen of one period with those of another, and veteran observers whose judgments must be treated with respect insist that the men I have mentioned

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were not popularly regarded in their day as the possessors of unusual abilities. Most of these men were prominent in my youth, and in some cases were still important factors when I attained my majority, and somehow they seem to "mass" as their successors do not. The fierce passions aroused in the Middle West by the slavery issue undoubtedly brought into the political arena men who in calmer times would have remained contentedly in private life. The restriction of slavery and the preservation of the Union were concrete issues that awakened a moral fervor not since apparent in our politics. Groups of people are constantly at work in the social field, to improve municipal government, or to place State politics upon a higher plane; but these movements occasion only slight tremors in contrast with the quaking of the earth through the free-soil agitation, Civil War, and reconstruction.

The men I have mentioned were, generally speaking, poor men, and the next generation found it much more comfortable and profitable to practise law or engage in business than to enter politics. I am grieved by my inability to offer substantial proof that ideals of public service in the western provinces are higher than they were fifty or twenty years ago. I record my opinion that they are not, and that we are less ably served in the Congress than formerly, frankly to invite criticism; for these times call for a great searching for the weaknesses of democracy and, if the best talent is not finding its way into the lawmaking, administrative, and judicial branches of our State and Federal governments, an obligation rests upon every citizen to find the reason and the remedy.

No Westerner who is devoted to the best interests of his country will encourage the belief that there is any real hostility between East and West, or that the West is incapable of viewing social and political movements in the light of reason and experience. It stood steadfastly against the extension of slavery and for the Union through years of fiery trial, and its leaders expressed the national thought and held the lines firm against opposition, concealed and open, that was kept down only by ceaseless vigilance. Even in times of financial stress it refused to hearken to the cry of the demagogue, and Greenbackism died, just as later Populism died. More significant was the failure of Mr. Bryan to win the support of the West that was essential to his success in three campaigns. We may say that it was a narrow escape, and that the West was responsible for a serious menace and a peril not too easily averted, but Mr. Bryan precipitated a storm that was bound to break and that left the air clearer. He "threw a scare" into the country just when it needed to be aroused, and some of his admonitions have borne good fruit on soil least friendly to him.

The West likes to be "preached at," and it admires a courageous evangelist even when it declines his invitation to the mourners' bench. The West liked and still likes Mr. Roosevelt, and no other American can so instantly gain the ear of the West as he. In my pilgrimages of the past year nothing has been more surprising than the change of tone with reference to the former President among Western Republicans who declared in 1912 and reiterated in 1916 that never, never again would they countenance him.

IV

One may find in the Mississippi valley, as in the Connecticut valley or anywhere else in America, just about what one wishes to find. A New England correspondent complains with some bitterness of the political conservatism he encountered in a journey through the West; he had expected to find radicalism everywhere rampant, and was disappointed that he was unable to substantiate his preconceived impression by actual contacts with the people.

If I may delicately suggest the point without making too great a concession, the West is really quite human. It has its own "slant"—its tastes and preferences that differ in ways from those of the East, the South, or the farther West; and radicals are distributed through the corn belt in about the same proportion as elsewhere. The bread-and-butter Western "folks" are pretty sensible, taken in the long run, and not at all anxious to pull down the social pillars just to make a noise. They will impiously carve them a little—yes, and occasionally stick an in-

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congruous patch on the wall of the sanctuary of democracy; but they are never wilfully destructive. And it cannot be denied that some of their architectural and decorative efforts have improved the original design. The West has saved other sections a good deal of trouble by boldly experimenting with devices it had "thought up" amid the free airs of the plains; but the West, no more than the East, will give storage to a contrivance that has been proved worthless.

The vindictive spirit that was very marked in the Western attitude toward the railroads for many years was not a gratuitous and unfounded hatred of corporations, but had a real basis in discriminations that touched vitally the life of the farmer and the struggling towns to which he carried his products. The railroads were the only corporations the West knew before the great industrial development. A railroad represented "capital," and "capital" was therefore a thing to chastise whenever opportunity offered. It has been said in bitterness of late that the hostile legislation demanded by the West "ruined the railroads." This is not a subject for discussion here, but it may be said that the railroads invited the war that was made upon them by injustices and discriminations of which the obscure shipper had a right to complain. The antagonism to railroads inspired a great deal of radicalism aimed at capital generally, and "corporate greed," "the encroachments of capital," "the money devils of Wall Street," and "special privilege" burned fiercely in our political terminology. But the West has prospered enormously, and money in the pocket tends to breed in the possessor tolerance of money devils.

The West likes to play with novelties. It has been hospitable to such devices as the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, multiplied agencies for State supervision in many directions, and it has shown in general a confidence in automatic machinery popularly designed to correct all evils. The West probably infected the rest of the country with the fallacy that the passing of a law is a complete transaction without reference to its enforcement, and Western statute-books are littered with legislation often frivolous or ill-considered. There has, however, been a marked reaction and the demand is rather for less legislation and better administration. A Western governor said to me despairingly that his State is "commissioned" to death, and that he is constantly embarrassed by the difficulty of persuading competent men to accept places on his many bipartisan regulative boards.

There is a virtue in our very size as a nation and the multiplicity of interests represented by the one hundred million that make it possible for the majority to watch, as from a huge amphitheatre, the experiments in some particular arena. A new agrarian movement that rose in North Dakota in 1915 has caused much concern in neighboring States, where it has spread rapidly. The Non-Partisan League (it is really a political party) seems to have sprung full-panoplied from the Equity Society, and is a successor of the Farmers' Alliance and Populism. The despised middleman is the object of its animosity, and it began with a comprehensive programme of State-owned elevators and flour-mills, packing-houses, and cold-storage plants. The League carried North Dakota in 1916, electing a governor who immediately vetoed a bill providing for a State-owned terminal elevator because the League leaders "raised their sights" as soon as they got into the trenches. They demanded unlimited bonding-power and a complete new programme embodying a radical form of state socialism. "Class struggle," says Mr. Elmer T. Peterson, an authority on the League's history, "is the key-note of its propaganda." The student of current political tendencies will do well to keep an eye on the League, as it has gained a strong foothold in the Northwest, and the cooperative features of its platform satisfy an old craving of the farmer for state assistance in the management of his business.

The West is greatly given to sober second thoughts. Hospitable to new ideas as it has proved itself to be, it will stop short of a leap in the dark. There is a point at which it becomes extremely conservative. It will run like a frightened rabbit from some change which it has encouraged. But the West has a passion for social justice, and is willing to make sacrifices to gain it. The coming of the

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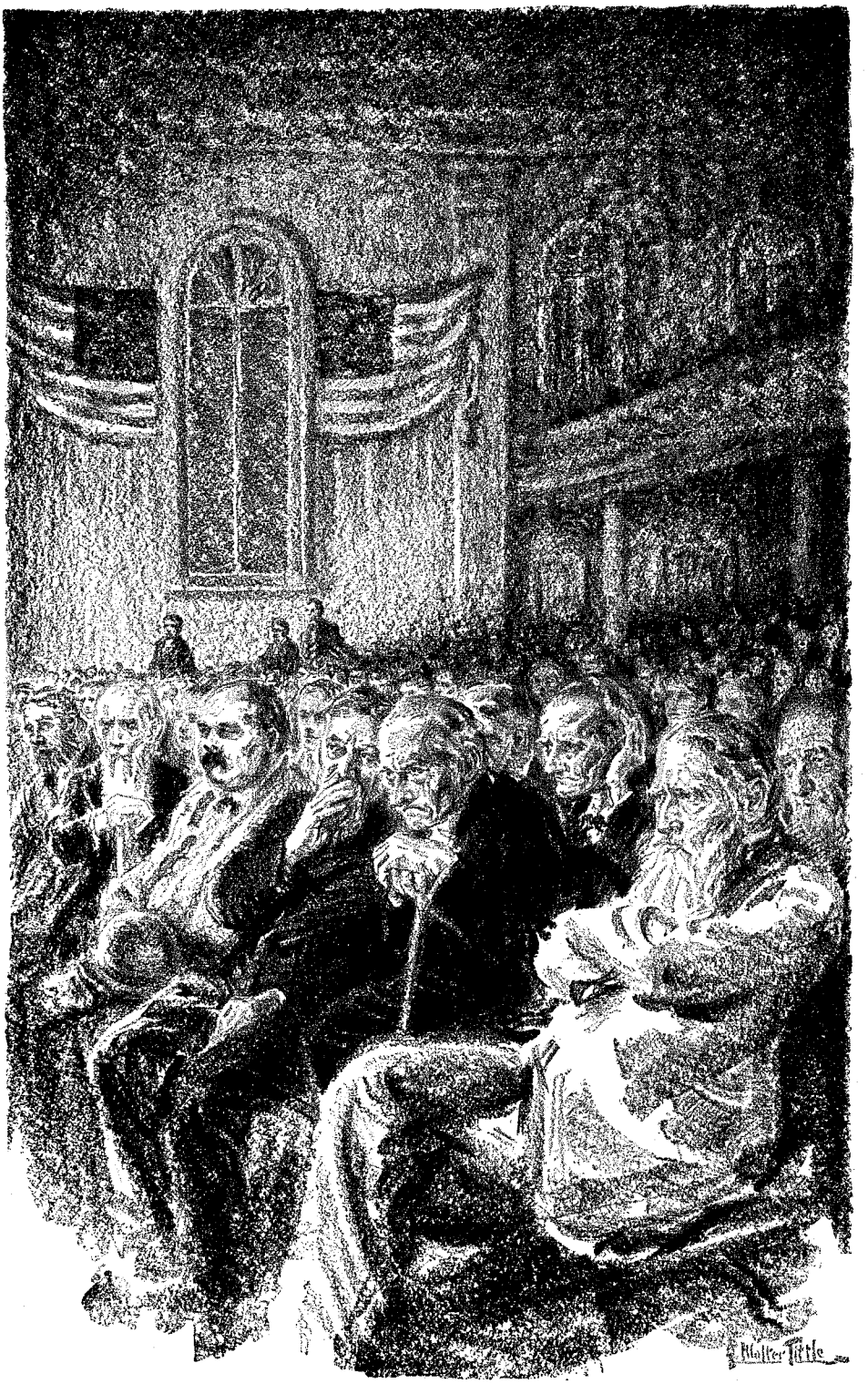

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

The Death-Watch.

There is a death-watch that occupies front seats at every political meeting, composed of veterans who compare all later performances to some speech they heard Garfield or "Dan" Voorhees, Oliver P. Morton or John J. Ingalls deliver before the orator spouting on the platform was born. —Page 547.

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war found this its chief concern, not under the guidance of feverish agitators but from a sense that democracy, to fulfil its destiny, must make the conditions of life happy and comfortable for the great body of the people. It is not the "pee-pul" of the demagogue who are to be reckoned with in the immediate future of Western political expression, but an intelligent, earnest citizenry, anxious to view American needs with the new vision compelled by the world struggle in the defense of democracy.

The rights and privileges of citizenship long enjoyed by women of certain western States ceased to be a vagary of the untutored wilds when last year New York adopted a constitutional amendment granting women the ballot. The fight for a federal amendment was won in the House last winter by a narrow margin, but at this writing the matter is still pending in the Senate. Many of the old arguments against the enfranchisement of women have been pretty effectually disposed of in States that were pioneers in general suffrage. I lived for three years in Colorado without being conscious of any of those disturbances to domesticity that we used to be told would follow if women were projected into politics. I can testify that a male voter may register and cast his ballot without any feeling that the women he encounters as he performs these exalted duties have relinquished any of the ancient prerogatives of their womanhood.

There is nothing in the experience of suffrage States to justify a suspicion that women are friendlier to radical movements than men; but much to sustain the assertion that they take their politics seriously and are as intelligent in the exercise of the ballot as male voters. The old notion that the enfranchisement of women would double the vote without changing results is another fallacy; I am disposed to think them more independent than their male fellow citizens and less likely to submit meekly to party dictation.

In practically every American court and State house and city hall there are women holding responsible clerical positions, and, if the keeping of important records may be intrusted to women, the task of defending their exclusion from elective offices is one that I confess to be beyond my powers. Nor is there anything shocking in the presence of a woman on the floor of a legislative body. Montana sent a woman to the national Congress, and already her fellow members hear her voice without perturbation. Mrs. Agnes Riddle, a member of the Colorado senate, is a real contributor, I shall not scruple to say, to the intelligence and wisdom of that body. Mrs. Riddle, apart from being a stateswoman, manages a dairy to its utmost details, and during the session answers roll-call after doing a pretty full day's work on her farm. The schools of Colorado are admirably conducted by Mrs. C. C. Bradford, who has thrice been re-elected superintendent of public instruction. The deputy attorney-general of Colorado, Miss Clara Ruth Mozzor, sits at her desk as composedly as though she were not the first woman to gain this political and professional recognition in the Centennial Commonwealth. I am moved to ask whether we shall not find for the enfranchised woman who becomes active in public affairs some more felicitous and gallant term than politician—a word much soiled from long application to the corrupt male citizen. Perhaps the Federation of Women's Clubs will assist in this matter.

V

As the saying became trite, almost before news of our entrance into the world war had reached the nation's farthest borders, that we should emerge from the conflict a new and a very different America, it becomes of interest to keep in mind the manner and the spirit in which we entered into the mighty struggle. It was not merely in the mind of people everywhere, on the 2d of April, 1917, that the nation was face to face with a contest that would tax its powers to the utmost, but that our internal affairs would be subjected to serious trial, and that parties and party policies would inevitably experience changes of greatest moment before another general election. When this is read the congressional campaign will be gathering headway; as I write, several months earlier, public attention is turning, rather impatiently, it must be said, to the prospects of a campaign that is likely to pursue its course to the accompaniment of

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The Barbecue.

These functions . . . were a means of luring voters to a meeting with the promise of free food; it was only by such heroic feats of cookery as the broiling of a whole beef in a pit of coals that a crowd could be fed.—Page 547.

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booming cannon overseas. How much the conduct of the war by the administration in power will figure in the pending contest is not yet apparent; but as the rapid succession of events following Mr. Wilson's second inauguration have dimmed the issues of 1916, it may be well to summarize the respective attitudes of the two major parties two years ago to establish a point of orientation.

It was the chief Republican contention that the Democratic administration had failed to preserve the national honor and security in its dealings with Mexico and Germany. As political platforms are soon forgotten, it may be of interest to reproduce this paragraph of the Republican declaration of 1916:

> The present administration has destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes. The Republican party believes that a firm, consistent, and courageous foreign policy, always maintained by Republican Presidents in accordance with American traditions, is the best, as it is the only true way to preserve our peace and restore us to our rightful place among the nations. We believe in the pacific settlement of international disputes and favor the establishment of a world court for that purpose.

The concluding sentence is open to the criticism that it weakens what precedes it; but the Mexican plank, after denouncing "the indefensible methods of interference employed by this administration in the internal affairs of Mexico," promises to "our citizens on and near our border, and to those in Mexico, wherever they may be found, adequate and absolute protection in their lives, liberty, and property."

General Pershing had launched his punitive expedition on Mexican soil in March, and the Democratic platform adopted at St. Louis in June justifies this move; but it goes on to add:

> Intervention, implying as it does military subjugation, is revolting to the people of the United States, notwithstanding the provocation to that course has been great, and should be resorted to, if at all, only as a last resort. The stubborn resistance of the President and his advisers to every demand and suggestion to enter upon it, is creditable alike to them and to the people in whose name he speaks.

As to Germany, this paragraph of the Democratic platform might almost have been written into President Wilson's message to Congress of April 2, 1917, so clearly does it set forth the spirit in which America entered into the war:

> We believe that every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live; that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy from other nations the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon, and that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression or disregard of the rights of peoples and nations, and we believe that the time has come when it is the duty of the United States to join with the other nations of the world in any feasible association that will effectively serve these principles, to maintain inviolate the complete security of the highway of the seas for the common and unhindered use of all nations.

The impression was very general in the East that the West was apathetic or indifferent both to the irresponsible and hostile acts of Mexicans and to the growing insolence of the Imperial German Government with reference to American rights on the seas. Any such assumption was unfair at the time, and has since been disproved by the promptness and vigor with which the West responded to the call to arms. But the West had no intention of being stampeded. A Democratic President whose intellectual processes and manner of speech were radically different from those at least of his immediate predecessors, was exercising a Lincoln-like patience in his efforts to keep the country out of war. From the time the Mexican situation became threatening one might meet anywhere in the West Republicans who thought that the honor and security of the nation were being trifled with; that the President's course was inconsistent and vacillating; and even that we should have whipped Mexico into subjection and maintained an army there until a stable government had been established. These views were expressed in many parts of the West by men of influence in Republican councils, and there were Democrats who held like opinions.

The Republicans were beset by two great difficulties when the national convention met. The first of these was to win back the Progressives who had broken with the party and contributed to the defeat of Mr. Taft in 1912; the second was the definition of a concrete policy touching Germany and Mexico that would appeal to the patriotic voter, without going

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the length of threatening war. The stand-patters were in no humor to make concessions to the Progressives, who, in another part of Chicago, were unwilling to receive the olive branch except on their own terms. Denied the joy of Mr. Roosevelt's enlivening presence to create a high moment, the spectators were aware of his ability to add to the general gloom by his telegram suggesting Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate acceptable to the Progressives. The speculatively inclined may wonder what would have happened if in one of the dreary hours of waiting Colonel Roosevelt had walked upon the platform and addressed the convention. Once more those who have leisure for political solitaire may indulge in reflections as to whether Senator Lodge would not have appealed to the West quite as strongly as Mr. Hughes. The West, presumably, was not interested in Senator Lodge, though I timidly suggest that if a New Jersey candidate can be elected and re-elected with the aid of the West, Massachusetts need not so modestly hang in the background when a national convention orders the roll-call of the States for favorite sons.

There was little question at any time from the hour the convention opened that Mr. Hughes would be the nominee, and I believe it is a fair statement that he was the candidate the Democrats feared most. The country had formed a good opinion of him as a man of independence and courage, and, having strictly observed the silence enjoined by his position on the bench during the Republican family quarrel of four years earlier, he was looked upon as a candidate well calculated to heal the Progressive breach and lead a united party to victory.

The West waited and listened. While it had seemed a "safe play" for the Republicans to attack the Democratic administration for its course with Mexico and Germany, the presentation of the case to the people was attended with serious embarrassments. The obvious alternative of Mr. Wilson's policy was war. The West was not at all anxious for war; it certainly did not want two wars. If war could be averted by negotiation the West was in a mood to be satisfied with that solution. Republican campaigners were aware of the danger of arraigning the administration for not going to war and contented themselves with attacks upon what they declared to be a shifty and wabbly policy. The West's sense of fair play was, I think, roused by the vast amount of destructive criticism launched against the administration unaccompanied by any constructive programme. The President had grown in public respect and confidence; the West had seen and heard him since he became a national figure, and he did not look or talk like a man who would out of sheer contrariness trifle with the national security and honor. I speak carefully when I say that the average Western Democrat was not "keen" about Mr. Wilson when he first loomed as a Presidential possibility. I heard a good deal of discussion by Western Democrats of Mr. Wilson's availability in 1910–11, and he was not looked upon with favor. He was "different"; he didn't invoke the Democratic gods in the old familiar phraseology, and he was suspected of entertaining narrow views as to "spoils," such as caused so much heartache among the truly loyal in Mr. Cleveland's two administrations.

The Democratic campaign slogan, "He has kept us out of war!" was not met with the definite challenge that he should have got us into war. Jingoism was well muffled. What passed for apathy was really a deep concern as to the outcome, an anxiety to weigh the points at issue soberly. Western managers constantly warned visiting orators to beware of "abusing the opposition," as there were men and women of all political faiths in the audiences. Both sides were timid where the German vote was concerned, the Democrats alarmed lest the "strict accountability" attitude of the President toward the Imperial German Government would damage the party's chances, and the Republicans embarrassed by the danger of openly appealing to the hyphenates when the Republican campaign turned upon an arraignment of the President for not dealing drastically enough with German encroachment upon American rights. In view of the mighty sweep of events since the election, all this seems tame and puerile, and reminds us that there is a vast amount of punk in politics.

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In the West there are no indications that an effect of the war will be to awaken new radical movements or strengthen tendencies that were apparent before America sounded the call to arms. I have dwelt upon the sobriety with which the West approached the election of 1916 merely as an emphasis of this. The war has dealt the greatest blow ever administered to American sectionalism. We were prone for years to consider our national life in a local spirit, and the political parties expended much energy in attempts to reconcile the demands and needs of one division of the States with those of another. The prolonged debate of the tariff as a partisan issue is a marked instance of this. The farmer, the industrial laborer, the capitalist have all been the objects of special consideration. One argument had to be prepared for the cotton-grower in the South; another for the New England mill-hands who spun the product; still another for the mill-owner. The farm-hand and the industrial artisan in the neighboring manufacturing town had to be reached by different lines of reasoning. Our statesmanship, East and West, has been of the knot-hole variety—rarely has a man risen to the top of the fence for a broad view of the whole field. What will be acceptable to the South? What does the West want? We have had this sort of thing through many years, both as to national policies and as to candidates for the presidency, and it has weakened the national fibre.

The Republican party has addressed itself energetically to the business of reorganization. The national committee met at St. Louis in February to choose a new chairman in place of Mr. William R. Willcox, and the contest for this important position was not without its significance. The standpatters yielded under pressure, and after a forty-eight-hour deadlock the election of Mr. Will H. Hays, of Indiana, assured a hospitable open-door policy toward all prodigals. In 1916 Mr. Hays, as chairman of the Republican State committee, carried Indiana against heavy odds and established himself as one of the ablest political managers the West has known. As the country is likely to hear a good deal of him in the next two years, I may note that he is a man of education, high-minded, resourceful, endowed with prodigious energy and trained and tested executive ability. A lawyer in a town of five thousand people, he served his political apprenticeship in all capacities from precinct committeeman to the State chairmanship. He is frank and outspoken, with no affectations of mystery, and as his methods are conciliatory and assimilative the chances are excellent for a Republican rejuvenation.

The burden of prosecuting the war to a conclusive peace that shall realize the American aims repeatedly set forth by President Wilson is upon the Democratic administration. An early peace would, of course, add enormously to the party's prestige. The West awaits with the same seriousness with which it pondered the issues of 1916 the definition of new issues touching vitally our social, industrial, and financial life, and our relations with other nations, that will press for attention the instant the last shot is fired.

"Win the war and win it quickly!" is the dominating thought of the West as of the rest of the country, and it is encouraging to find so few prophets predicting new issues. In the past year nothing has been more marked in the West than the sinking of partisanship in a whole-hearted patriotic support of the government. In meetings called in aid of war causes Democrats and Republicans have vied with each other in protestations of loyalty to the government. I know of no exception to the rule that every request from Washington has been met splendidly by Republican State governors. Indeed, there has been a lively rivalry among Middle Western States to exceed the prescribed quotas of dollars and men.

Already an effect of the war has been a closer knitting together of States and sections, a contemplation of wider horizons. It is inevitable that we shall be brought, East and West, North and South, to the realization of a new national consciousness that has long been the imperative need of our politics. And in all the impending changes, readjustments, and conciliations the country may look for hearty cooperation to a West grown amazingly conservative and capable of astonishing manifestations of independence.

[Mr. Nicholson's sixth article, "The Spirit of the West," will appear in the June number.]

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A TWO-MAN RAID

ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN NO-MAN'S LAND

BY CAPTAIN R. HUGH KNYVETT

Anzac Scout; Author of "'Over There' with the Australians"

"HERE, Brains, something for you!" and the adjutant poked his head into the dugout occupied by the intelligence and bombing officers. The I. O. lazily reached out his hand for the thin piece of white paper with two lines of typewriting on it, but it might have been a death-warrant for the effect it had upon him. He sprang up with an exclamation that became "damnation" as his head struck the iron roof.

"What's up!" asked the B. O. "G. O. C.* want the Kaiser's head on a plate this time?"

"No! They want the family history of the people opposite, or something like that! Read that and compose my epitaph!" The bombing officer spread out the offending scrap of paper and read with interest:

"*Confidential.*

"————, Div. H. Q.

"*To the Intelligence Officer:*

"The G. O. C. directs that identification of the units opposite be secured for your morning report.

"(Sgd) —— ——-, *Major*,
"*General Staff.*"

"Whew! Some job, Brains. Hasn't there just been a change-over? I should say they were Saxons by the quiet!" "What's the use of guessing? I suppose the cold-footers back yonder expect me to tell by the smell whether they be Prussians or some other brand!" Just then the old Irish batman, putting some pears and cream on the table, remarked in a sepulchral voice: "I hope you are not going out the night, sor-r!" "Now, for the Lord's sake, Pat, shut up; and keep your croaks to yourself." "Oh, but sure, sor-r, me mither had the second sight, and I dreamt I seen yer large as life with your head cut off." Pat made haste up the steps, but the empty fruit-tin caught him on the shins. "Holy murdher!" he yelled, but immediately after poked his head down again to say: "If ye get killed, sorr, don't forget I warned ye!"

"He's a cheerful sort of cuss to keep around; you ought to transfer him to the grave-digging squad."

"Well, it's Pat's chief fault, that and spread-eagling his fingers in the general's face for a salute, about his only failings, and you must admit he turns us out some bosker suppers. But I certainly wish he'd chosen some other night for his confounded predictions. The only comfort is that there is hardly a night when he doesn't see me walking round with my head under my arm, or something like that. I don't know why he prepares supper every night, for he is always surprised to see me. "Sure, sor-r, it's never you, back safe," is his regular greeting. Of course I take no notice of him, but to-night I've a sort of presentiment myself, and I don't like this job." "Well, you know you are not supposed to go out yourself! What have you a section of trained scouts for?" "I don't think I will go out, though I know that later I'll be kicking myself for a slacker. Anyway, there have been no Boche patrols out for three nights, probably due to the change-over. They are bound to be out to-night, and we ought to be able to get one of them, though there is not much information to be got from a patrol, as they do not wear their badges! But we may be able to get a man that will squeak."

"Pat!" was suddenly bawled up the passage, and when that worthy appeared:

*G. O. C.—General Officer Commanding; I. O.—Intelligence Officer; B. O.—Bombing Officer; O. C. Firing-Line—Officer Commanding Firing-Line.

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"Go and find Corporal Cameron!" "Yes, sor-r," and in about ten minutes the corporal appeared. "Corporal, I'm sending you on a ticklish job to-night. You know the tracks we saw a few nights ago of a German patrol leading into the wired crater, near the 'Pimple.' Well, I want you to take four men and lie alongside, in easy bombing range, and if they come out, drop some bombs on them, and before they can recover, jump in and grab one. If you wait till they are all in the hole, and be sure your bombs get in, there won't be any resistance, and you have less than fifty yards back to our own trench. If you can't get a man alive, be sure and bring a cap and all papers. Is that all clear? There is no moon to-night; start in half an hour! Better take four good bombers." The bombing officer here joined in with an offer of two trained grenadiers, which was accepted. The corporal did not answer with words; he was a man that very seldom spoke, but Cameron was one of the best scouts in the army, though he was very careful never to promise too much lest he fail. He for a long time refused promotion, and the colonel hesitated to confirm the recommendation, saying he was surly and showed no respect to officers. But the intelligence officer knew that the men would follow him, and that every job he undertook he stayed on till it was finished. He had been corporal for three months, and had immediately increased the allotment to his wife to the full amount of his extra pay, which was the reason he had at last accepted the stripes. He had tracked down scrub-turkeys in the Australian bush and caught them in his arms, and he could sneak on any man in the dark and be on his back, hand at throat, before his victim had the slightest inkling of danger. As he saluted and went he left a feeling of confidence behind him, and the bombing officer remarked: "I believe you will have your Boche by morning."

The two officers lay quietly planning the night's work for half an hour longer, and then "Guts," the bombing officer, began to pull on his big trench boots, reaching right up to the hips. "See you about midnight in Toohey's quarters. So long, Brains!" "Here, Guts, how many grenades are you sending across to-night? I may as well get it now for the report." "Oh, about one hundred pippins, fifty each of Millses and Newtons; if we take the armored train out we'll use more, but that's all that we've got ready." The armored train referred to was a truck on light rails on which six rifles had been fastened, so that a salvo of six rifle-grenades could be fired at one moment. At intervals along the rails posts were driven into the ground, marked with the exact range to a certain point on the enemy trenches opposite. It probably made the Boche think that we had hundreds of rifles set for firing grenades all along the line.

"All right!" was the parting shot of the intelligence officer, "I'll come along later and join in the fun. I'll have to go along the line now and make sure that all the sentries and listening-posts know about the patrol," and he laughed to hear the B. O. stumble over "the road to Lille." This was a mile-stone standing in front of the dugout, on which was chiselled "Lille—11 kilos." It was a useless article, for no one needed the knowledge, as the road to Lille had not been travelled these two years; in fact, there was our dugout right across the highway, the direction of which could be seen even across No-Man's Land by the line of broken telegraph-poles. We had tried to shift the mocking mile-stone, for a shell had made it lean over and it now partially blocked our doorway. It was too heavy for us to move, and we perforce left it a blind guide-post pointing the way none could go.

The I. O. now began to dress for the night, quite differently to the other, for he pulled over his uniform a black garment, like a miner's overalls. This was in one piece, and completely covered the wearer from head to foot, having hood and mask. It was of a stiff, glazed material called denim and did not easily catch the barb-wire; the buttons being on the back also gave no hold. It was for crawling at night, there were several others of different colors in the dugout—green, for crawling in grass; brown, for ploughed land, some striped, some spotted, one entirely made of sand-bags for use on top of parapet, etc.

On the way up the communication-trench the officer was very careful to give

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a signal to each sentry a couple of yards before he reached him, as he was once nearly bayoneted through a man not seeing him until he touched his arm. From each one of them he received a slip of paper stating the name of every man who had passed the post during the day and his stated business.

It was dark, a darkness that was a burden, the sky well within reach of the hand. He knew where all the sentries were posted, but a step away and his whispered "Good night" came back on him as though no one was there. It did not seem as if the answering "Good night, sir!" was really spoken, merely an echo in his own mind. These long stretches between sentries—one hundred yards actually, a mile subconsciously—how quiet they were, a quietness of stealth—something was about to strike. Even the rats were afraid to move, and his feet, trained to move without noise, made a sound on the duck-boards like a snake moving over bark. "Why don't they put up some flares?" he thought so loudly that it seemed as if some one spoke. "Where do these dark nights come from that they have 'over there'? They're darker than night in a dense forest. They're darker than in a coal mine. I've been in both! Why is it that both sides are reluctant to disturb them—that for an hour sometimes not a light goes up? I've known a man to hold a flare pistol in his hand for half an hour and not fire—just stand with staring eyes pressed against the blackness. Perhaps a curtain is down and the spirits in No-Man's Land are fighting over again 'out there' and the world of sense is straining to hear. Souls, the adherents of such opposing principles, could never dwell together in peace, and repentance and punishment are needed to quieten two spheres."

When the I. O. turned into the front-line trench he had two flares put up. He could not find the officer in charge of the sector, but he got the sergeant to get two parachute flares. They were miserable failures as illuminants; one only went up a few yards and then waggled back into the trench, "etching some heads for a bullet' aim" and showing each others' faces staring and ghastly. The other was better aimed and lit No-Man's Land for a long second, and a solitary rifle-shot rang out. The enemy began to send up flares, but they seemed far away, as if fired from their second line.

The I. O. went into every bay and warned each man of the presence of our own patrol "out there," especially instructing the machine-gunners to keep their range high so as to go over and not into No-Man's Land. He signalled to each "listening-post" and got the answering "O. K." pull on the wire. But everywhere there was a strange alertness; not even the men off duty were asleep. Here and there sentries were standing full-length on the parapet peering into the dark. He made them get down; at any minute "parapet Joe" (a certain enemy machine gun) might trim along the top. No one wanted to put up lights—disturb the darkness; it was not an attack that was expected, merely something in the dark that we were trying to hear, and the other side must have been feeling it too, for the sounds of working parties had ceased. Once a board dropped in their trench, and we jumped, it sounded so close. One man said he saw gas going over farther down the line, but there could not have been, the air was so still—even hard to breathe.

It was about midnight, and the I. O. went along to the quarters of the O. C. firing-line. As soon as he crawled under the blanket that covered the door to hide the candle-light, and was inside, he was greeted with "Here, Brains, have you seen anything of Mr. Anderson, in charge of D platoon sector? He has not reported since eight pip emma (P. M.), and I have sent three messengers for him, who report that he can't be found."

"No, I did not see him when I was down there, but I'll send my sergeant along the sentry posts and find out when he last passed!" He called to the sergeant who had accompanied him and was sitting outside the door and gave him instructions.

Presently the bombing officer came in, and when asked why he had not fired his grenades he remarked: "I've been waiting for them to start work, they're so dashed quiet to-night; but if they don't get to work soon I'll liven them up. It almost seems as if there was no one over

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there, and I don't want to waste my bombs on empty trenches."

"The intelligence officer is wanted," said a voice outside, and on crawling out he saw four men of the patrol standing there. "Where's Corporal Cameron?" "He's killed, sir." "Where's his body?" "O-out there, sir!" "What! Do you mean to tell me you came back without it? You two scouts will go back directly and get it; and you—Asher's your name, isn't it?" turning to one of the bombers—"you tell me how it happened." "Well, sir, a flare went up and the corporal put up his head to look, and a rifle went off just a foot away and blew a hole as big as your fist in his head. There was no sound afterward, and we did not seem to know which side it came from, and we did not know which way to throw our bombs; the corporal had been guide, and we had turned round so much we didn't know where we were. Then we heard some one speak in our trench and we crawled back." "Oh, so you crawled back, did you? Well, you can report back to your own sergeant, and the whole story will be in orders to-morrow so that the four of you will be known in the whole regiment as the only men in its history who left the body of a comrade to the rats, or worse. Now you so-called scouts, if you want that any man should eat alongside you to-morrow, you know what *you* need to do!" "We're all going back, sir," and the four moved off together.

The sergeant at that moment reported back with the strange news that Lieutenant Anderson had been seen by only one sentry, and that one the farthest back where the communication-trench leads off to the road to the billets. "Here, what rubbish is this? How could he get back there without passing all the other sentries?" "Yes, sir, it's funny, but he swears that Mr. Anderson passed his post at twelve o'clock and spoke to him. No other sentry has seen Mr. Anderson since eight o'clock." "What do you fellows make of that?" said the O. C., turning to the other three, the I. O. and B. O. having now been joined by the machine-gun officer. "There'll have to be more inquiry," said "Guts"; "but I hope to God Andy turns up. He is a real man, though a bit like a parson sometimes."

Then a strange thing happened—the darkness broke. It did not lift, for it did not really get any lighter, but there was a difference, and every one felt it. Enemy flares went up, the first ones seeming to come almost from in our own wire, machine guns on both sides beat their tat-tat-tat, tat-tat, like as though they were signalling to each other; crash, crash sounded the rifle-grenades, bursting, and zip, zip as our grenadiers replied. Sounds of working parties could be plainly heard as stakes were hammered and wire unrolled; it seemed as if the night had just started instead of being half over. Every one breathed freer as all the sounds of a normal trench night went on. Some one even laughed as he ducked after a sniper's bullet plonked into the sand-bag alongside him.

The intelligence and the bombing officers went along the trench together, talking about the patrol coming in without the corporal. "I didn't think any of my men would have done a thing like that," said the B. O. "I'd have almost shot any one who said a scout would have done it; but one can't explain funk—it's liable to seize any one, the bravest, and those two boys have repeatedly proven themselves no cowards. I feel sorry for them. They'll get hell from the other boys. I won't report it, though."

Here they reached the sally-port and were informed that the four men had gone out again but not returned. The intelligence officer said: "I think I'll go out and see what's come of them, and I may chance to run into a Boche." "Still thinking of that order, eh! Well, they don't expect you to go and pull one out of the trench, you know, single-handed. If you are only going over near enough to try and tell the brand by the smell, I think I'll come with you. Here, half a mo' (slang for moment); I'm coming. I haven't been in No-Man's Land since the big stunt."

"All right; shut up and crawl behind me; as soon as we get outside the wire we go on our bellies. Don't get up on your hands and knees like an elephant, as you value your life. If you want to talk, tap on my hand or leg in Morse, but don't make a sound."

The two crawled stealthily out the

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sally-port. They had become very close to each other these last days "in," but this was the first time they had been out in No-Man's Land together. But now, unconsciously, it seemed as if their hearts rubbed. Each knew the other for a man, and this was a new experience out there together in that mysterious domain—alone but for each other and the dead. As they lay there awhile inside the wire, listening, they saw the four men of the patrol coming in, walking upright, carrying the body. "The fools," whispered Brains. "That's Macarthy's doing; he's Irish, and they're doing that as penance. It shows there's no Boche patrol near or they would all be shot down." He challenged them and told them to hurry in. The I. O. still lay quiet for a full half minute, listening. The other was glad to follow his lead, realizing that this was his province. Very slowly they crawled, inch by inch, pausing to listen every yard. Progress was slow, but it was only seventy-five yards to the German trenches in this place. They were no sooner through their own barb-wire than into the enemy's. This was very thick round a large hole—a mine crater blown weeks previously and now joined to the German defenses with a maze of heavy wire. But the I. O. led with confidence round this until he stopped with a sign of caution. He put out his hand for his companion to come up and showed him a tunnel under the wire high enough for a large man to crawl through. Evidently the way out, which also meant a way in. After lying still for more than a full minute, the I. O. spelt out on the other's hand: "Found this a week ago; we may not be able to come back this way, though, as they have probably a rifle firing through it now and again when they are not using it, but have heard no shots near here to-night." They wriggled their way through, once freezing suddenly as a wire caught on the B. O.'s belt and broke away with a twang. A flare went up a few yards in front of them, but after a couple of minutes passed with no other action they were satisfied they had not been seen. A sap deep enough to afford cover from bullets for a man crawling had been dug round the lip of the crater to the left, and down this they went, suddenly breaking into the German trench with a sentry not a yard away. Fortunately he was turned the other way, and the I. O. backed up the sap very quickly though without the slightest sound. The other had not been so far ahead, but when he had had spelt into his hand the information nothing would satisfy him but to crawl forward and have a look. When he crawled back he was trembling with excitement. "We've got him easy. I could hardly keep from rushing at him and giving him an upper cut. I could put him to sleep without him knowing what hit him." "Are you willing to risk it?" tapped the I. O. "Sure thing; we can't go back without him now," replied the other. "We can't get back this way; they have it marked, and if the alarm is given will bomb it and machine-gun the wire. I know the other side of the pimple where he is standing. There is a big minnie-hole*—one that blew back on themselves the other day and nearly blew in their trench; it drops sheer down in front of him about nine feet. We'll have to fall into that—it'll be soft bottom; then we can stand upright and run for about twenty yards, without being seen, along the bottom of the hole; then we climb out and are in the big mine-crater, and we can crawl round the lip under cover from fire all the way."

"Right oh. I've got two bombs, but we won't use them unless there are more Boches sleeping near. I'll use my fist." The other showed his hand-bayonet in its cloth sheath. The two crept forward again with hearts beating like sledge-hammers. To say that they jumped on the German would be to exaggerate; they literally "fell on him," but it had the same effect. The wind was taken out of him, and before he had recovered two well-delivered blows quieted him for good. It only took a second for one to grab his cap and the other to dive for papers in his skirt pocket. They then rolled with a thud to the bottom of the minnie-hole, the I. O. choking, with his mouth full of mud. But there was no alarm behind them, though they had heard several others talking in a bay round the corner. Hurrying quickly

*"Minnie"—Minenwerfer, German heavy trench mortar, sometimes makes a hole twenty to thirty feet deep.

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through the soft mud in the big hole, they crawled out on the other side into the big crater, round the lip of it, then through another gap in the wire. A few yards down and they re-entered the sally-port. With great secrecy they kept their treasures until back in their own dugout. It was about 3 A. M., and, flashing the electric torch, they were joyed to discover among several letters a diary giving names of officers as well as regiment; the rest was nearly all personal items of little military value, though they were both interested in a photo of two little children. "I'm sorry I killed him," said the I. O., but, looking at his knife, he exclaimed: "I must have missed. There is no blood on it. I felt it go into something, though." "Must have been the earth. I gave him a kick he won't get over for a while. Here, I say, what are you going to put into your report? You can't mention me, you know. I'd be court-martialled for leaving my own job." "By George, I say," said his friend, "that's rotten. You did all the work, you know. I am not going to get any glory for myself, at any rate. I'll just say the patrol brought it in. Poor old Cameron, who's dead, might get mentioned, which would please his wife."

That's the end of the story. Cameron, which wasn't the corporal's real name, was awarded a military medal. Poor old Anderson never turned up, and no one heard any more about him.

THE UNFIT

By Thomas Jeffries Betts
Author of "The Golden Glow of Victory," "Alone," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

PLATTSBURG in May. Oliver Brauen's gaze lifted, and was marshalled down the company street by the bare monotony of the barrack walls, tripped for an instant on the birch fringe of the lake shore, swung across the lake, and brought up against the rigid side of Mount Mansfield, miles away. There was little to be seen of Mount Mansfield—only its purple base, streaked with snow and truncated by the heavy clouds; for the clouds hung low and the lake lay sullen, like a sheet of clouded steel, passive before the presage of the rain. Oliver Brauen sighed as he faced his battered basin; for he knew the water would be cold and clammy, like the air, and that shaving would be the same struggle of yesterday and the day before.

Why? Why? The question floated before him—vaguely, generally—concerning the whole tangled situation, which he pretended to face but did not dare to analyze. At a critical point was the mind of Oliver Brauen—such a point as he knew in his own factory, where a degree or so of heat meant the difference between a viscous, obedient mass and a heap of hardened slag. Behind him lay youth, before him prematurely stood age—in neither estate was he entered. The time was ebbing in which he could mould a little of the world to fit himself—the day was not yet come when he could accept the facts that others put upon him. "Getting old," admitted his partner, Hobson, and the world agreed, overlooking the brief tale of nine and thirty years in the reflected light from hairs that had begun to silver.

And so he blinked unseeingly at the circumstances that had landed him by the shores of Lake Champlain. He did not think of how he had obtained his captain's commission in the Officers' Reserve—obtained it when commissions in the Reserve were to be had for the asking and a brief examination. He closed his eyes to

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the petty vanity that had set him a-seeking it, and to the naïve joy he had taken in his title and his clean-cut suit of olive drab. How pleased he had been that he had chosen the cavalry, wherein he could wear high mahogany boots with spurs! This war had spoiled it all, he felt. And then, when he had had that one chance to escape its inevitable wrack—the time he was ordered to report to Plattsburg Barracks, "if you wish to accept your commission"—he had let the opportunity slide. He must show Hobson that there were those who did not discount the graying hairs. And there had been nephew Henry—keen, straight Henry, full of the fire of twenty-five years and a previous Plattsburg summer—Henry of the triangular eyes and the keen snap in every muscle of his six-foot length. He had had to show Henry—so he had come. But he was blind to all that now, blind and old and afraid. And he sat and regarded his shaving-water—which certainly had not grown any colder—and wondered why, why, why—oh, Lord, why had he tried to make himself into a soldier?

II

Down from the north came "first call," stumblingly rendered by a Troop I trumpeter—five minutes to formation. "Damn," muttered Brauen ruefully, as he rubbed his unshaven jaws, and emptied his basin upon the company street. Then he fought his way laboriously through the teeming barrack-doors, secured blouse and belt, and made his way out in time to receive the report of the first sergeant—as senior Reserve Officer he was in charge of the company.

"Sir, all present," he transmitted to Captain Hicks. At the latter's salute of acknowledgment Brauen gave his best imitation of a rasping "Squads ry-hight! Harch!" and the Nineteenth headed toward the Champlain pike.

The men's heels crunched raggedly on the camp road, and Hicks joined Brauen at the column's head. A squat man, Hicks, with the slouch of the old cavalryman, his face browned by the torrid suns of half a world, tanned and wrinkled by every wind that sweeps the plains. Long in the service, he was sure of his colonelcy when the National Army should be formed. Just at present his one thought was the Nineteenth and its shortcomings, which were many. If they only had cohesion—if they weren't such a rabble, thought he, as he studied their unrhythmed tread. And still, with the company—the company that the Nineteenth was not but which it was to be—ever foremost in his head, he found time to say to Brauen, with a smile that robbed his words of any sting:

"You'll never be able to discipline your men, Captain Brauen, if you don't set them an example in everything, smartness especially. Now, this morning you didn't shave. That's bad—bad." Then his tone changed, and his voice rose to a ringing shout as, apparently through the back of his head, he saw the errors of the Nineteenth. "Corporal! Get your squad within proper marching distance. Forty inches! Forty inches! Forty inches all down the column. Close up! Step! Step! File-closers, call the step!" The Nineteenth gathered itself together, became a unit under the whip of his voice, and held longer than ever before.

For twenty minutes the Nineteenth stepped out down the road, five paces in rear of the company that preceded it, five paces ahead of the one that followed. Slowly the fences and green fields sauntered past. At last they came to their own particular field, and almost before Brauen could shout out "Column right!" they had swung through the gap in the wire fence and slogged their way into the knee-high, rain-filled grass that soaked their leggings and filled their shoes to overflowing.

"Open order to-day, Captain Brauen. Halt 'em and give 'em 'As skirmishers. Guide right!'"

Brauen complied. The leading squad expanded like an accordion. The column behind broke up into chunky little masses of men that obliqued out to their places at a plodding, earnest walk, then exploded into their positions in the company's thin, single rank. It was done quietly and the intervals were fairly even. The captain prepared to deliver a grunt of approval.

Then Brauen spoiled the effect of it all. Loudly he blew on his raucous captain's whistle and with his hands gave the sig-

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nal, "Take cover." A quarter of the line flopped on its belly in the approved manner. As many more wavered, and at the thought of the soaking grass and what it meant to uniforms and rifles remained standing. The rest, with no thought of compliance, stood firm. The captain galvanized into action and broke through to the front of the company.

"Stand up, those men lying down there. At ease!" That was rotten. Rotten! That order was wrong. That was no business of theirs. It was an order. What did they mean by thinking about it? Nobody thought in the service: officers knew, soldiers obeyed. They were soldiers—or hoped to be. They had to be soldiers before they could be officers. Three-day recruits in the army knew how to obey orders. Never had he seen such a damn' mob in a whole regiment—let alone a single outfit. Rotten! All of this in a voice accustomed to giving commands above the trot of a hundred horses. Then he turned to Brauen, his voice low but with the steely quality still running through it.

"Very poor, captain. You should have known better than to order your men down on a damp day like this. It means an hour's work on their equipment by the men who obeyed you, not to mention all the grippe and pneumonia that's floating 'round. An officer should think of his men, sir. See, you've lost their confidence. You should have known better, sir."

"But I thought we wanted to simulate war conditions, and——"

"Simulate fiddlesticks! You shouldn't have thought! Officers know! Don't you worry about your dough-boys, Captain Brauen. They'll learn to duck quick enough under actual fire. Up here we've no time to waste teaching natural instincts." Then, after an instant's interval: "I'd like to give you an opportunity to redeem yourself, captain, but it's going to rain. Sorry. Assemble 'em, give 'em squads right, column right, and march 'em off."

The rest of the regiments had already foreseen the coming ducking and were lustily swinging their way home. Emerging from the hole in its fence, the Nineteenth elbowed itself a niche in the moving wall of brown that was streaming by. They were a gay six thousand, with the joy of living before their eyes and the war they had come to wage three thousand miles away; and it was almost unconsciously, now, that they stiffened themselves for the ordeal by water.

From far and near came the roar of song and the shrilling of whistles. The New Englanders, with one accord, were mouthing "Our Director." Whole New York companies swung along to musical-comedy lilts. Just behind the Nineteenth four full-lunged men from the city were keeping their organization in step to the Triumphal March from "Aïda."

"The infantry, the infantry,
With the dirt behind their ears . . ."

intoned groups whose weathered hat-cords betokened service at the old civilian Plattsburg. The Infantry Song, and "Hesitate," and half a dozen other lusty-lunged and lustful-worded ditties of the old army were constant favorites with such as these. Just ahead a company crooned unceasingly and pridefully at a new song, all its own, with a pitying, slurring drawl at the end of every line:

"Poor old Kaiser Bill,
Poor old Kaiser Bill,
Uncle Sam will get him some infantry,
Get him some cavalry,
Heavy artillery;
And then, by Gawd, we'll walk over Germany.
Poor old Kaiser Bill!"

The Nineteenth Company sang little, and then only in one-man and squad snatches. Nor did it step out in the leisurely but regular cadence that military organizations evolve from their route marching. At its head stalked Brauen, his heart thumping out its inevitable "Why? why? why?" his soul aching at the recognition of his own incapacity. The dingy brick factory, with his very particular work-room squeezed into its narrow breadth, suddenly loomed before him as a haven greatly to be desired.

The road swung to the right, then pitched down gradually. Before the eyes of the Nineteenth Company the whole column lay, a mile-long worm, writhing as the road writhed; brown with a streak of purple that was hands, another that was faces, and a crowning blackish cloud that

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was rifle-muzzles. Only an instant did it stand before his eyes, for at that moment the rain came down, a sopping mist from the lake that hit the column on the flank and wiped the whole array from before Brauen's eyes.

A chill fell over the whole mass of men, and the songs died down in their throats. And then, from far away at the column's unseen head, a whimpering whisper came down, a whisper that chilled the bones, that set backs and knees atingle, that brought great masses of seething blood straight from the hearts to the finger-tips. The shrilling grew from a whisper to a zephyr, from a zephyr to a breeze, from a breeze to a gale whipping through unseen shrouds. And then it seemed as if the souls of all the men who had ever died for France came riding through the mist and cried: "To arms! Go on!" The Nineteenth Company stiffened, man against man, and added, for the first time, its hundred and sixty voices to that call to arms that is the "Marseillaise."

Something within Brauen seemed to catch and break, and he found his eyes off the road, looking straight ahead, and his back stiff with the straightness of fifteen years before. Over him there surged the impulse to go forward, to go on. For the first time in his life he felt there was a war, and that his part lay therein. He would go on—he, Oliver Brauen, would play his part, be it that of captain or enlisted man. Gone were all the affectation and self-seeking, and the fopperies of forty. Before him he saw only his country. He would go on. And so came peace and war to the soul of Oliver Brauen.

A flurry of oaths in his face brought him back to the Champlain pike. There had been a hitch in the column, and he had jammed his company into the one ahead. The Nineteenth joyously walked into the halted ranks for a matter of ten feet or more, and then desisted at his command. Back came the regular officer in charge, and he seared Brauen's newly awakened and sensitive soul as it had never been seared before. Then he apologized to Captain Hicks.

A man ahead swore dispassionately, and Hicks's heart quickened at the words. There was in them the promise that a hundred and sixty men had marched out that morning, and that great, flexible machine, a company, had come back. The Nineteenth Company had found itself, and before it has appeared disappears from this history. What the captain had heard was:

"Oh, my God! Christ! That forsaken — — — — gumming up a perfec'ly good comp'ny. An' they're tryin' to make a soldier of 'im! Of him!"

III

TEN minutes brought them back to barracks. Oliver Brauen sought the depths of his bunk in thankfulness, and proceeded to explore the damp crevices of his rifle with an oiled rag. Furthermore, his blankets did not benefit therefrom, for his fingers trembled a little, and it was easy to let the rag slip. To him, then, came his nephew Henry, with a shoving and clattering of the equipment that draped the entrance to Brauen's domain—a tall, elastic man, whose young muscles hugged him close and firm. His head brushed the upper bunk as he insinuated himself beside his uncle, and Brauen's bed-spring of three pine planks protested at his weight. Brauen looked up.

"Why—hullo, Harry."

"How're you, sir?" The "sir" came easily, for Henry had been brought up in the expectation of Oliver Brauen's inheritance, and his desire to recognize the obligation was quite sincere. Besides, he liked his uncle.

"How's things, Harry?"

"Oh, fair, fair." Then the appreciative self-appraisal of twenty-five broke its leash. "Things look good—that is, pretty good—for the old commish. I've made pretty good on this bayonet stuff. You see, nobody knows much about the new manual, so all of us, amateurs and profesh, have a sort of fifty-fifty start, an' Major Alston noticed me yesterday, or maybe it was the day before, an' he liked my stance—I guess you call it a stance—an' I'm going to take the whole battalion on Friday. Isn't that great?"

"Yes," assented Oliver Brauen, "it's great. I—I'm glad, Harry, and proud of you."

Henry swallowed hard. He perceived dimly that the tale of his own successes

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had somehow made his errand harder. Then, because he was young and of the stuff that gains victories, and because he would rather go over any obstacle than around it, he plunged on.

"Fact is, unk, that isn't what I came to tell you at all. You see, you—you played in hard luck this morning. Off day, of course, an' all that. But you were out of luck. You see, they're startin' to cut out the extra men they have here, an' old Hard Guy"—that was Captain Hicks—"was right on the job this mornin', lookin' to see who he could catch. I was in the office a minute ago about this bayonet stuff, an' he has a list there, or somethin' of the sort, of the men who are to—to leave camp first, an' it's alphabetical, an'—an' Brauen was the first name on it. I couldn't help seein' it."

"Yes," said Oliver Brauen evenly.

"An' I'm afraid it's too late to do anything about it. You see, Hard Guy has all the final say in this. But I thought—I thought you might like to know. An' then, it's always easier to resign than to be kicked. An' so I thought you would——"

"Thanks, Harry," said Brauen. "No." Then he repeated it in the same even tone: "No."

If Henry had been a little older he might have felt that Oliver Brauen's "Noes" had changed—that here was no longer the man of vanities and obstinacies that had said "No" so many times before. And if Brauen had been a little younger, perhaps he could have told of how a fighting man had been born that morning in the death of Oliver Brauen, drifter: of how he would stick to the last gasp, contesting every inch, and how, as captain or sergeant or buck private, whatever he might be, he would give the best in him, nor ask for recompense, save to give more. But he did not. And the two sat and looked into each other's eyes, as do spirits that love each other but are not kindred, and they were silent. Brauen was the first to speak.

"Excuse me, Harry. I want to go and wash this oil off my hands."

He walked off, stepping firmly. Henry watched him go, then burrowed in his uncle's locker, found a box of cigars, and selected one carefully, as was his privilege. "Poor codger," he mused. "He'll take it hard. It's a damn' shame." Then his thought moved a step farther. "But, Lord! Think of makin' a soldier out of him!"

IV

THE day passed, with much indoor instruction and more talk, with the inevitable cleaning of equipment, and the routine meals rendered tepid by the lake breeze that swept the mess-shacks. For half an hour in the afternoon the drizzle let up, although the clouds did not relax their grip on Mount Mansfield, and the Nineteenth partook willingly from the Manual of Physical Training. All of them, that is, except Oliver Brauen, whose thirty-nine stiff years hung heavier on his bones than did his spare flesh—and even his age was outweighed by the anxiety that overwhelmed him. If they only knew— If there could only be one chance, an opportunity in the ranks, anything . . . His mind kept it up to the rhythm of the calisthenics. Then the drizzle and the routine of the barrack closed down on him again.

The day wore on into night, and brought with it evening instruction. In their ponchos the Nineteenth made their way to the permanent brick barracks—schoolrooms now—and Oliver Brauen went with them, thinking little of where he went. Arrived at their benches, they perceived, with the little thrill with which they were accustomed to welcome the unaccustomed, that to-night Captain Hicks would not set forth the endless dogma and doctrine of the officer and his obligations to his men. There was another officer before them, fresh-faced and young. The captain introduced him laconically with—"Lieutenant James will talk to you on range-finders," and in regular army fashion the stranger plunged into his subject.

There was talk, first of all, about range-finding; of the guesswork of the old field-gunners, of the great base-line systems of the coast defenses with their spider-legged towers, of the patient observers in trees and balloons and behind loopholes on the Western Front. Then he went into the development of the science and told of the Weldon range-finder with its hurried pacings (and cursings) of many men. And so he came to the refined in-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

And if Brauen had been a little younger, . . . he could have told of how a fighting man had been born that morning in the death of Oliver Brauen, drifter.—Page 568.

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struments of this day, and held his audience keen on the tracks of beams of light that were swirled around corners and against mirrors and through prisms, until they could be transmuted into a foolproof record of yards upon a dial. He went on into the technicalities of his trade and filled the air with a jargon about D.P.F.'s and Self-Contained Bases and Base-End Stations. And to it all Oliver Brauen was dulled and distant.

"And so, gentlemen," concluded the lieutenant, "that's as far as we have gotten with range-finders. We know all about 'em, but, as I said before, there are lots of technical difficulties in the way of equipping the new army with 'em. You may remember I told you a lot of our prism glass has had to be imported. It did, and as luck would have it, it came from Jena, in Germany. *That* source of supply is at present closed. We're trying to remedy the lack locally, and we have hopes—hopes, that's all." He appraised the intelligence of his audience for an instant, then decisively swept the blackboard clear and began to chalk down long molecular equations, repetitions of half a dozen chemical symbols, with a spider's web of connecting lines between. "I don't know if you're interested or not, but this equation and molecular structure represent what we're aiming at."

Oliver Brauen became aware of a voice that had once been his, a voice issuing from the test-tube-bedecked laboratory back of the brick factory. "But I know that," the voice protested. "I've done all that. I've used that very equation." He found himself marching up the aisle to the board. "You take this and this and this—" his chalk checked off the elements in the spider's web—"silica, of course, and heat it to thirty-three hundred centigrade, and you are bound to come out so. But that's not what you want. Here's the real glass solution and the way it's formed." His chalk busily rearranged the symbols beneath the lieutenant's effort and evolved a structure of hexagons. "This must be the way they use it in Jena. Same formula, same time, same conditions. Only, when you get your thirty-three-hundred-degree temperature, you let it cool to one hundred above the critical point and then you heat it again. Don't you see? Much more regular." His chalk indicated the transposed positions of the molecules. The lieutenant saw.

"The man's right," he announced in wonderment. "The man's right." He took his audience into his amazed confidence: "Why in hell didn't we ever think of it? We just didn't think of it. We just didn't think of it." Then to Brauen: "Say, who are you?"

"Brauen, sir. Captain Oliver Brauen, Cavalry Reserve Corps." He had suddenly become diffident about the cavalry, he found.

"Yes, yes, yes. But how did you get on to all this?"

"Why, I used to make glass, sir."

"And you knew all this and never told. Why on earth——"

For an instant he was again the pre-war Brauen. "The house of Brauen, sir, while small, is very conservative, and maintains certain traditions. We thought it best not to seek war orders—" Then the blunt soldier broke through his dignity: "Why, I thought everybody knew that. I guess—I guess I just never thought of it."

The lieutenant grinned. "That makes two of us. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get you out of this camp."

"I don't want to get out of the army, sir."

"That's all right. You'll get your post in the Signal Reserve Corps—relative rank and all that. Captain Hicks, do you think we could arrange to get Captain Brauen on his way to the Council for National Defense to-night?"

Captain Hicks looked at him dryly, then at Brauen. "It could possibly be arranged," he said.

"All right. Better pack at once, Brauen." Then to the class: "Don't talk of this, please. It's confidential. 'Smissed."

With a clatter of heels the Nineteenth strode out. Lieutenant James watched them go. Then he addressed the blackboard:

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. And he 'just hadn't thought of it.' The secret of a million saved from going to France and very likely getting all shot up. And think, Lord, they almost made a *soldier* out of him!"

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AMONG THE DRUSES

"COUSINS OF THE ENGLISH" ON THE BORDERS OF OLD ARABIA

By Howard Crosby Butler
Professor of Art and Archæology, Princeton University

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"SOME day I shall hear their music, and, looking out across the plain, I shall see their red coats coming nearer; then the signal will be given and we shall rush out to welcome our deliverers, our cousins the English, and we shall be a free people." Thus, in dreamy cadences, spoke Shahim, the bravest and most beautiful, I had been told, of the younger generation of the Druses, as we sat together resting in the middle of a hard day's journey in the mountains of the Hauran on the borders of old Arabia. I showed no astonishment at this soliloquy; indeed, I was not astonished, having heard about their "cousins the English" ever since I had first come among the Druses some years before. But gently taking his rifle from his knees and examining it carefully, as if carrying on his musings, I said: "Yes, and here is her name engraved on the stock of your rifle." This did arouse astonishment in him. "Whose name?" he asked with animation. "The name of the English Queen," I replied; and there, under the crown, I showed him the letters V. R. He fondled the gun even more lovingly, for the rifle is the Druses' sweetheart, and murmured: "She is a good lady. Strange that so great a country should be ruled by a woman, yet, our learned men tell us that even Tudmur in the days of its greatness was ruled by a queen"; then confidentially: "Our cousins the English send us these, they cost us much money; but those who bring them take all that, and we are thankful, for otherwise we should have to fight the Arabs with slings and spears." He leaned forward with his rifle across his lap and, with chin in hand, gazed intently, but with the dreamy gaze of an Oriental, out over the vast plain at our feet, listening in his daydream for the strange martial music he longed to hear, and wistfully picturing to himself the red coats of his "cousins the English" as they should advance to the deliverance of his people.

I was not dreaming. I had food for thought in several of the things he had said. It was always interesting, this talk about their "cousins the English," yet I had never been able to trace its origin. It must be older certainly than khaki. I confess I was not disturbed by the V. R. or by this seeming lack of neutrality on the part of the Druses' cousins; for I had already seen hundreds of such rifles, along with other hundreds of French and German make, in the hands of these warlike people. I was particularly interested in the familiar way in which he had spoken of Zenobia. It seemed to me less significant that the seven-year-old news of the great Victoria's death had not reached the Hauran, where every one knows her name, than that this youth should be informed on the greatness of Palmyra. What should their "learned men" know of events sixteen hundred years old! The Druses are practically an independent nation, in rebellion against the Turks, and cut off by them from all communication with the outside world. They have no books, excepting the few sacred ones of their religion; they have no historians, and certainly no one of the handful of foreigners who have reached them during the last century gave them lectures on history. It was simply one more of the many examples of the persistency of tradition, and its remarkable accuracy withal, that are constantly impressing the minds of travellers among the Arabs and the Druses.

Shahim arose. "You are hungry, Howadja," he said, "I go to bring you apricots from my cousin's (Druse cousin's)

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garden." I did not offer to go with him, partly because I did not fancy seeing myself scaling the wall of his Druse cousin's garden; but, also, not knowing the exact degree of cousinship involved, I thought it not impossible that Shahim might be expecting to find some very distant cousin's daughter in or near the garden, in which case I might have to wait some time for my apricots.

I watched the young Druse, swinging under his load of arms and ammunition, descend and disappear into a grove of stunted olive-trees. "One of the finest specimens of his wonderful race," I remarked to myself. A little above medium height, straight of back and limb, sturdy without great weight, graceful and light of foot like one born to the saddle, yet trained to climb on foot swiftly and noiselessly over rugged mountain paths, Shahim was a typical Druse of his age. He was dark-skinned rather from exposure than by natural color. His eyes were wide-set, and of a deep velvety brown, in which fierce lights would play on occasion, a characteristic feature inherited perhaps from some Arab ancestor. He had a small, straight nose with sensitive nostrils, wholly un-Semitic, and a firm though sensitive mouth concealing two perfect rows of glistening teeth. Two heavy braids of dark-brown hair hung down on either side of his face, half concealed by the folds of his *kafiyeh*, or head-cloth, of faded purple and silver, which was held in place by the two heavy woollen rings of his *aghal*. He wore loose white trousers tucked into boots of red leather, a broad red belt bristling with knives and cartridges like a small arsenal, a closely fitting embroidered waistcoat over a loose white shirt of light material, and over all the *abaiyeh*, or loose-flowing mantle, of brown and white in broad bands. His dress, in fact, was that of the ordinary young Druse, the *abaiyeh*, *kafiyeh*, and *aghal* being of fashions borrowed from the Arabs. Had he been older, and one of the initiated of his religion, as practically every Druse of forty is, he would have had closely cropped hair under a turban with a high, stiff band of white, and his mantle would have been of black and silver. Two and twenty were his years, and he had been two years a widower. He had a beautiful little son of four whom I was to see later in fulfilment of a hundred promises. "One of the finest specimens of his wonderful race," I had said, but what race? Ah, that is the question. No one really knows. Several learned ethnologists and anthropologists have made attempts, mostly at variance with each other, to answer this question, and I, being neither, shall not attempt it. They speak Arabic, of course, and if they have ever spoken another tongue they have forgotten it. Yet they do not resemble Arabs, except in occasional single features, as persons of our own race may. They are neither very dark nor very fair, though some of the children are tow-headed. Their hair is usually brown and wavy, but I have seen red and sandy types. Brown eyes and gray are usual, blue eyes not uncommon among them. In a word, they resemble the finer types of our own race. They are, moreover, monogamous; their women go about wearing a long white veil which falls down the back from a tall head-dress bound with circlets of pendant coins. The veil is drawn over the mouth only in the presence of Moslems or of those suspected of being such. A widow with a minor son may speak and vote in the village council—a degree of woman's rights unheard of among other peoples in the Nearer East, and on a par with customs only recently introduced in the West.

From where do they come? for they have been in the Hauran only a little more than half a century. From the northeast, they will tell you, and you may prove their statement true, in part at least, for there are remnants of older settlements of Druses in the hills southwest of Aleppo, where the people admit to being immigrants, and still older ones in Mesopotamia not far from the Euphrates. There are also some Druses in Lebanon where, having accepted the Turkish yoke and outwardly professing Islam, they seem like another people. For it is their religion, perhaps more than anything else, that separates the real Druses from their neighbors, and this they keep a secret. I had just begun to recall the few bits of information we had ever been able to draw from our Druse friends on this interesting subject of their religion when Shahim's smiling face appeared. In one

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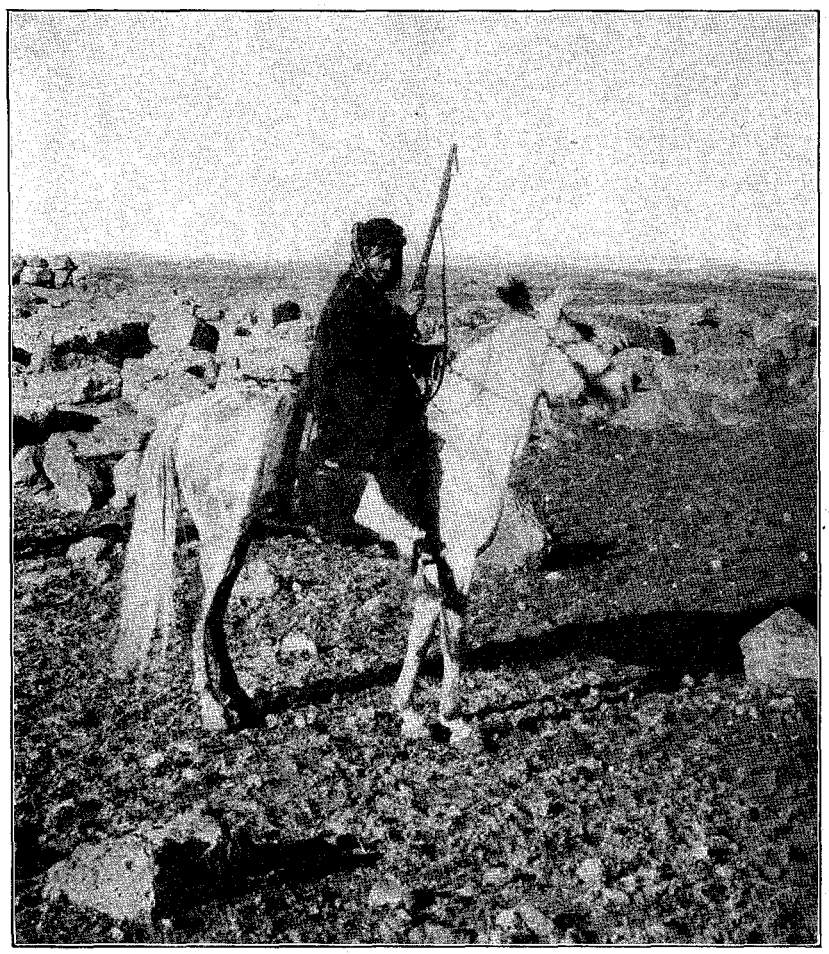
hand he balanced his rifle, in the other he held a sack made in the folds of his mantle; this I surmised held apricots. It was beautiful to see his joy in giving another pleasure. "Are they good, Howadja? Do you have such apricots in your country? Do they quench your thirst?" He very wistful as he said: "The mother of Ali, whom my mother chose for me, is still alive in my heart. Later, perhaps, I shall choose for myself, but now I do not seek a wife." It did not occur to his young Oriental mind that I had been joking with him, in Occidental manner, on the possi-



Shahim on his Arab steed, wearing the *kafiyeh*, *aghal*, and *abaiyeh*.

fed me as if I had been a young child. Presently I attempted to chaff him about my suspicions as to his having sought a distant cousin's daughter in the garden. It would never have occurred to me to broach such a subject with a Moslem; but young Druses had often told me of their plans for matrimony and had naïvely recounted their little love stories. But Shahim was no ordinary lover; he looked

bility of a flirtation, and I felt corrected, as one of purely Western manners so often does among the peoples of the Orient.

Next morning I bade a temporary farewell to Shahim, and, with my party, broke camp and set out for Tarba, on the eastern slope of the Hauran mountains. Tarba was the home of my powerful friend, the shekh Hassan Abu-Salaam, a great patriarch, living in Job's country and not

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unlike Job in the days of his prosperity, surrounded by many children and possessed of large herds of camels, cattle, sheep, and goats, many yoke of oxen, and horses the best in the land. On the occasion of a former visit this great shekh had taken a marked liking to us, and, with his three older sons, had accompanied us on many excursions, showing us many ruins. Hassan himself, the mightiest of all the shekhs of the Eastern Druses was a small man of robust figure suggesting great strength. His features were clean-cut, with rather piercing, but very intelligent, eyes, small aquiline nose, and a short, pointed beard. He wore the white band of the *achil*, or initiated, his clothes were white and black, the black mantle being embroidered in silver. He was about forty years old when I first met him, yet when I was about to present him with an *abaiyeh*—the only gift that a stranger may offer to a great shekh—and gave him his choice between a maroon one embroidered in gold, and a black one with silver embroidery, he chose the black mantle, saying that he was a grandfather and too old to wear bright colors. He had talked much about the English, "the cousins of the Druses," and the red coats that were coming, and I could not help contrasting this connotation of the red coats with that upon which young Americans were nurtured for generations. He was much interested in discovering our place in the family of nations. We knew England and spoke the English tongue as our own, we had told him, yet we were not English. He was puzzled. I explained as simply as I could our relations with the English, and our independence, saying that we were cousins of the English, and therefore second cousins of the Druses, and this pleased him immensely. He came to have an unbounded admiration for our knowledge of languages and history, as well as for our more practical information about medicine, irrigation, artesian wells, and other useful things, and presently became convinced that he must send two of his sons with me to my country to be educated, so that they might be like us, as he said, and come back to be useful to their people. The boys looked upon the plan as a great lark, but I never gave their father any encouragement. I could not picture myself *in loco parentis* to two youths born and bred in the desert, while receiving instruction in our modern Western so-called civilization at some "prep" school, and I had seen the effects of European tutelage upon young Turkish, Arab, and Persian youths of quite similar early upbringing, and shuddered at the thought of these splendid boys leaving all the virtues of the Orient behind them and acquiring only the vices of the Occident. Now Hassan's older sons were three: Salaam, aged nineteen, tall and slight, quick and graceful of movement, married and a father, and not a candidate for a foreign education; Faiyeez, aged fifteen, a beautiful dreamy-looking youth who could ride wild horses and shoot to a hair's breadth; and Hahne, aged twelve, a mischievous boy with twinkling eyes, a second edition of his father, who could ride almost as well as his brothers and who talked incessantly of the wars he should make against the Bedawin when he was old enough.

One night, the last of our stay in Tarba, Hassan invited me to his house to supper. The three boys supped with us, and their mother and Salaam's wife, and even the little sisters, moved in and out, serving the meal. They made a very pretty group in their long white veils falling to their waists at the back. They saluted me smilingly but did not enter into our conversation. When the meal was finished the shekh sent the boys away and took up the education subject in earnest. He had observed my lack of enthusiasm and thought he had hit upon the cause of it. He therefore explained that he did not wish his boys to be an expense to me; he desired only that they should be under my care, and would tell them to obey me as they would him, assuring me that they would do so. Then he leaned back and drew from a low cupboard a small sack which bulged with coins, saying: "Here are six hundred pounds; I know this sum will not be sufficient for more than a year or so, but I shall arrange with Christian bankers in Damascus to send you more from time to time as you direct." I was completely nonplussed. I could not bear to dash his hopes; but I had my answer ready. "I am sorry it cannot be," I said. "I am fond of you and of your boys; I

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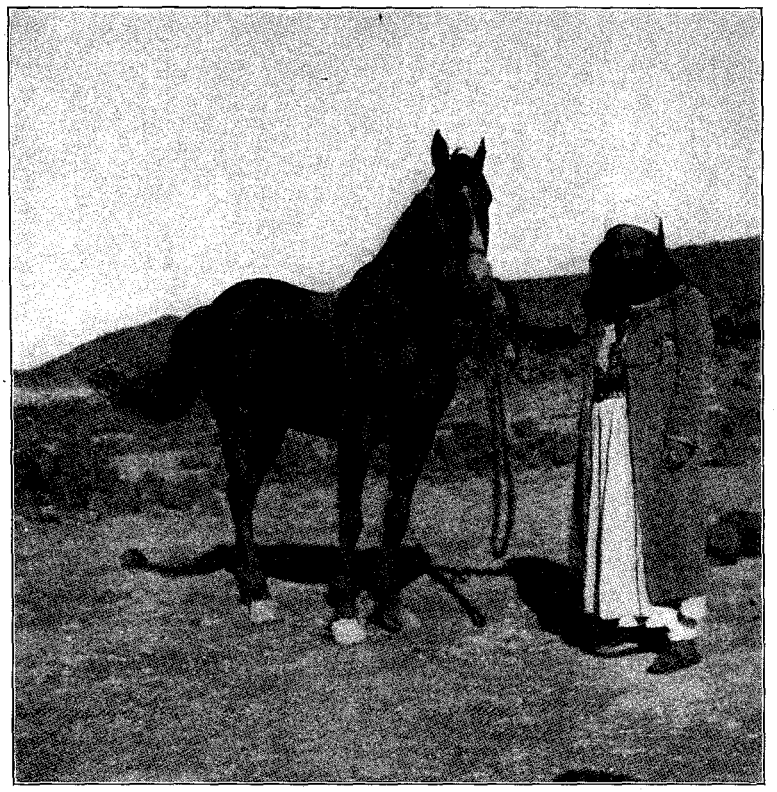
would like to take them with me to my country and have them educated in our way; but you must remember that you are the greatest rebel against the government. I cannot control the tongues of my servants. I must pass through Turkish cities, where your boys might be seized and held for ransom, and I would have no



Shekh Hassan Abu-Salaam, with his favorite mare.
He wears the white band of the initiated over his *kafiyeh*.

redress, for the authorities would hold that they were born in Turkey." Tears came to his eyes. "May God burn the religion of the Turks," he said; "to think that my fighting for the freedom of my people should prevent my children from having an education." He called the two boys in and told them what I had said. The little one did not seem greatly disappointed, but Faiyeez departed abruptly without a word. The evening was at an end. Hassan did not wish to talk any more, and I left presently, Salaam accompanying me with a lantern to the gate of the threshing-floor upon which our tents were pitched. At the door of my tent sat Faiyeez; he had been crying.

"Are you not going to take me with you to your country?"

"No, Faiyeez," I said, "you know why I cannot take you."

"Oh! I wish you would," he sobbed, "for if you do not I shall have to be married next year."

He dashed away into the darkness and I could hear his sobs at the gate.

With these, and many other reminiscences in mind I was now returning to Tarba, where I knew a warm welcome awaited us. Hassan had been informed of our presence in the Hauran and must have had watchers out upon the hilltops; for while we were still a long way from the village Hassan and his three sons were seen riding out to meet us. As they ap-

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Faiyeez.

A Druse shekh with his attendant.

A young Druse, "prepared."

proached they executed a series of manœuvres, like exhibitions of riding, brandishing their arms and firing salutes. Then followed a characteristically Oriental scene. Suddenly the manœuvres ceased, and the four came riding toward us at top speed. At about a hundred paces they stopped, dismounted, and tethered their horses to spikes driven in the ground. I also dismounted. Then we rushed toward each other and, in the middle of the open space, met and embraced in the true and ancient Oriental fashion. It was the embrace of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of Joseph and his brethren, of David and Jonathan, and of all the ancient worthies of this ancient land. After we had remounted our hosts took turns in riding beside us. Hassan, the first at my side, asked all the polite, formal questions as to my health and the health of my parents, and then inquired if I had been in England and had heard of any plans of his cousins to come to their relief. Faiyeez, in his turn, came to ride with me, gayly putting the same formal questions that his father had, and answering my very similar ones. He had matured considerably; for he was nineteen now. Presently I recalled to myself our parting of four years before, and said: "I suppose, Faiyeez, that you are married now." He returned, a bit sheepishly: "Yes, I have been married twice." It appeared later that his first wife had died within a year of their marriage and that he had married again a year later. It seemed that wedded life was after all not such a bore as he had imagined it would be when he had wept over it in prospect.

While our camp was pitched at Tarba we were taken by surprise by the first snow-storm of the year, and we were fortunate in being so near friends; for we were at once taken into Hassan's spacious house. According to an old custom, our host or

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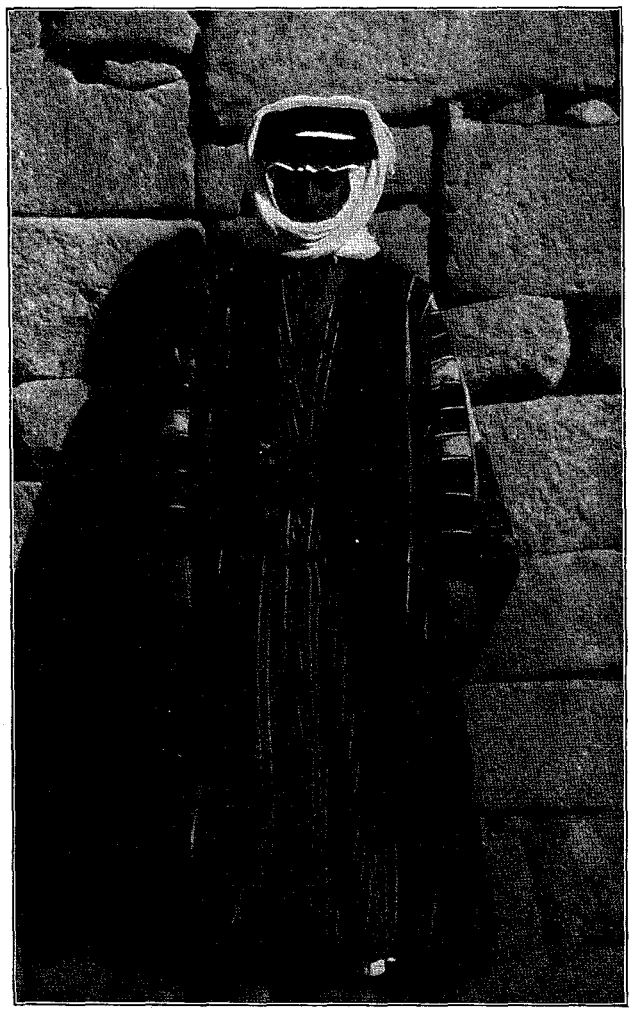
one of his sons slept at the door of our bedchamber. After a day or two the weather seemed to be clearing, and I set out, with one attendant and a muleteer, on a "business trip" to Damascus—a journey of ten days. Toward the end of our first day's journey the snow-storm was renewed with doubled fury, we lost our path, followed a herd of gazelles, taking their footprints for those of a flock of goats being driven to some village, and had a series of trying experiences before coming upon the village of Shakka, quite accidentally, just at nightfall. Here the village dogs gave instant and loud alarm, and the men of the place came running out well armed to repel an attack. But we were quickly recognized by the shekh of the village, and were soon toasting our half-frozen hands and feet over the embers in his *mudaffeh*, or guest-room, which Druse shekhs always have prepared for visitors either from the village or from afar. Two great arches spanned the room, supporting a ceiling of stone slabs, all black from the smoke of many winter fires built on a square hearth in the middle of the room. An inscription on the



A young Druse, wearing a white *kafiyeh*, with the *aghal*, the *kombaz*, under a European coat, and the *abaiyeh* over all.

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lintel of the doorway gave a date somewhere in the second century of our era. We were in an old Roman house; for Shakka is a small village in the midst of great ruins. The shekh was preparing our supper, and presently he appeared, a handsome fellow of about thirty, no longer cloaked, booted, and armed, but in the costume of a host, wearing a *kombaz*, or long-fitting robe with sleeves, of dark-blue cloth with narrow stripes of gold, and a sash of deep-orange silk. His head-dress, of saffron with a figure of dark blue, was held in place by the thick coils of his *aghal*, and partly concealed the two heavy braids which framed his face, by which sign I knew that he was not yet one of the initiated.

The shekh served unassisted a delicious meal consisting of chicken broth, omelet, boiled fowl, bread, sweet cheese, and honey; but I am sure he had help in preparing it. Coffee, the ceremonial part of the repast, was served at the fireplace, the shekh squatting at the head of the hearth with his back toward the door; for no guest may ever be placed in so exposed a position. He disposed me at his right, reclining on a long mattress, and my two native attendants on the opposite side of the fire. Our host roasted and boiled the coffee, which was served in small mouthfuls in tiny cups by his two sons, beautiful little boys aged six and eight. After dinner several neighbors dropped in, and the dimly lighted room took on quite an air of gayety. One youth brought a curious-looking, two-stringed violin, out of which he forced weird music, not unpleasant to the ear, with the aid of a really bow-shaped bow strung with not more than twenty hairs. After much urging he began to sing. His melodies were of the most plaintive order, with long-sustained high treble notes which brought great tears to his eyes and deep groans of appreciation, as well as tears, from his hearers. In course of the evening a picturesque old man moved over to sit beside me. He wore the high white head-band of an *achil*, and had the benignly serious bearing of a religious dignitary. He presently led the subject of our conversation around to that of religion, the religion of the English and of my own country, and I endeavored to elucidate, not without great difficulty, I admit, the conception of the freedom of religious belief in a country nominally Christian. And then, since he had opened the subject of my religion, I could see no indelicacy in my referring to his. By way of an introduction I remarked that there was a religious sect in my country who called themselves Christians but whose religious belief differed not widely from that which I understood to be the principal tenet of the Druses' religion. He became quite confidential and, I believe, under other circumstances, would have communicated something of real interest upon this dark subject, but he suddenly looked about the room and, seeing that others were listening deftly, changed the subject. I was left therefore with the one piece of information I had ever been able to gather from a Druse on this subject, upon which I was so anxious to be informed. This sole bit had come to us from the lips of an aged and pious Druse whom we had met a few years before in the mountains of northern Syria. He was very poor and we had employed him as a guide for many days together, thereby helping him to eke out his modest subsistence. He became deeply devoted to us and often became unusually communicative on subjects touching his people. Once, on being asked to tell us something about the Druse religion, he seemed almost on the point of divulging some of the secrets, and then suddenly checked himself with this story: "It is not possible for me to tell you of our religion as it is, but I may tell you of its beginning. It was in this wise. In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth and man. Then, after a space, man sinned and God sent a great prophet into the world to redeem it, and that prophet's name was Moses, and almost all the peoples in the world followed him; but the Druses did not. Then time elapsed, and the world was still sinful, and God sent another great prophet into the world to redeem it, and that prophet was his Son Jesus, and almost all the people who remained followed him, but the Druses did not. Then more time elapsed and the world was still sinful, and God sent another great prophet into the world to redeem it, and that prophet was Mohammed, and all the people who remained

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followed him except the Druses. Then God was much troubled and he sent the Angel Gabriel to the Druses with this message: 'I have sent three great prophets into the world, and all the people have followed one or another, but the Druses have not seen fit to follow any of them; must I send another?' And the Druses sent back to God by the Angel Gabriel this message: 'God is enough for us.'"

Finally the guests, one by one, bade me a formal good evening and went out into the night. A clean and comfortable bed was made for me upon the mattress beside the hearth where I had sat during the evening. My attendant was provided with equal comforts on the opposite side of the fireplace; the muleteer preferred to sleep with our animals in an adjoining stable. My host covered the embers and put out all the lights save one over the entrance, and then rolled himself up in his voluminous *furweh*, or fur-lined cloak, and lay down just within the threshold. As I dropped off to sleep I caught sight of a bright star through the smoke-hole in the roof and took heart with promise of a fair to-morrow.

And now, as I sit by my own fireside, I often think of my friends the Druses far away on the borders of old Arabia, and wonder what their part may have been, or may be, in the great struggle of nations that is waging. These high-souled, brave, intelligent "Puritans of the Nearer East"—I wonder if they know any more than they did about what is going on in the world, if they are turning their eyes toward the east instead of the west when they look for the coming of their "cousins the English."

RAVENWOOD—913

By Hansell Crenshaw

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HUGO BRILL laid his volume of "First Principles" on the broad arm of the Morris-chair in which he sat and looked quizzically at me across the table. In my capacity of confidential secretary to this remarkable man I had just arrived, to begin, as usual, the day's work. Earlier in life Brill had entered with considerable measure of success upon a stage career, and at one time bade fair to rival Mr. Drew, as an exponent in this country of the delightful comedies of Henry Arthur Jones. But by a caprice of fortune he became innocently involved in the celebrated Marlboro murder case, and was forced to study and solve a great crime-problem in order to save his own life. Thenceforth the psychology of crime so fascinated him that he shortly resolved to devote his life and talents to criminology. Thus it was that he became in time a profound student of Sigmund Freud and the psycho-analytic school; but curiously enough his dominant hobby was the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. He was wont to maintain that to Spencer has been intrusted the deepest understanding, the broadest wisdom, the greatest mind, in the whole history of man.

This fervent appreciation of Spencer, more than anything else, I think, was responsible for my becoming Brill's assistant. For I too happened to be a devotee of the philosopher, and first came to know Hugo Brill at the Thespian Club, where we used to discuss Spencerian principles with a mutual zest which inevitably drew us together.

Be this as it may, the look which the great man directed at me across the table was not philosophic but mildly bantering instead.

"Fleet," he said, "you are just too late."

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"For what?" I asked.

"For an early client. She was charming!"

"A lady, then," I rejoined, and was on the point of asking for further particulars when a side door opened and Miss Stone, our loyal if unimaginative stenographer, entered.

"A gentleman who refuses to give his name is out here in the office," she said, "and demands an immediate private interview."

Brill bent over the table and moved a book, thereby disclosing a small disk of glass set in the wood. The glass covered the mouth of a tube—a periscope which communicated with Miss Stone's office, our official antechamber. Brill turned a knob on the side of the table to adjust the instrument, meanwhile looking into the tube. After a moment of scrutiny he straightened up and replaced the book over the ocular of the periscope. He had studied the new client while that gentleman waited unawares for admission.

"Our visitor is no less a personage than John J. Bellgrade," said Brill, turning from the table. "He is rated at upward of a hundred million dollars and is one of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous men in this city. If I mistake not, Mr. Fleet, he swindled your mother's father out of a fortune in some railway deal."

"To the tune of three million," I replied.

"He does not know you, does he?"

"No."

"Very well. You will be known during this interview by your Christian name. You are Mr. Homer."

At a sign from Brill Miss Stone withdrew and admitted Bellgrade. His beetling brow and strong jaw wore a determined aspect.

"I want a private interview, Mr. Brill," said Bellgrade, scowling at me.

"This young man is Mr. Homer, my confidential secretary," Brill explained; "we work together. Let us be seated."

We drew up chairs round the table and I prepared to take notes.

"My business is absolutely confidential," said Bellgrade. "The Bellgrade Bank, of which I am president, has been robbed by Lee Lanier, first-assistant cashier, of two million dollars. Day before yesterday, Saturday, a special fund of two million currency was put in the reserve vault to be used by me this morning for a purpose. When the bank opened at nine o'clock this money had disappeared—likewise Lanier."

"Naturally you have ascertained that he is not sick at home or otherwise detained," Brill commented.

"Yes," said the banker, "he has not been at his apartments since Saturday night."

"Have you told the police?"

"Only Chief of Detectives Steele, and he is fixed to keep his mouth shut. This thing must not become known. Publicity would damage our bank and other banks as well. The loss does not materially cripple us."

"Who knows of it other than you and Chief Steele?"

"Nobody except Bruce Cameron, my cashier, and William Blair, vice-president, who is not actively in the bank's conduct."

"Did you tell Mr. Cameron?"

"I did not. He discovered the theft and reported it to me."

"Who had access to the reserve vault besides Cameron and Lanier?"

"Nobody except myself."

"In what form was the money?"

"In two packages of ten-thousand-dollar gold certificates. Each package contained one hundred certificates."

"These packets were less than an inch thick, then, and could easily be carried in an inside coat pocket," said Brill.

The burly banker nodded and lit a long cigar.

"Now, Mr. Bellgrade," said Brill in a changed tone, "I will take this case on the following contingent basis: a nominal fee of ten thousand dollars if I find Lanier and turn him over to you, and five per cent commission on whatever money I recover for the bank."

I was amazed at the offhand manner of Brill's proposal to charge a gross fee of more than a hundred thousand dollars for the successful solution of the case.

Bellgrade considered a moment, then spoke decisively:

"I accept your terms, Mr. Brill," he said, "provided you undertake to bear all expenses incident to your operations."

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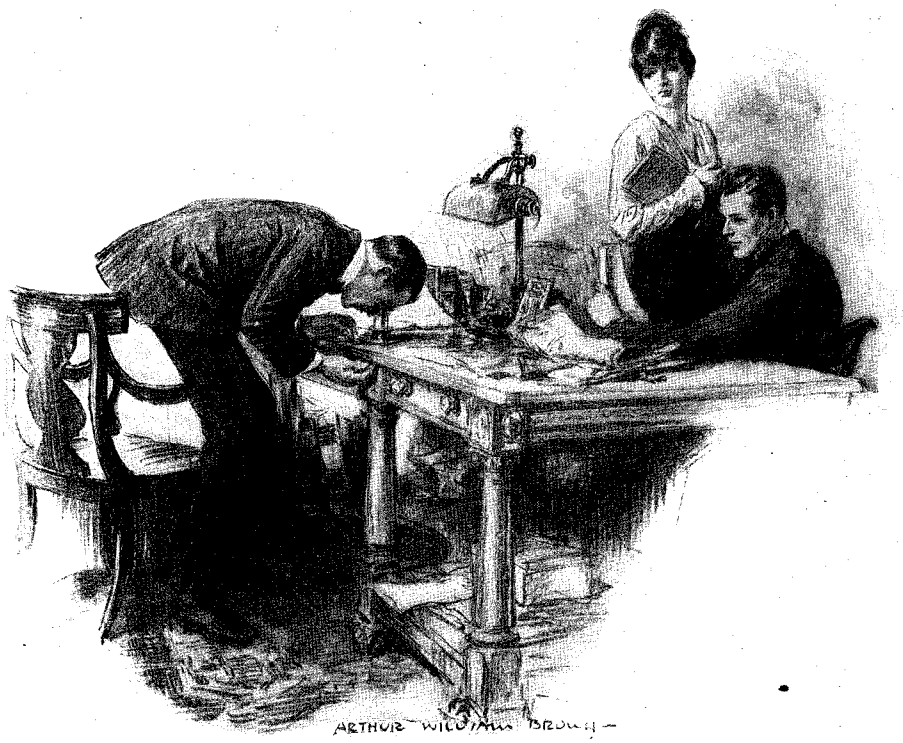
At the criminologist's direction I drew up an agreement in writing which he and Bellgrade signed.

"I shall get to work instantly on the case," said Brill, rising as a sign that the interview was at an end, "and shall ask you, Mr. Bellgrade, to meet me here at five this afternoon to receive my confidential report of what progress shall have been made. Bring Mr. Cameron, too, if you please."

When Bellgrade had gone I turned expectantly to my chief for orders. I was keyed up to a high pitch by the magnitude of the case and wished to get into action at once. But I was booked for hours of keen disappointment. Brill simply resumed his comfortable Morris-chair and volume of "First Principles." To my expectant inquiries in respect of the advisability of telephoning to chiefs of police at various points, watching outgoing vessels, and investigating the Lanier rooms, he gave little heed and negative answers. He appeared to be far more interested in Spencer than in Bellgrade and continued to read and smoke contentedly till the hour for lunch. Even then he did not leave the room, but had lunch served on the library-table and discussed the mysteries of the unknowable with a tranquil zest that well-nigh exasperated me. I should have become accustomed to the vagaries of his strange personality by this time, but his inactivity in the face of existing circumstances was to me positively insane.



"Our visitor is no less a personage than John J. Bellgrade."—Page 580.

Nevertheless, after luncheon Hugo Brill lit a fresh cigar, settled himself comfortably in his chair, and continued to read.

II

PUNCTUALLY at five o'clock John J. Bellgrade and Cashier Cameron were announced at Brill's apartment. Mr. Cameron, in strong contrast to Bellgrade,

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was a strikingly likable, human sort of chap—just the man to represent a bank at the clubs and bring desirable customers and connections.

Hugo Brill threw aside his book and met his clients eagerly at the door. His opening remark as we gathered about the table came, to me at least, as a distinct shock.

"Gentlemen," said Brill evenly, "I have great news for you. I've got Lanier!"

"The hell you have," said Bellgrade, frowning fixedly at Brill.

"And the money—have you got that?" Cameron wanted to know.

"Not yet," my chief replied, "but I have reason to believe that I shall."

"Where is he and what does he have to say?" demanded Bellgrade.

"I shall let him answer these things for himself to-morrow morning in this room at ten o'clock," said Brill. "My men cannot get here with him before that time. He has one of the most remarkable statements to make that it has ever been my privilege to hear. But for reasons of my own I much prefer for you to hear what he has to say from his own lips."

"Are you absolutely sure," said Cameron, "that you have the right man?"

Brill fixed the two officials with an unwavering level look.

"I am absolutely sure," he said.

Cameron rose from the table and paced the room with some show of excitement.

"I hope you are correct, Mr. Brill," he remarked, "but I should like to know where you found Lanier so soon!"

"Yes," growled Bellgrade, "we want to know where he is."

As Bellgrade spoke I observed Brill execute a familiar trick of his. He gripped the under edge of his chair-arm preparatory to getting to his feet. In so doing he pressed, as I well knew, a push-button which signalled Miss Stone in the next room to knock on the door and call him out for a moment's private conversation. Accordingly, before he could answer a brisk knock came at the door and our stenographer entered, asking Brill for a word on urgent business. After she and Brill had talked in an undertone for half a minute he dismissed her and turned abruptly to his clients, with the air of a man suddenly preoccupied.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must excuse me if I bring our conference to an end. Another urgent matter claims my immediate attention. You shall have all the details here in the morning at ten. I shall look for you then."

The door had not been closed behind Bellgrade and Cameron three seconds when Brill became all action.

"Fleet," he ordered, handing me my hat, "follow one of these fellows and have Miss Stone follow the other. I expect one or both of them to telephone some one immediately. Use every effort to find out whether they do this, and above all try to find out whom they call and what they say. Suppose you look after Cameron, and put Miss Stone on Bellgrade's trail. She can handle him better, perhaps. Now, be off!"

I knew my man too well to temporize by asking further instructions. Consequently I lost no time in giving Miss Stone her orders and in hurrying with her down-stairs.

As we descended we saw the bankers exchange a few words at the door of the building and separate, Bellgrade turning northward toward the bank and Cameron heading south. Peering from the doorway after Cameron, I observed that he was cutting diagonally across the street toward a large corner drug-store, where I knew there were two public telephone-booths. Accordingly I turned up my overcoat collar, pulled down my hat-brim, and ran directly across the street, thence toward the drug-store and down a side street to a back entrance. I was able to reach the telephone-booths a few seconds before Cameron came in the main door of the place. Fortunately both booths were unoccupied, and I ducked into one of them and clapped the receiver to my ear, holding down the lever with my free hand. As Cameron entered the adjoining booth I pretended to be engrossed in low conversation with some one over the phone. I listened intently for what he might say. He first called his number so softly that I could not hear it, but I was more fortunate when Central made him repeat it. This time I was just able to hear him repeat the number.

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"Ravenwood—nine-thirteen," was what I caught.

Strain my ears as I would, no more could I hear well enough to understand.

hear what I had to say and casually consult a numerical telephone list which he kept in a drawer of the library-table. Then he gave me orders as follows:

"Get in communication with District Attorney Brice and Chief of Detectives Steele, and arrange a conference with them for me here at six o'clock. I shall not need you at this conference, so you may go to dinner when these gentlemen come."

Van Hook was a little voluble in his objections to being detained.—Page 585.

Cameron talked in low, guarded tones. However, I got the impression that the result of the conversation was satisfactory to him in some way. Naturally I waited for him to get out of the store before I emerged from the booth and hurried back to Brill with my report.

That inscrutable individual laid aside his volume of Spencer long enough to

At this time Miss Stone came in and reported that she had followed Bellgrade directly to the bank but was unable to follow him into his private office, though she saw him through the door pick up the telephone and call some number.

Having called Brice and Steele, I worked on other matters till they were announced, then went out to dine.

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Drawn by Arthur William Brown.

"Suppose you search everybody who may have directly or indirectly had access to the money."—Page 587.

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III

THE following morning at a quarter to ten, Chief Steele entered Brill's library with two men in custody. One was Lee Lanier, an aristocratic-looking youth who appeared to be just recovering from a protracted spree, and the other Doctor Lambert Van Hook, the thick-set proprietor of a dope-cure sanitarium of shady character. After a brief talk with these men Brill directed them into an adjoining room and bade them wait there till called. Van Hook was a little voluble in his objections to being detained, but finally consented to follow instructions quietly.

The district attorney arrived, together with Mr. Cameron and Bellgrade from the bank. The bank officials seemed somehow relieved to find us alone. Bellgrade consulted his watch.

"Lanier is not here, it seems," he remarked. "Our time is valuable, Mr. Brill."

Brill motioned them to chairs, and made a sign to me. As I swung open the door to the adjoining room and called in Steele and his prisoners I noted that Brill watched his clients narrowly. Bellgrade uttered an oath of surprise at sight of Lanier, and I thought Cameron paled a little. Lanier returned their stare in a sort of daze.

"Mr. Brice," said Brill, taking a seat where he could observe all parties, "please examine Doctor Van Hook."

The prisoners remained standing, one on each side of Chief Steele. The rest of us were seated before them jury-wise.

"Doctor Van Hook," said Brice, "this young man was found at your sanitarium in a semi-conscious condition by Chief Steele yesterday, was he not?"

"He was," Van Hook replied.

"Why did you at first deny that the patient was at your place, and why did you resist the officer's search of the hospital?"

"Because the young man was a private patient, and I had promised his brother to prevent any one from communicating with him on account of his mental condition and bad associates."

"Tell me when and how Mr. Lanier was intrusted to your care."

Doctor Van Hook cleared his throat impressively, then plunged into his version of the facts, emphasizing his statements now and then by a gesture of the left hand.

"Friday night a gentleman wearing whiskers and spectacles called on me at the sanitarium and said he had a brother who was insane and addicted to drugs. He gave his name as Joseph Brown and asked what I would charge by the week to keep his brother shut up in a private room with a special nurse. He said he did not want the young man taken off his drugs, but wished us to keep him continually under the influence of them. He gave as a reason for this plan of treatment the fact that the patient would attempt to communicate with undesirable persons if allowed to wake up, and that the family much preferred to keep him doped rather than for a certain woman to get hold of him again. Well, I agreed to receive the patient, guard him against all communication with the outside world, and keep him under the influence of certain drugs for two hundred dollars a week. So Mr. Brown brought his brother in a closed electric coupé the next night. The young man was this gentleman that you call Lanier, and he was in a state of twilight sleep from scopolamine. We collected advance payment for one week and put the patient to bed. I heard no more from Mr. Brown till Monday afternoon at about five-thirty when he called me over the telephone and asked if any one had seen or communicated with the patient and if everything was all right. I assured him that there had been no communication and that things were as he wished them."

Here Doctor Van Hook paused, swallowed a time or two, and pitched his voice in a higher and more tremulous key:

"Now, gentlemen," he concluded, "that's all I know about it, so help me God, till this detective came with his men Monday night and pulled us all. I have committed no crime and demand to know by what right I am detained!"

"Is it your custom, doctor," Brice asked, ignoring the medico's last words, "to search each patient upon admission to your place?"

"It is," Van Hook replied.

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"Did you find any money on this young man when you searched him?"

"No, I did not."

"Very well," said the attorney, "that will do."

Van Hook was permitted to take a chair, and Brice turned to young Lanier.

"Mr. Lanier," he said, "please tell us what you know of your movements since the bank closed at noon Saturday."

Lanier looked weak. He asked for a chair and sat down.

"I left the bank Saturday," he began a bit unsteadily, "at three o'clock. From there I went directly to the club for luncheon. After lunch I played billiards with Illington Hope till six-thirty. Doctor Hope and I then dined at the club, after which I left him and went to my apartment."

At this point Bellgrade drew a black cigar he had been chewing from between his teeth and put a question.

"Has Hope been asked about this?" he demanded.

Brill answered the banker. "Doctor Hope has corroborated Mr. Lanier," he said; then nodded to Lanier to proceed.

Lanier fished out a cigarette from his case and paused to light it with trembling hands.

"It must have been near eight o'clock," he continued, "when I reached my rooms. I settled myself in the sitting-room and began to read. It was warm and I had purposely left the outside door ajar. I was interested in my book and didn't hear any one approach from behind. But suddenly the light was switched off, and before I could rise I was choked into insensibility. The last thing I remember was some one pulling up my sleeve and a sharp pain in my arm like a needle sticking me."

Bellgrade resumed chewing his black cigar and Cameron moved restlessly in his chair. Hugo Brill put a question to Lanier.

"What book were you reading, Mr. Lanier?" he inquired.

"'The Mills of Destiny,'" said Lanier promptly, "by William Laird Laurette."

Brill pulled open a drawer of his library-table and took out a volume. We could all readily read the large gilt title on the cover. It was "The Mills of Destiny."

"Chief Steele," said Brill, glancing through the pages of the book, "found this volume on the floor near your reading-table, and I observe it has your name on the fly-leaf. . . . Do you happen to recall at what point in this story you were when the lights went out?"

Lanier stopped smoking to think. Then he seemed to remember and looked up quickly. "Now I know," he said. "It was at the end of Chapter VII, where Rudolph West accuses Graymont of treachery and slaps his face."

Brill smiled and opened the book. "The last page of Chapter VII," he remarked, "is torn across. Here it is. Let me read it." He took a torn half-page of printed matter from the novel, spread it out on the table and read:

"'Rudolph West confronted Graymont and seized him by the arm. People stopped talking and held their breath. When Rudolph spoke it was in tones of utter contempt. "Graymont," he said, "you are an infamous puppy, a liar, and a thief." With these words he struck the artist a stinging blow on the face, and, turning on his heel, walked leisurely from the place.'"

Brill bent forward and replaced the book and torn sheet in the drawer of his table. Then he asked Brice to question Lanier further.

"What is the next thing you remember?" said the lawyer to Lanier.

"The next thing I recall is waking up with a terrible headache in bed in one of Van Hook's rooms and looking up into the faces of Illington Hope and Chief Steele, who had come to my aid. The rest you know."

"Do you have any idea who kidnapped you?" Brice asked.

"Not the least in the world," said Lanier.

Cashier Cameron got up from his chair and moved over by the window. "This is a very, very smooth tale," he said.

Lanier gave him a quick look and attempted to rise, but Brill laid a restraining hand upon him and whispered something in his ear. Lanier looked a little bewildered, then nodded and sank back into his seat.

Bellgrade leaned near the table and brought his big hand down on it with

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force. "What did you do with the money, Lanier?" he demanded, fixing the young man with an insolent scowl.

"To hell with the money—and you too," was Lanier's cold reply.

"Take him to jail," Bellgrade ordered; "take him to jail and hold him there till he rots!"

Chief Steele moved nearer the table. "Mr. Brice," he said, addressing the attorney, "may I make a suggestion? I searched Lanier, but two million dollars is a lot of money and nobody's searched me. Nobody's searched Mr. Cameron or Mr. Bellgrade. We are all here. Suppose you search everybody who may have directly or indirectly had access to the money."

Brice looked at Brill. Bellgrade's face became dark with indignation. Mr. Cameron, however, smiled and sauntered across the room. He lounged expectantly against the filing-case near my chair. The idea of the search seemed to amuse him somehow.

"The suggestion," said Brill, "is good. Of course, you won't find anything on Mr. Bellgrade or Mr. Cameron, but start with me, Brice, and search every man in the room. If you don't find the money you may find something else."

Accordingly, District Attorney Brice quickly ran through the pockets of us all, beginning with Brill. When Brice came to Cameron, who was the last man searched, Brill moved over near them and leaned on the filing-case in approximately the same position Cameron had occupied before Brice began searching him.

The net result of the investigation of our pockets was an absolute water-haul. Not a vestige of the missing money was found on anybody. At the end of the fruitless search Bellgrade reiterated his demand of Chief Steele to lock up Lanier and Van Hook. Against this the irregular alienist rebelled violently, but Brice ordered Steele to take the prisoners to jail; and, after a brief whispered conference with Brill, the attorney followed Steele, Lanier, and Van Hook from the room.

Bellgrade now arose to go, but remembering something, sat sullenly down again and wrote out a check for ten thousand dollars, which he left on Brill's table. This was our fee for the apprehension of Lanier. Cameron paced restlessly about the room and seemed reluctant to leave. Brill, however, brought the interview to an end.

"I shall report further, Mr. Bellgrade," he said, "before night."

IV

When we were alone Brill reached eagerly for his volume of Spencer and sank into the Morris-chair with a sigh of relief. I handed him Bellgrade's check, which he stuffed negligently into his vest pocket.

"Mr. Brill," I said, viewing him with wonder, "how in the world did you figure out that Lanier had been kidnapped?"

"A mere matter of motives, my boy," he replied. "Three persons only had access to the reserve vault of the Bellgrade bank. I asked myself which of the three would have a motive for abstracting a large part of the bank's funds. Bellgrade I eliminated at once. He is inordinately rich, and is striving now for position and reputation—not money. He practically owns the bank and would be virtually robbing himself. Next I excluded Lanier. He is engaged to marry an heiress, namely, Miss Virginia Blair, daughter of the vice-president of the bank. Moreover, he has just come into a comfortable fortune of his own, by inheritance from his mother's sister. Also, he is a well-bred gentleman and very much in love. To rob the bank under these circumstances would be for him absolutely unthinkable. Consequently, I was led to conclude that our genial friend Cameron was the man."

"But how did you know," I interposed, "that Lanier had inherited this estate and was engaged to marry Miss Blair?"

Brill smiled. "Perhaps you may recall our early client," he said.

"Miss Virginia Blair?"

"Miss Virginia Blair," Brill assented calmly.

I paused to digest these features of the case. Then: "She came to get you on the case in the interest of Lanier," I said, "but how did you know that Lanier was at Van Hook's place?"

"Motives again," Brill answered. "I

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not only was led to suspect Cameron by a process of exclusion but also by a knowledge of his character and habits. He has no private fortune and lives beyond his income. I happen to know that he has speculated a good bit on Wall Street, under cover. He is a crook, but not a sufficiently bold one to kill. But the main point is that he had a double purpose in kidnapping Lanier instead of murdering him and attempting to make way with the body. Not only did this plan side-step the capital crime of homicide, but it gave Cameron a chance to incriminate Lanier and get the girl."

"Get the girl?"

"Yes—Virginia Blair."

"Do you mean to say that Cameron wants to marry Miss Blair?"

"She told me that he had twice proposed," said Brill. He paused meditatively. "You see a rival dead but never actually convicted would be more formidable to Cameron's chances than a rival found after some months addicted to drugs, a hopeless wreck, and convicted of a felony."

I was impressed but not satisfied. "But how were you led to suspect that Cameron had taken Lanier to Van Hook's place?" I queried.

"I figured that to drug Lanier and hide him near by would be the most feasible way to dispose of him," said Brill. "Accordingly, I took a long shot, and had you follow Cameron to the telephone. Ravenwood—913 settled it."

There were other questions I wished to ask, but I observed that Hugo Brill was fingering the leaves of his book a little impatiently, so I lapsed into silence and lit a cigarette. At length I finished my smoke and rose to go for a walk. I had gained the door when Brill called me back.

"Fleet," he said quietly, "will you be good enough to look behind the upper part of the filing-case against the wall and get Bellgrade's two million?"

I stood rooted to the floor. The thought passed through my mind that this overwrought genius sitting before me must have lost his mental balance. Then in a sort of daze I moved across to the filing-case and felt behind its upper part. My fingers encountered the ends of two thick manila envelopes. With shaking hands I drew both out and opened them. Each contained a compact sheaf of ten-thousand-dollar bills!

"You doubtless observed," said Brill, watching my face with an amused look, "that before Cameron was searched he went over to the filing-case and drew a high-backed chair in front of him to lean on. You noticed, too, that I took his place at the end of the filing-case while he was being searched, and that I kept that place and stayed between him and the point where I had seen him hide the money. . . . I tipped Steele and Brice off beforehand to institute the search."

I stared first at Brill and then again at the money.

"Mr. Brill, I shall never get used to you," I said. "But what about this money? What do you want me to do with it?"

Brill had found his place in "First Principles" and was reading. He replied without looking up: "Telephone Bellgrade to come over and receipt us for it, less our commission of one hundred thousand. . . . And, Fleet, telephone Steele to arrest Cameron and release Van Hook and Lanier."

As one in a dream I passed into the adjoining room to do this telephoning; for Hugo Brill could not, I knew, enjoy his Spencer fully within ear-shot of conversation concerning so unphilosophic a matter as the recovery of two million perfectly good dollars.

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A GROUP OF WAR POEMS

ALLIES

By G. E. Woodberry

I

In the dark of the mine,
  In the bloom of the sun,
In the leap of the vine
  I heard the war-message run;
  Heard the old earth softly crooning
And whispering to her own,
The hymn of man attuning
  Under republic and throne:—
"Nature my garment, love my creed,
  And the thought of man to grow in;
Labor the arm, freedom the seed,
  And the field of time to sow in!
What are these mighty labors worth,
If Justice die upon the earth?"

II

I heard the old earth calling
  Loud over plains and mountains,
Voices, arising and falling,
  In the noise of ocean-fountains:—
"Waken, old allies of man,
  Ye, who were borne in my bosom!
He, in whom freedom began,
  The topmost flower and blossom,
The glory and fruit of all
  The ages have lifted on high
  On the heaven-most branch of the sky,—
  Shall he fail? Shall he drop? Shall he die?—
What are ye all, if he fall?
What are we all, if he die?

III

"Ships for the pilot of time,
  Who hath the stars for eyes!
Room for the sailor sublime,
  The unroller of the skies!
  He, who stretched, past hope's increase,
Freedom o'er the laughing foam,
And on the billows set her home,
  The boundless empire of the seas,
  Continent-bastioned, island-strewn,—
  And grasped the keys of fates unknown!
Let nature's universal whole
  Press on the common toil,—

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Corn, and cotton, and coal!
Copper, and iron, and oil!
What are ye all, if he shall fall?
What you or I, if he shall die?

IV

"He harnessed our wild forces;
He edged our might with mind;
Our ways, the heavenly courses
His instincts have divined:
All light that we inherit
Pours from his azure spirit,
That hath a higher law—
Honor and freedom knowing,
Justice and mercy showing,
That our dumb worlds o'erawe:
The truths his lips let fall
Point the celestial pole;
For the greatest ally of all
Is man's own soul."

BELOW THE WATER-LINE

By Don C. Seitz

Did ever ye serve in the warship's hold,
Deep under the water-line,
With hatches locked and the blowers on,
Close up to a hidden mine—

Bare to the waist and dripping wet,
A 'grimed and gasping crew,
To shovel coal and feed the fire
Until the sea-fight's through—

Where check-valves sigh with the hissing steam
And the greedy grates cry "More!"
Like galley-slaves in the olden time,
Chained to the bench and oar?

No cherubs sit in the bunker's dust
To watch o'er us below,
While overhead the turrets clank
As they turn to find the foe.

The guardian angels keep aloft—
None here where the turbine moans;
There's nothing ahead, if things go wrong,
But tickets to Davy Jones.

Forget yourself, forget the world,
Forget the sun and sky!
In the boiler-room you face your doom;
You're there to do and die!

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"IN THE MIDST OF THEM"

By Margaret Bell Merrill

"The Americans were greatly surprised to see a number of children kneel in the street as the flag was carried by."—*Cablegram from Paris on the arrival of the American troops.*

(*Why so patient, standing there,*
Edouard and small Pierre,
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire?)

"When the troops come marching by,"
(*Quoth the small Pierre*)
"Mother, wilt thou lift me high,
That we see them, thou and I?"

"Mother, are they fair to see?"
(*A busy tongue—Pierre.*)
"Have they little boys like me,
Left at home across the sea?"
(*Alas! Alas! Pierre.*)

"Mother, we have waited long";
(*Long, indeed, Pierre!*)
"The sun has grown so hot and strong—
Surely none has done them wrong?"
(*God forbid, Pierre.*)

"Mother, who did send them here?"
(*The gift of God, Pierre.*)
"But then there is no need of fear,
And on thy cheek I see a tear—"
(*The tears of hope, Pierre.*)

Down the boulevard a cry—
A bugle note is flung on high—
The Stars and Stripes are passing by!

"The gift of God," quoth small Pierre;
His hat on breast, his curls all bare,
He knelt upon the pavement there.

(*Five young children kneeling there—*
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire,
Edouard and small Pierre.)

Fairest flag of Liberty—
Carrying hope across the sea—
A little child has hallowed thee,
And made of thee a prayer!

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HIS MOTHER SPEAKS!

By Blanche Olin Twiss

He died in France!
I know—
I who love courage so—
I must not weep, but only bravely smile,
Still thinking all the while
That, in some rosy haven where he lies
At rest in Paradise,
By a most gracious Heaven-granted chance
He smiles at me—my boy who died in France!

He surely could not be afraid,
How long we worked to make him brave!
Why, when he was a little tot, one day
He came home cut and bruised and gave
Me one scared look, and said,
"They pounded me," and cried and begged to stay
Away from school and never, never to go back.
And then we talked, my little lad and I,
He snuffled and he whined but ceased to cry,
Then stood up straight and gave his chest a whack,
And tossed his head,—his close-cropped head,
Where his bright chestnut curls were used to grow
Before his father cut them off,—ah, long ago—
And said he'd beat them yet!

But oh, those dreary days
When he came home still beaten, still afraid!
His sobbing whimpers always made
My heart sink low. It was so hard to get
His courage back, and make him try again.
Till dawned that golden morning when
He strutted through the door, his eyes ablaze!
His lips were cut and his poor freckled nose
Was one red spurt of blood from well-placed blows.
I met the gaze
Of that wrecked god-like youngster, saw the shade
Of fear had vanished, and I knew
That when he pranced and shouted, it was true—
"I ain't afraid!"

But now he's dead,
In France, I don't know where.
He thought I would not let him go,
Dear, foolish boy, and brought me flowers
And petted me and tried so to prepare
My heart for his great news. How could he know
That I had read it in his deepened eyes
And sudden manly ways?
He was so proud that I could rise
To his fair dreams. He thought that I loved Peace;
And so I did, until one night they drowned

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A stately ship whose bravery has crowned
Her beauty for the centuries to praise.
Since then I did not cease
To rear about my splendid boy great towers
Of pray'r that he should fight with courage high
And that, if need be, bravely he should die.

I prayed that he might fight, if die he must,
Matched man to man with hope in ev'ry thrust;
That in his last encounter he should meet
A man who fought with grave and gallant grace
And, while the blows fell, in the other's face
Be written admiration; so the last defeat
Would not taste bitter from a foe so brave.
This boon I could not help but crave.
What futile dreams a mother's thoughts employ!
Surrounded he—a dozen to my boy!
And yet I know—
I who love courage so—
When through the dawn their faint shapes were descried,
Thank God—he fought them all, and fighting died!

TO THE ANGLO-SAXON AVIATORS

By C. Gouverneur Hoffman

The pilots of the future peace appear. . . .
Riding at will the wild winds' frozen breath,
They fly into the very face of fear,
The final foe, that conquered, conquers death.

Freedom has taken wings! Her message soars
Amid the battle-wrack through trembling skies;
Borne on a myriad flashing planes, it roars
Defiance to the priests of ancient lies.

Bound by the magic of a common tongue,
America and Britain hurl through space,
The challenge of democracy re-sung:
The mighty pæan of a mighty race.

So, when the nations turn to saner ways,
And liberty is safe, and tears are dried,
Let the new world remember, when it prays,
Those soldiers of the air, who gladly died

That tyranny be stricken from the earth,
And flowers bloom again in blood-rich sod,
That men may laugh once more, and find true worth
In simple things, which are the things of God.

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CARING FOR AMERICAN WOUNDED IN FRANCE

BY C. L. GIBSON, M.D.
Major, Medical Reserve Corps

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AMERICAN medical men have always had the advantage of not being bound by tradition, and willing and able to study at any source with profit. Having no special preconceived standards of war surgery of our own, we are in a properly receptive mood quickly and easily to absorb the experiences gathered by our unfortunate colleagues, particularly of the Allied countries. American surgery of recent years has attained as high a standard as anywhere in the world, and in fact many European surgeons feel the same necessity of becoming familiar with American methods as we did of theirs years ago. That the American soldier will receive the best care obtainable as a result of foresight and the development of methods found most useful in this war is, I believe, an assured fact.

The co-operation of the medical profession in this country has, I think, been unsurpassed by any other branch. The sacrifices they have made have been proportionately greater than in other professions because when a doctor ceases practising, his work stops absolutely and cannot be carried on by associates, or firms, or corporations. The readiness of the profession to make these sacrifices has been very obvious in the case of men who had the most to lose. A very large proportion of the men who first were chosen to go to France were drawn from the ranks of the men well known in this country as surgeons in charge of important clinics and teachers in the medical schools. Quite a number of these men had already served abroad, chiefly with the Allies, before America's entry into the war, and their experience will now be an invaluable asset.

It is interesting to note here the participation of the members of a very interesting society, known as the Society of Clinical Surgery. In 1903 several men of my time organized a society which had for its sole purpose the education of its members by close interchange of their views and experience.

Up to that time medical societies throughout the world had been conducted on a routine plan which gave relatively meagre results. They would consist in formal meetings, usually of large bodies, at which papers would be read by the "high priests" of the community, discussed languidly, were later published (the most important feature of all), and the author's name recorded for all time but the substance usually quickly forgotten.

Our society owed its inception, I think, chiefly to three men: Monroe and Mumford of Boston, both dead, and Brewer of New York. The original membership was limited to forty, and was very homogeneous, being composed chiefly of men of the same age, and men who were "arriving" rather than those who had "arrived." We never had any formal proceedings—reading of papers, transactions, etc. Instead, we held meetings twice a year at the centres where our members lived, and in this way we got as far as San Francisco and New Orleans. At these meetings local members gave us an intimate insight of what they were doing and also of the work of their colleagues, particularly in the application of laboratory methods and the development of teaching. We were at all times free to hold the demonstrator up to give his reasons for any procedures or views, and naturally enough men were careful under these conditions not to make exaggerated statements. On two occasions the society, as a body, made trips abroad, visiting the clinics of Great Britain, and an-

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other year the clinics of Austria and Germany. A visit to the clinics of Russia and the Scandinavian countries was in contemplation when the war broke out. As time went on many of these men were called to the highest positions of honor available to the members of the profession in America, and the present-day membership of the society represents a large proportion of the teachers of surgery in the important medical schools of the country. It is interesting to note that the directors of five of the first six units that went out (to the British) were members of this society, several other members also being included in the organization. Of the first four units to go abroad from New York City, the Presbyterian, Roosevelt, and New York Hospitals had as a director a member of this society. Therefore it is satisfactory to think that our wounded and sick abroad will come under the care of men who have shown themselves as leaders in the new development of American surgery.

America's delayed entrance into the World War affords opportunities to profit from the experience or mistakes of the combatant armies. In the matter of preparedness, the Medical Department of the army has long been ready to meet the present situation. The surgeon-general's office was ably represented abroad throughout the war by members of its staff, many of whom are now holding positions of great responsibility in the care of our troops. The chief medical officer is Gen. Bradley, who had been an observer with the British army for some time.

A movement was started in January, 1916, to organize the staffs of various hospitals throughout the country into so-called Base Hospital Units. In time of peace there is neither authority nor money available to put such organizations into operation. Consequently, this work had to be taken up by the American Red Cross, and these hospitals were originally known as Red Cross Base Hospitals. The organization of these hospitals was directed by Col. Jefferson R. Kean, who was delegated from the office of the surgeon-general to the American Red Cross for this purpose. The idea was a particularly happy one in that it created a staff of doctors and nurses who for the greater part had been trained or worked a long time in the parent hospital with a knowledge of the standard methods used in such hospital, and possessing the strong *esprit de corps* always a noticeable feature of good hospitals. The staff consisted of twenty-four medical officers divided as follows:

A director, an assistant director of the Surgical Section and ten staff surgeons, including an oculist and nose and throat specialist, an assistant director of the Medical Section and five staff physicians, including a neurologist, a chief of the Laboratory Section and two assistants, two dentists, an adjutant, and sixty-five nurses. The personnel of one hundred and fifty-two men provided for all the positions usually required of a hospital, such as orderlies, stretcher-bearers, cooks, mechanics, etc. It had originally been hoped that a certain number of the Hospital Corps of the regular army could be enlisted in this personnel, but on account of the scarcity of these trained men, hardly any were available when these units were actually mobilized. The administrative officers, commanding officer, adjutant, and quartermaster were, in theory, to be furnished by the regular army, but for reasons stated before oftentimes the only regular officer available was the commanding officer, usually of the rank of major of the Medical Corps. All the medical staff were given commissions in the Medical Reserve Corps, none, however, higher than major.

In theory, the equipment of these hospitals should have been a government duty, but it was found necessary to raise twenty-five thousand dollars to buy the skeleton equipment for each hospital. As time went on it was seen that if any of these units was to be ready promptly when needed, private means would have to supplement the government equipment, and practically all of the hospitals which were first mobilized were the ones well equipped from private contributions.

The first six of these hospitals to become a part of the army and sent abroad were assigned to the British and have been serving with them and doing very good work ever since war was declared. While serving at the British bases in-

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dividual members were often detailed to active work on the British front and obtained valuable training in this way. Some of these medical officers have now been assigned to responsible positions with the American forces, and probably more will be utilized in the same way. At the declaration of war other base hospital units were at once sent over and are going to France all the time. Several of these units were not immediately needed, giving valuable opportunities for thorough organization of the institutions they took over, thus allowing the detailing of individuals, both doctors and nurses, and sometimes of the enlisted personnel, to duties on the front, including opportunities to work in Prof. Depage's famous hospital at La Panne, Belgium.

My unit, Base Hospital Number Nine, arrived in France in August, 1917, and soon after its arrival, while part of the organization was busily engaged in putting a former French institution in order, the rest of the doctors and nurses were assigned to duties of various kinds which quickly put them in touch with the best work. Teams of two doctors were sent for two weeks to the British hospitals right back of the lines. These will be described later on, and this experience was probably the most valuable that they obtained, as the most important surgical work is done in these hospitals. Our specialists, like the oculist, were given opportunities to study in the special institutions. While the work at the front, both with the French and British, is mostly of a general character, as the patient is transferred back to the rear the tendency is growing to place him in institutions specially prepared, both as regards staff and equipment, to handle his particular conditions. One hospital, for instance, will be devoted entirely to injuries of the joints, another to fractures, another to injuries of the jaws and face, another for the after care of the amputated, and so on. The extraordinary development of modern science has of course necessitated the development more and more of the specialties, and it is a noticeable fact that even under war conditions this specialization is extending. There is a great advantage also in the grouping together of large numbers of cases under competent observers, permitting intensive study of their conditions and needs.

The research work which has done so much to develop modern medicine and surgery is receiving a great deal of attention in this war. One good thing, at any rate, which may come from this war will be the discoveries resulting from such research which may help in the improvement of human conditions in the future. A few years ago it would seem impossible to foresee the co-operation of the physiologists and chemists with the Medical Corps of the army. To-day the scientists are mobilized and working as actively as any other department of the Medical Corps.

This research work is being stimulated and helped materially by the American Red Cross in France. This is only one of the numerous activities of the American Red Cross in France. It has a wonderful staff, and the good that it is doing is simply incalculable.

The care of soldiers can be divided into three groups: (*a*) Sanitation, which is largely the measures to prevent disease and keep the men healthy; (*b*) the care of ordinary sickness modified by the living together of large bodies of troops, mostly young men, such as epidemics of contagious diseases; and (*c*) the care of the wounded. As regards sanitation, every American has a right to feel proud of the achievements of the American army and the Army Medical Corps, and feel glad that we have such a staff as represented by Gen. Gorgas, of world fame as an expert in sanitary science and with the glorious results of cleaning up Cuba and Panama. Ordinary medical diseases, of course, remain a big problem, and the prevention or minimizing of epidemics under war conditions, particularly in the absence of previous provisions for the care of the soldiers, is a problem which only time and material resources can modify. Some diseases, however, that ravaged former armies have been practically stamped out by the use of modern preventive measures, the most brilliant example being, of course, smallpox and typhoid fever.

The problem of taking care of the wounded soldier will always be a constant one, for fighting men must necessarily in-

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cur this risk. It may be of interest to outline what will probably be the line of treatment best suited to offset the damages of warfare inflicted on our army. We have not been a military nation and have had no more military medical resources than in the other branches, and the care of our soldiers will devolve practically entirely on the civilian doctors working as best they can under military conditions. When war was declared, the medical officers of the army numbered four hundred and ninety. Outside of the very wise provision made for organizing base hospitals, as described above, there was no adequate means of supplementing the work of the Medical Department of the army Military medicine is unquestionably a distinct science, and a certain knowledge of army methods is absolutely necessary, particularly in the army zones. It is essential also that a medical officer serving with troops in the field should be equipped physically as well as professionally. This statement holds true the nearer the medical man is stationed to the scene of actual fighting, for he becomes a very necessary part of the fighting forces.

While some of the early organizations had to be despatched with practically no military training, a very successful effort has been made to give all the active members of the Reserve Corps an efficient training in the rudiments of military science with special emphasis on sanitation. There was an immediate and sufficient response of medical men all over the country to join the Medical Reserve Corps, there being now approximately twenty-one thousand enrolled with commissions for five years. Many of these, however, are middle-aged or even elderly men, and cannot be expected to work successfully in the field but can do special work for which they are particularly fitted.

With the natural adaptableness of the American to new methods and the wonderful enthusiasm and readiness to sacrifice self-interest and face all kinds of hardship and vexations, the Medical Reserve Corps is readily being moulded into shape as an efficient machine. A large number already in France are getting practical opportunities in the special lines of work they are best fitted to perform, and all over the country, in various universities and clinics, special courses are being given for those who later will accompany the troops. Of the men already in France in the base hospitals, many who have capacities in special fields will be withdrawn for such duties. The organization of the Surgical Service has been confided to Maj. J. M. T. Finney of the Johns Hopkins Unit, who has the universal confidence of the profession, and will be assisted by a corps of collaborators chosen for their special fitness or previous experience.

It is presumable that the American army will adopt those methods now in use in the British and French armies which a test of nearly four years has shown to be the most efficient. Also the methods of some of the Belgians, particularly the ripe experience of such men as Profs. Depage and Willems. Reports come to us also of the very good care the Italians are giving their soldiers and of their very admirable and up-to-date methods, and doubtless the American army will also profit by their experience.

The treatment of wounds presents a totally different problem from civil life. We have almost nothing comparable in civil life to the effect of wounds inflicted by high-explosive shells. We have the element of infection, which is practically one hundred per cent, and we have the conditions complicating the removal of the soldier from the firing line and his transportation to a suitable hospital.

My experience in war wounds comprises three trips: a short one early in 1915, visiting Prof. Depage; the summer of 1916, another visit to Depage and several visits to Compiègne to study the revolutionary methods introduced by my friend Dr. Carrel, which I subsequently introduced into my service here, and as director of Base Hospital Number Nine from the New York Hospital, August, 1917, till February, 1918. In this period I have seen the development from much confusion and uncertainty of methods to almost a realization of standard methods of proven efficacy. It is at this point that the work for the relief of the American troops begins, and I trust we may be spared the doubt and harrowing uncertainty of the early years of the war.

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The situation can, I think, best be understood by giving a résumé of what happens at present to a soldier from the time he is wounded till he enters upon his period of convalescence. The principles of the procedure are practically the same in both the French and British armies, although there are slight differences in the manner of carrying them out.

When a soldier is wounded in the trenches, emergency treatment is usually available not very far away in a dugout just back of the trench; that is, a suitable dressing, bandage, or splint will be applied by the surgeon, usually one of the younger men, and he will then leave the first-line trenches by a communication trench, being carried on a stretcher if his wounds disable him. At a varying point in the rear, say one to three miles back, he reaches a field-hospital, the so-called Advanced Dressing-Station in the British army. This post is usually under canvas and situated at the farthest point which the ambulance, either horse-drawn or motor, can reach with relative safety. At this Advanced Dressing-Station the patient after inspection may be passed on without disturbing his dressing to the next station, or the wound may be redressed if necessary. If he has a fracture requiring better immobilization or protection than it was possible to give at the first station, it will be properly put up. Should he have some condition requiring immediate treatment such as dangerous hemorrhage an operation may be performed. All cases, except under conditions of extraordinary rush, here receive the first prophylactic dose of antitetanus serum. He will also receive sufficient anodyne to make his journey to the next station comfortable, and it has been found that the generous use of anodynes prior to operation has a marked effect in diminishing shock. If conditions allow, he will also receive hot drinks or food or necessary stimulants. Occasionally the patient is in so desperate a condition that further transportation is inadvisable, and he remains at the Advanced Dressing-Station.

After leaving the Advanced Dressing-Station the patient is taken to the Casualty Clearing Station, C. C. S. of the British army, H. O. E. of the French army. This station is a variable distance away, depending on the military conditions. With the realization that the patient's condition depends very largely on the promptness of treatment, the tendency has been, in both the British and French armies, to move these hospitals closer and closer to the lines. The average distance may be stated as something under ten miles. Unfortunately, this proximity to the lines exposes them to some dangers of military operations and particularly to bombing by German aeroplanes, both with high-explosive and gas shells. It is hoped and believed that some instances of bombing of hospitals have not always been intentional. It is very hard to locate a hospital a suitable distance from the works of a military nature, such as rest-camps, supply bases, ammunition-dumps, etc. It is also the natural purpose of the enemy to destroy or disturb such organizations. Most of these hospitals are indicated by a very large Red Cross sign, usually made out of red and white stone, but the tremendous height at which aviators have to fly in daylight for observation makes its recognition difficult. At night it is difficult to distinguish the character of the objects aimed at. We must resign ourselves, therefore, to a certain amount of danger both to personnel and patients in locating these hospitals close enough to the lines to render efficient aid. The risk to the patients is diminished by evacuating them at the earliest possible moment, sometimes within a few hours of their arrival, if means permit. The personnel must, however, stick to its post, and many valuable lives have thus been sacrificed.

I was detailed for two weeks to a C. C. S. which took an active part in the caring of the wounded during the British advance on Cambrai, and became thoroughly conversant with the work both during its active and inactive stage.

These C. C. S. hospitals are always situated in pairs, and patients are brought first to one and then to the other hospital according to the necessities of handling the wounded. The C. C. S. is planned in ordinary quiet times to handle about two hundred bed patients. In times like the Cambrai offensive the capacity may be increased several times. The "skeleton"

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medical personnel is six. The commanding officer is generally a member of the regular Royal Army Medical Corps; the quartermaster is more likely to be a civilian. At No. —— the quartermaster was an eminent professor of mathematics who discharged his duties with a wonderful competence and a desire to be helpful in every way, a reputation which quartermasters do not always obtain. There is always a surgeon of recognized ability who is called the surgical specialist, and the surgeon next in rank is called the second surgeon. When the C. C. S. is expected to be active the medical personnel is reinforced, particularly in surgical "teams." Each team consists of an operating surgeon, a nursing sister with large experience in operative work who acts as assistant to the surgeon, an orderly, and an anæsthetist.

The English nursing sisters are very well trained, and work extraordinarily hard and most uncomplainingly. In ordinary times there are not a great number of them, for it is not a good policy to have to look out for too many women in the advanced war zone. In the French lines one seldom sees nurses so close to the front.

Each team now brings a portable operating-table and a stock of routine instruments. By this admirable arrangement the operating personnel and material can be distributed where it can be utilized to the best advantage. In times of great activity these operating teams may include surgeons of considerable eminence, as it is realized that the patient's fate depends on prompt and competent treatment.

During the Cambrai "push" the personnel was increased to about twenty-five. Besides surgical teams, specialists in various branches, such as shell-shock, anti-gas treatment, and resuscitation of the badly shocked, were added to the station. Such a C. C. S. can be moved in forty-eight hours, as there are no permanent buildings. The greater part of the hospital is made up of marquee tents, the rest of huts of the demountable type, particularly those known as the Nissen, Adrian, and Armstrong types.

Notwithstanding the seemingly primitive conditions, the hospital was really very comfortable and presented the cheerful and tidy appearance so characteristic of all British institutions. The officers' ward, for instance, had some growing plants, the beds had cheerful colored spreads, and there were comfortable wicker lounging-chairs. The food was good, was appetizingly served, and hot. Sanitation was perfect. The water supply was adequate. Notwithstanding it was believed to be pure, no chances were taken, and all drinking-water was chlorinated.

At the C. C. S. the essential treatment of all surgical cases really begins and to some extent ends; for the average patient, when evacuated, has had the work done so well and thoroughly that the rest is largely a question of time and uneventful convalescence. Great care is taken in protecting the patients who come more or less exhausted or shocked from adding to their condition. The most important single element in combating shock is heat, and great care is exercised in preventing unnecessary exposure to cold. When the ambulances drive up, as they often do, in a steady stream, only the one which is being unloaded has its doors open.

The English ambulances are typically British; that is, thoroughly well made, practical, and comfortable. They have the best type of ambulance bodies I have seen. They carry two pairs of stretchers, and are so wide that an attendant can pass between the two rows. The front has a solid partition with only a small pane of glass. The rear is closed by doors and the interior is well heated, even in bitter weather, by the pipes of the exhaust.

The patients are quickly transferred from the ambulance into the waiting-room. This building is a wooden hut capable of accommodating, if necessary, two hundred stretchers at a time. It is well heated and there are double doors to prevent drafts. In the waiting-room the patient only stops long enough for the necessary clerical formalities to be registered. He has brought with him a card enclosed in a linen envelope stating what has been done to him, and in this envelope additional cards with the proper register numbers are added. This envelope and its cards go with the patient throughout his subsequent journey to his final dis-

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charge, even in England. The patient then passes into an adjoining hut called the dressing-room. The stretcher is put on a portable table, and a careful examination is made by the reception officer. Much depends on the result of this examination as to what treatment and when the patient receives it. The function of the examining officer is very important, and he should be a man of great experience and the soundest kind of judgment. The experience gained in the surgery of civil life is insufficient to become competent in this class of work. One must learn it from experience. The examining officer decides on one of four steps:

1. The patient has a minor injury—say a scalp wound, a finger requiring amputation—goes to the minor operating-room, adjoining, operated by a special staff.
2. The patient requires operation—he is then sent to the adjoining room, the pre-op-room, where he will either wait his turn or he is given precedence over other cases if there is urgency of his condition, or wait until the rush of more urgent cases is over.
3. Requires operation but his present condition is such that he cannot stand it. He is sent to the resuscitation ward, where there are a special staff and special means of treating grave shock.
4. Requires no operation or not in the near future—goes to the ward to be evacuated on the next hospital-train, which may be in a few hours or a few days.

For such conditions as he thinks necessary the examining physician will order the patient to the X-ray. In the so-called pre-op-room, which is kept warm, the patient is cleaned up. It will depend on his condition—if very much shocked, little of his clothing is removed and only necessary parts of his body are washed. Washing is done with a sponge.

Practically all wounds are submitted to some form of operative treatment. They fall into two categories: the minor, such as superficial wounds, fingers and toes, scalp wounds, etc., which are treated in a special operating-room, usually under local anæsthesia; and the graver wounds, compound fractures, etc.

The general line of treatment is: General anæsthesia, largely ether preceded by large doses of morphine. Mechanical cleansing with soap and water. Painting of skin and field of operation with five per cent alcoholic picric-acid solution (cheaper and less irritating than tincture of iodine). Wide excision of the skin and subcutaneous tissues around the wounds of entrance and exit of projectiles. Laying open freely the track of the projectiles and the cutting away of all the damaged and infiltrated tissue. Search and removal of foreign bodies. Rough estimates of the depth of the projectiles are made by the X-ray operator, but refinements of methods are not usually feasible. Wounds are washed out with some antiseptic solution, mostly ether.

A very small proportion of the wounds, more particularly the small and superficial, are closed by suture. Some are closed in part, the rest "packed." Many are swabbed before closing with B. I. P. (bismuth, iodoform, and paraffin).

The bulk of the wounds are packed quite tightly with gauze soaked in some antiseptic, usually one per cent iodoform in paraffin-oil. These wounds, if they behave well (and it is stated that most of them do), are subsequently closed (after removal of the packing) by suture in layers in from five to ten days. This suturing is done for the most part at the base hospital, as only the head, chest, and abdominal cases are kept at the C. C. S. for a week. The conditions found at operation are dictated by the surgeon at the end of the operation, and the procedure used is recorded on the patient's card.

From the foregoing it will be seen that to-day the best generally accepted method of the treatment of wounds aims at excision of every particle of injured tissue and the removal of every foreign body. These wounds, particularly the shell wounds, are irregular, cause much bruising and laceration of the tissues, the extravasation of a good deal of blood which sifts its way into the tissue planes and not only impairs the vitality of the tissues but furnishes a focus for development of infection. Adequate treatment, destined to prevent infection, aims to remove every particle of these injured tissues, and it is only by such methods that certain infections, such as the dreaded gas gangrene, can be more surely eradicated. The operation is based somewhat on the principles of operating for cancer, the surgeon not only removing the cancer but also surrounding tissue which may be under suspicion.

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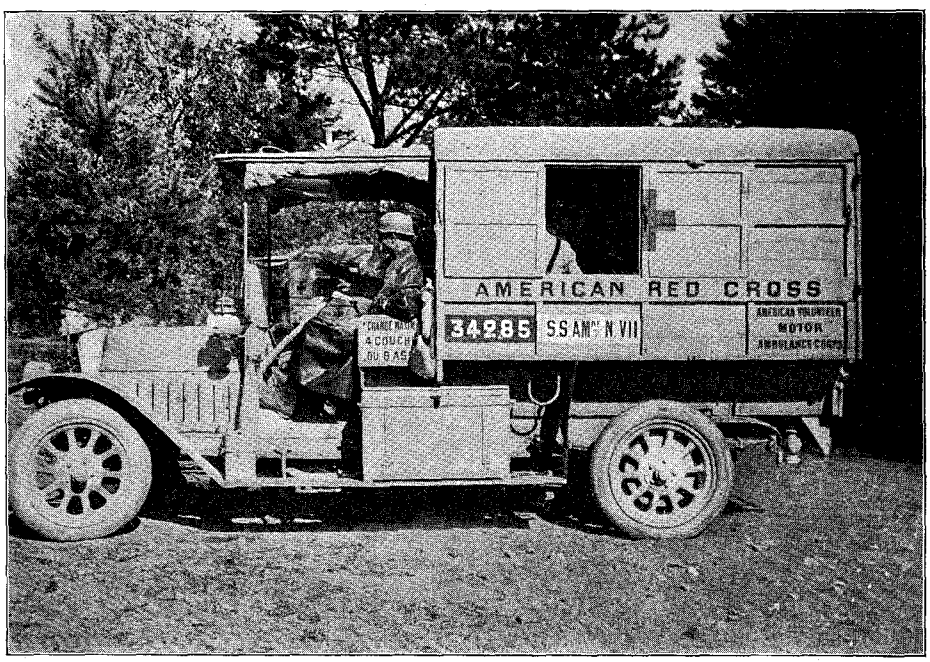
It has been interesting to note the evolution by which this method of treating wounds has been arrived at. The element of trench warfare is a novelty and brings with it new conditions. Never before had trenches of such depth been utilized, and probably no fighting had been done over land so richly cultivated as the fields of France and Belgium. Nothing comparable to the effects of modern artillery had ever been known. The wounded soldier to-day is eminently a dirty person, highly contaminated by his surroundings and the methods of warfare, and his person and clothing reek with potential factors of infection.



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One of the sturdy ambulances which have afforded comfort to French wounded.

American Ambulance Unit in France.

It was early realized in the war that ordinary methods of surgery would not meet these conditions, and an "offensive" against the germs became necessary. In other words, there was a "back-to-antiseptics" campaign, the giving up of the so-called aseptic surgery which had pretty generally replaced the earlier antiseptic surgery as developed by Lister. At first, this attempt to return to antiseptics did not give the desired results. The objection to the use of strong antiseptics in the tissues which had resulted in their abandonment still held good, and it was soon realized that foreign bodies, such as bullets and shell fragments, almost necessarily produced serious infection unless they were removed; particularly as it is found that no antiseptic, however useful (and this will be referred to later), can sterilize or minimize the damage caused by the presence of shell fragments, bullets, clothing, manure, etc., in the tissues.

A great advance was made in the treatment of war wounds by the work of Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, the winner of the Nobel prize in surgery. Backed by the Rockefeller Institute and given enlightened support by the French Service de Santé, he established a hospital of eighty beds at Compiègne, a few miles back of the line, for the study of the evolution of infection and the best means of remedying it. He was aided by a competent staff which included Dr. Thomas D. Dakin, a famous English chemist who has long worked in America, and Dr. De-

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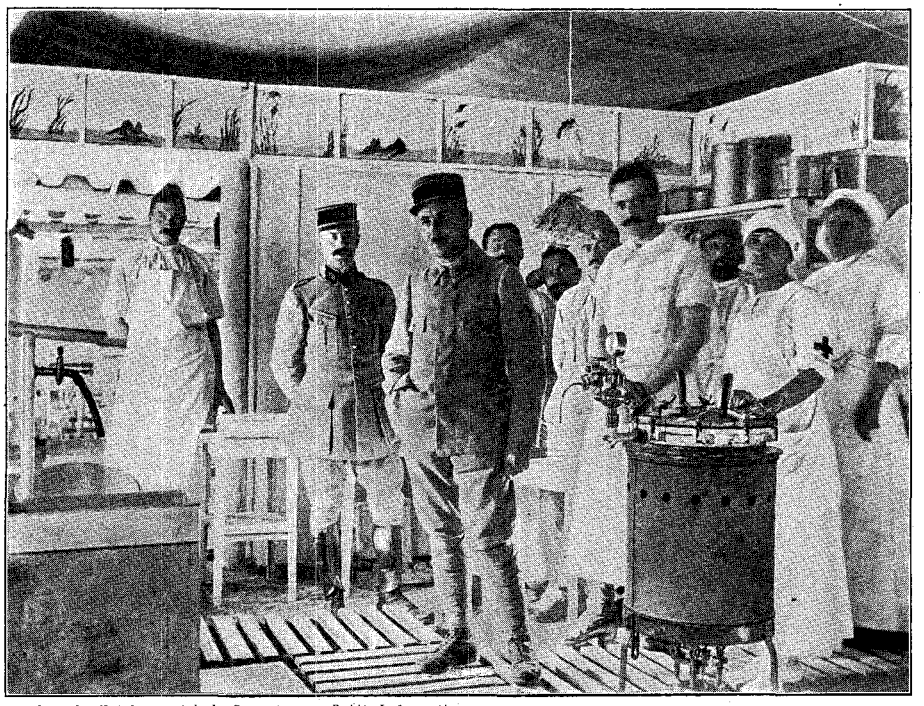

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First aid at the front.

This French hospital in the Aisne district is within the zone of German fire. It contains all modern surgical appliances and, although only covered by a canvas roof, it has been decorated by the nurses in an attempt to make it appear more homelike for the wounded heroes.

helly of the French army, a most excellent surgeon of Havre.

After feeling his way with improved methods of drainage, etc., Carrel soon came to the conclusion that the best outlook would be to utilize the possibilities of antiseptic surgery provided its drawbacks could be overcome. After much experimenting, Dakin was in a position to utilize a well-known germicide, namely, chlorine, in the form of what is known as Dakin's solution of hyperchlorite of soda, and Carrel worked out the technical details of applying the solution in such a way as to obtain its constant action on the tissues and its fullest efficiency. In addition to being the first really scientific and efficient means of utilizing the powers of a given antiseptic, credit must be given to Carrel for realizing that no antiseptic could replace proper surgical treatment, and it was largely due to his efforts that greater pains were taken to remove all foreign bodies and damaged tissues which could not be disinfected by an antiseptic, and would remain as a dangerous breeding-place for the development of infection.

Carrel's views were not to be accepted without controversy, and it is interesting to read the life of Lord Lister and know that he was on the defensive in his own country for twenty years, although his methods had been adopted with profit in other countries, noticeably America. One of the many reasons whereby Carrel's work was not given more wide-spread recognition was due to ignorance of what the method really was. I know from personal experience that such is the case with some of its bitterest opponents.

The Carrel method is not a panacea, is not a cure-all, and can never be anything but an adjuvant to good surgery. It never can *replace* good surgery. The method is based on a series of very careful steps, the omission of any one destroying the usefulness of the entire procedure. It requires a thorough understanding of the principles on which it is based and con-

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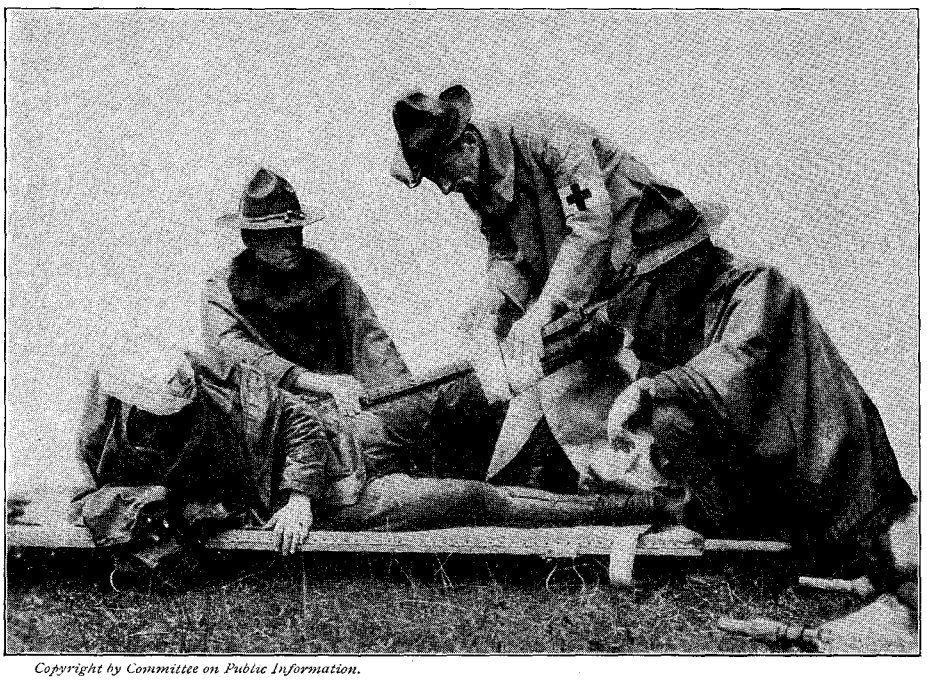
stant watchfulness in its execution. As generally interpreted and used it means the use in the wound in a haphazard fashion of a solution which may or may not be —generally not—the proper solution recommended by Dakin. Under such conditions the expected results cannot be obtained. In fact, there may be damaging results. Consequently, the Carrel method is often blamed, whereas the fault lies with the inability or the unwillingness of the individual properly to acquaint himself with the method.

My own experience was illuminating. Notwithstanding my long friendship with Carrel, when he invited me to visit him in Compiègne in 1916 I went there with a full measure of scepticism. To my astonishment, I saw wounds the like of which I had never seen before, and came away profoundly converted.

Later I visited Prof. Depage at La Panne, Belgium, and saw the method on a still greater scale and with equally marvellous results. For instance, Prof. Depage announced to me that he had eighty compound fractures in one ward being treated by the Carrel method and not one was suppurating. I was able to corroborate Dr. Depage's statement, as in none of these cases did I see a single drop of pus. The secret of Dr. Depage's success was that he had *taken the trouble* to familiarize himself with the method at Compiègne and had sent down a corps of nurses and assistants to be trained by Carrel himself. Since then I have seen many clinics where the Carrel method was stated glibly to be used. In none, however, have I seen it done rightly.

The Carrel method, to be most efficient, requires that the patient should come under treatment at an early stage. While the Carrel method with good surgical treatment undoubtedly does influence infection even after it has gotten considerable headway, its best results are seen in institutions like Carrel's and Depage's close to the front, patients coming under treatment soon after their injury. It is also true that it is often difficult or impossible to carry on the Carrel method in hospitals close to the front where there are very large numbers of wounded to be



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First aid at the fighting front.

An improvised splint is made for a wounded soldier with the aid of a gun-strap. All wounds of whatever nature are immediately cared for, which is probably the main reason for the extremely low death-rate among our enlisted men.

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treated in a short space of time, and they must necessarily be quickly transferred elsewhere.

Much as I admire the Carrel method, I heartily indorse the present-day treatment of wounds as practised by the British and French, namely, the complete radical excision of the whole contaminated wound by a competent surgeon, as I believe this procedure will more surely give the desired results. The Carrel method still has a place in the treatment of established suppuration. My latest information from Carrel is that he considers the question of antiseptics settled, and he is now seeking to solve problems in other fields.

The C. C. S. has to treat a good many cases of "gas." Fortunately, the great bulk of these cases recover and relatively few are kept at the C. C. S. any length of time. In all armies the gas-mask is being improved, and I know a certain very ingenious American surgeon to whom has been confided the job of making one that is absolutely perfect, and I am sure, from his past records of achievement, he will succeed.

The experience of the past four years has emphasized another fact, namely, the absolute necessity of better methods of immobilization (splinting) of fractured limbs, particularly the lower extremity. In the earlier part of the war the mortality of the compound fractures of the thigh was frightful. Some observers put it as high as seventy-five per cent. In addition to the mechanical destructive effects of the missile and resulting infection, many of these patients succumbed to shock. Experience showed that the sooner patients were immobilized following injury, and the more thoroughly they were immobilized preventing pain and jarring during transport, the less the problem of shock became. In both the French and British armies to-day supplies of Thomas splints are kept in the First Aid Stations right back of the firing line. This Thomas splint is a form of orthopedic apparatus that has long been used in the treatment of hip disease. It is put on right over the patient's clothing and secured in such a way that there is no jarring of fragments and consequently a minimum of pain, the source of a great deal of shock. It was an amazing contrast to me to see the conditions in which the patients arrived at the C. C. S., as I remembered similar conditions earlier in the war. A modified Thomas splint is also now being utilized to immobilize efficiently fractures of the upper extremity.

A necessary complement to the C. C. S. hospitals is the evacuation train. It is necessary to keep these hospitals pretty well cleaned out, so as to be ready to meet emergencies.

The making of schedules for these evacuation trains is a very delicate proposition and yet it seemed to be done most satisfactorily. It is very difficult to have the train available for a certain place at a particular hour, in view of the ever-changing conditions of warfare. In our C. C. S. the railroad was about a mile away. In others the track ran right up to the hospital, allowing of quick and easy handling of patients; but there is always a danger to the hospital in this proximity to a legitimate target.

These trains carry both sitting (the majority) and stretcher cases. In the open type of cars the stretchers are piled up on the racks very much like baggage. In the compartment cars four stretchers are placed in each cabin, in others only two, these placed as an upper berth, leaving the seats for the sitting cases.

The trains were well supplied for the care of the patients, plenty of urinals, bedpans, means of renewing dressings, and supplying them with food and hot drinks.

Each train is in charge of an experienced officer, and there are plenty of nurses and orderlies. The patients, with remarkably few exceptions, seemed comfortable and, as for many of them it meant "Blighty" and the end of their share of the war, their morale was good.

The English trains seemed more commodious and composed of better rolling-stock. The kitchen arrangements on the French trains seemed rather the more attractive. Good catering is expected by the "poilus" and they get it.

The evacuation trains take the patient to the next stop, which will be the base hospital. It is difficult to foresee just what distance this will imply, as it is perhaps more largely a question of means

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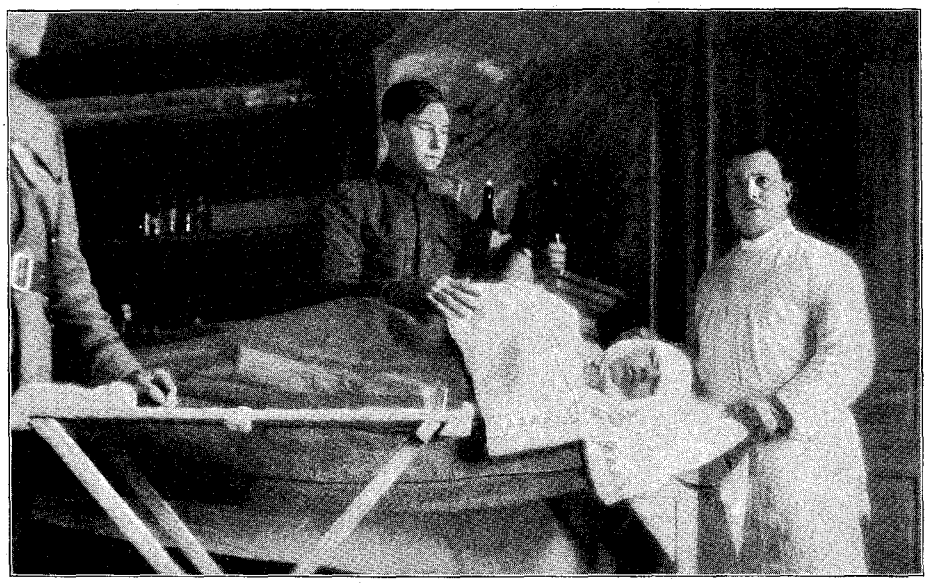
of transportation rather than distance. With the new construction work it is quite possible that new records will be set up in celerity of transportation, and possibly the opinion expressed to me by Major T. that the American soldiers might be brought from the front to a base hospital, say two hundred miles away, in eight hours may be realized.

Conditions are such in France that it has been necessary to locate some base hospitals a long way from the front. It is more than probable that if patients are transported long distances it will only be after a sojourn at an intermediate base, and the more remote hospitals will be destined to treat the milder cases or those of prolonged convalescence and particularly those suffering from the remoter effects, such as nervous disturbances following shell-shock or the pulmonary manifestations incidental to "gassing," which may be benefited by a sojourn in a mild climate.

France offers many delightful regions for convalescence. A large rest-camp I know is already being utilized at Aix in Savoie, and there our soldiers will have the same advantages which used to lead Mr. Morgan, Mr. Carnegie, and other affluent Americans to visit this charming place.

The French do not favor placing their more active base hospitals at any great distance from the front; in fact, about forty to sixty kilometres back is believed to be the maximum distance that a base hospital, in the true sense of the word, should be situated. The greater distances should be reserved, as stated before, for the chronic and more convalescent cases requiring special care.



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He bled for democracy.

Here lies one of our soldiers who has been wounded in the first-line trenches at the Lorraine sector which American forces are holding. He is about to undergo an operation. Later he will be sent to a base hospital, where he will receive careful attention.

What will happen to the patients as regards returning to America it is not my province to discuss. The element of homesickness and separation from relatives is something which will undoubtedly affect the sick, naturally, even as it does the well and strong. For this reason it is believed that if transportation conditions allow, suitable cases will benefit by an early return to America.

Much will have to be done to restore them to usefulness or ameliorate their ills on coming home. Our government is wisely foreseeing these necessities and private energies and charity are already being mobilized to help those who have fought for their country.

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A smile of cheer.

The convalescents at Base Hospital No. 6 at X . . . , France. There are three forces which serve to cheer in this hospital-ward—the precious cigarette, the strains of music, and good care.

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Under improved conditions of the treatment of wounds of the extremities and the minimizing of infections, amputations are comparatively rare nowadays. It is a comforting fact that hand in hand with the diminution in the number of amputations, the quality and usefulness of artificial limbs have greatly increased. I think it is fair to say that in America we manufacture the best types of artificial limbs. They are in great demand in Europe. We make a wonderful artificial arm which has been a revelation to European surgeons. Unfortunately, it is quite expensive, but doubtless American generosity will see that no soldier who can use one to advantage fails to obtain one.

As a result of grouping together a large number of cases of amputations, as in the Maison Blanche, just outside of Paris, opportunities have been given to study the conditions which give use to unsatisfactory stumps. From this experience (in civil practice the opportunities for study of this subject are very few) better and surer methods of performing operations with a view to future usefulness have been devised. A great improvement also is the recognition that a stump, like any other muscle, is the better for exercise, and it is essential for a patient to begin wearing a temporary leg at the earliest possible moment, just so soon as the wound is healed. The patient's morale is also greatly aided by this procedure.

Prof. Depage has devised a very clever and cheap leg which he makes his patients wear and entirely forbids the use of crutches, the patient being *made* to walk very much as one learns to swim, by being pushed off the dock.

Because a man has lost a leg or an arm or has some other form of disabling injury, it does not necessarily mean that he must become a useless member of the community and forego the means of earning a living. At the Maison Blanche, for instance, men are taught useful trades to fit them to present conditions. Wood-carving was particularly suitable for men with the loss of lower limbs. It was astonishing to see how rapidly some of these men became proficient in their new work. In many cases it was a question of general education, and I saw men learning to read, write, and do sums. It will be a fruitful field to find a job to fit the man and a man to fit the job.

As the war goes on and our soldiers return, doubts will possibly arise in isolated instances of the character of the medical and surgical care which our soldiers have obtained. This is a perfectly natural feature, and has always existed and probably always will exist. I feel, however, that our soldiers will in general receive the very best care it is humanly possible to give. War is a new thing to us and the beginnings of any new enterprise are, of course, made difficult by lack of experience and material resources. Sooner or later, however, our American spirit makes good. It has been a great comfort to me to look over that very wonderful work, "The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion," published by the Surgeon-General's office in 1873. The book is a creditable achievement even in the light of present-day standards, and it is marvellous to retrace the character of the work done so many years ago and the industry and intelligence which are recorded.

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MRS. CUSHION'S CHILDREN

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

SHE was rather like her name, for she seemed specially created to make life easier for other people. A short, comfortably stout, elderly woman with a round, rosy face and kind blue eyes beaming behind steel-rimmed spectacles. On Sundays the spectacles had gold rims and were never seen on any other day.

To be taken as a lodger by Mrs. Cushion implied introductions and references—from the lodger—and Mrs. Cushion was by no means too easily pleased. If neither the vicar, the doctor, nor the squire could guarantee your integrity and personal pleasantness, there was no hope of obtaining Mrs. Cushion's rooms. Moreover, she preferred gentlemen. She was frankly emphatic about that.

To be sure, in wet weather "they did make a goodish mess," what with tackle and muddy boots and the many garments that got soaking wet and had to be dried. But, then, they *did* go out for most of the day, and that gave a body time to clear up after them. And when they'd had their dinners they put their feet on the mantelpiece—"I always clears all my own things off of it except the clock"—and they smoked peaceably till they went to bed. "Now, ladies"—it was clear that Mrs. Cushion was not partial to ladies—"they did stay indoors if there cum so much as a spot of rain." And they rang their bells at all sorts of awkward times. "You couldn't be sure of 'em like you was of gentlemen. When a gentleman settles down, he settles down, and you knows where you are, and, what's more, you knows where 'e is. Now, ladies, as often as not, 'ud be upon you in your kitching before you so much as knew they was in the passage—an' it were onsettlin'."

No lady was ever allowed to set foot in Mrs. Cushion's hospitable house in May or June or the first part of July. Those months were sacred to the fishers. But as a favor to one of the references she would sometimes consent to take a lady in August.

The vicar, my old friend, was my reference, and he stood surety for my general "peaceableness." He assured Mrs. Cushion that so long as I might sleep with my back to the light I would not want to alter everything in my bedroom (one lady lodger had done this, and Mrs. Cushion never forgot or forgave the "'ubbub" that ensued); that I was in search of perfect quiet in which to finish a book; and, lastly, he got at Mrs. Cushion through her kind heart—declaring that I was a delicate, muddly, incapable sort of person who required looking after.

So at the beginning of a singularly sunny August I went down to Redmarley to take possession of two rooms in "Snig's Cottage." The cottage stands about half a mile from Redmarley itself, high above a bend of the river known as "Snig's Ferry," and the villagers always call it "Snig's."

Who Snig was no one knows, for the cottage was built "nigh up three 'undred year ago." The vicar, who is something of an antiquarian, says even earlier. In the memory of man "Snig's" has never been bought; it is always "left"; and the heritor, so far, has never been willing to sell; though, as Mrs. Cushion remarked scornfully: "Artises an' sich do often come after it, an' one, an American gentleman 'e was, wanted to buy 'un and build out at the back all over my bit o' garden, and kip the old 'ouse just as a' be for a curiositee. I lets 'im talk, but, bless you, my uncle left it to me in 'is will, and I shall leave it the same in mine; and so it'll always be so long as there's one stone to another. 'Ouses is 'ouses in these parts."

Solid and gray and gabled, the little six-roomed house still stood in its trim garden, outwardly the same as when the

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"I shouldn't give up hope. Mr. Right may come along for you even yet."—Page 612.

untraceable Snig first named it. Inside, its furniture was a jumble of periods, but there were no aspidistras, nor did any ornament cling to a plush bracket on the walls. "Jacob" and "Rachel" were there, and the "Infant Samuel," and on either side of the clock was a red-and-white china spaniel and a toby jug. Mrs. Cushion frankly owned that she had preferred her own "bits of things" to some of her uncle's that were there when she came. To make room for her mahogany sideboard, she had sold an old oak chest to the American gentleman, who was glad to give a good price for it.

"A hoak chest," said Mrs. Cushion, "is an on'andy thing to keep the gentlemen's beverages in. One always 'as to lift everything off the top to get inside. Now, my sideboard 'as doors and shelves

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all convenient one side and a reg'lar cellar for beverages on the other. Not but as what folks 'ud be much better without them."

Mrs. Cushion was herself strong for the temperance cause, but she was too tolerant a woman and too excellent a landlady to do more than hint her disapproval. And by calling every form of alcohol "a beverage," I'm certain she felt that in some inexplicable way she so rendered it more or less innocuous. She never spoke of either wines or spirits by their names, only collectively as "beverages."

And I speedily learned that although indulgence in such pleasures of the table was to be tolerated, even condoned, in men, women were expected to be of sterner stuff; and I believe my modest half-flagon of Burgundy, reposing in meek solitude in all the roomy glory of the "cellaret," grieved her far more than when that same cellaret was filled by the varied and much stronger "beverages" of her male guests. Yet she never failed to remind me when there was only, as she put it, "one more dose," that I might order a fresh supply from the grocer.

Men she regarded as children. Her mental attitude toward them was that of "boys will be boys," and they might be bald and stout, generals or viceroys, or secretaries of state in their public capacity; but did such an one become Mrs. Cushion's lodger, she instantly felt called upon to stand between him and every discomfort, to condone his vagaries, and to give him, so far as was humanly possible, every mortal thing he wanted. Small wonder that her "fishing gentlemen" took her rooms months beforehand and year after year.

"I don't suppose as you've noticed, miss—being, so to speak, unmarried yourself—but there's something in men-folk as seems to stop growin' when they be about ten year old. It crops up different in different sorts, but it's there all the same in all of 'em. And when it crops up, no matter if 'e be hever so majestical an' say nothing to nobody, the seein' eye can figure 'im out in tore knickerbockers an' a dirty face same as if he stood in front of you—more especially if you've 'ad little boys of your own."

"I suppose," I said, perhaps a bit wistfully, for Mrs. Cushion was rather fond of referring to my spinsterhood, "it does make a great difference; . . . first you know your husband so well, and then your sons. . . . By the way, what was your husband, Mrs. Cushion?"

Mrs. Cushion turned very red and was manifestly uncomfortable. . . . "I'd rather not talk about 'im, miss," she said hastily. "He weren't an overly good 'usban' to me; . . . but the children! . . ." Here Mrs. Cushion beamed, and with restored tranquillity continued: "The children 'ave made it all up to me over and over."

Yet from an outsider's point of view, especially from that of one who was, "so to speak, unmarried," Mrs. Cushion didn't seem to get any great benefit from her two sons. One was in Australia and one in Canada; and, though she had been living in Redmarley some six years, I could not discover that either had ever been home. They were not, I gathered, particularly good correspondents, nor did they seem to assist their mother in any way financially or send presents home. All the same, they were a source of pride and joy to Mrs. Cushion and a never-failing topic of conversation. In fact, I think that one of the things that caused her to tolerate my sex and my spinsterhood was the real interest I took in Arty and Bert and my readiness to talk about either or both at all times.

They were never quite clear to me, and this was odd, because Mrs. Cushion was certainly graphic and vivid in her descriptions, as a rule. She would never show me their portraits because she said they "took badly," both of them.

By my third August I could have passed a stiff examination in her "gentlemen." I felt that I knew *them* intimately both as to their appearance, manners, and taste both in viands and beverages.

There was Mr. Lancaster, who ate meat only once a day, drank white wine, and was that gentle and considerate you'd never know he was there except that he did lose his things so and had a habit of putting his coffee-cup and pipes and newspapers under the valance of the sofa.

"Faithful-'earted I calls 'im!" said

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Drawn by May Wilson Preston.

"The matter should be looked into, for certainly with us she passed always as a single woman."—Page 613.

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Mrs. Cushion. "Every Saturday reg'lar he sends me the *Times* newspaper, and it *is* gratifying to see a 'igh-class newspaper like that once a week. It do make me feel like a real lady just to read the rents of them 'ouses on the back page, and it does me no end of good to know who's preachin' at Saint Paul's Cathedral—all the churches, in fact; it's almost as good as being there."

"Wouldn't you rather have a picture paper?" I asked.

"Certainly not, miss," Mrs. Cushion replied with dignified asperity. "I much prefer what Mr. Lancaster reads hisself, an' it's the kind thought I values far more than the amusingness of a paper. It seems to keep him an' me in mind of one another."

"Do your boys often send you papers, Mrs. Cushion?"

"Well . . . not so to speak often. . . . It's difficult for them; and I dare say the papers in those parts ain't like ours. Perhaps they wouldn't be suitable. . . ."

"Is Mr. Lancaster married?"

"Not to my knowledge, miss," answered the cautious Mrs. Cushion. "He don't behave like a married man. . . . Not," she added hastily, eager to give no wrong impression—"not that 'e's ever anything but most conformable; only there's a difference between them as is married and them as isn't—I'm sure you see it yourself, miss, though, to be sure, you're nothing like so set in your ways as some. If I was you, miss," said Mrs. Cushion, suddenly beaming upon me like a rosy sun in spectacles, "I shouldn't give up hope. Mr. Right may come along for you even yet. I 'ad a friend who married when she were fifty-nine; . . . to be sure, 'er 'usban' was bedridden, but 'e's living to this day, an' it's a good fifteen years ago."

"I don't think I should like a bedridden husband, Mrs. Cushion."

"You'll like whatever you gets, my dear, never you fear." And Mrs. Cushion bustled out with the tray, leaving me to the rather rueful reflection that her last speech was more complimentary to my stoicism than to my matrimonial prospects.

"Snig's" was an ideal place to work in: quiet without being lonely; fresh and bracing, yet seldom cold; beautiful with the homely, tender grace of pastoral England. The doctor and his wife "over to Winstone" were hospitable and kind; the villagers were friendly, as only peasant folk in the remote Cotswolds still are; the vicar I always look upon as one of the most understanding and delightful people I've ever met. That autumn the squire and his large and lively family were up in Scotland, but this only increased possibilities of work, and I stayed on at Snig's into October.

One day the vicar summoned me to luncheon. A friend from a distance had motored over, bringing with him his guests, a visiting parson and his wife, to see the church and the village, and he implored my presence "to keep Mrs. Robinson in countenance."

Not that anything of the kind was needed, for Mrs. Robinson turned out to be a most self-sufficient and didactic lady, with "clergyman's wife" writ large all over her. Her husband was of the conscientious, mentally mediocre type of parson, with much energy and no imagination, and luncheon seemed a very long meal. There appeared a curious dearth of topics of conversation, and, for lack of something better, the vicar explained my presence in Redmarley, mentioning that I had been living for the last two months with the excellent Mrs. Cushion—"who comes, I believe," he added, "from your part of the world."

"Caroline Cushion?" Mrs. Robinson demanded, with that air of cross-questioning a witness which made small talk so difficult. "If it's Caroline Cushion, she did live in our parish, and she certainly wasn't 'Mrs.' then, but a middle-aged single woman. She left soon after my husband got the living, but I remember her quite well—she came into a house, or something, and went away to live in it."

"It's a curious coincidence," said the vicar easily, "but it can't be our Mrs. Cushion, for not only is she married, but she has grown-up sons to whom she is absolutely devoted."

"It's unlikely," said Mrs. Robinson, "that there could be two Caroline Cushions both coming from the same village and both inheriting property at a dis-

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tance. The matter should be looked into, for certainly with us she passed always as a single woman, and to the best of my belief had spent almost her whole life in the village. Is she a fairish woman, stout, with red cheeks?"

"She is very pleasant and fresh-looking," said the vicar, looking at me for help. "But I am quite sure she can't be the one you mean."

"I'm not at all sure of anything of the kind," Mrs. Robinson snapped. "She may have been living a double life all these years. As I said before, the matter should be looked into. I'd know her again if I saw her. I never forget a face."

I don't know why it was, but I suddenly felt most uncomfortable, and was surprised at my own passionate determination that Mrs. Robinson should *not* see Mrs. Cushion. We had reached the walnut stage, and I suggested to her that she and I might go and sit in the drawing-room and leave the gentlemen to smoke.

"My husband doesn't smoke," she said severely as we crossed the hall; "he doesn't think it becoming in a clergyman, and I must say I agree with him.

"And to think she always passed for a most respectable woman!"—Page 614.

But then *he* is rector of the parish, and one of those—too few, alas! in these lax days—who acts up to his convictions. . . . Now, about this Mrs. Cushion . . ." Mrs. Robinson by this time was seated beside me on the vicar's Chesterfield. "I feel quite anxious. What can be her reason for masquerading as a married woman here? Even if she *had* married since she left her old home, it is most unlikely that her name would still be Cushion, and it's impossible that she should

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have grown-up sons. Have you seen them?"

"They are both abroad," I answered; "and isn't Cushion quite a common name in Gloucestershire?"

"Not at all; it's a very *un*common name, that's why I remember it so distinctly—and to think she always passed for a most respectable woman!"

"So she is," I interrupted with some heat. "A most kind and admirable woman in every possible way. Every one here has the greatest respect for her. She's probably a cousin of your one—who, doubtless, was quite excellent also. Would you care to go out and look at the dahlias? The vicar has quite a show."

Never did I spend a more trying half-hour than the one that followed. Mrs. Robinson kept returning to the subject of Mrs. Cushion with a persistency worthy of a better cause; and I, for no reason that I could formulate, kept heading her off and trying to turn her thoughts down other paths. It was Mrs. Cushion's sons that seemed to annoy her most, and I had the queer, wholly illogical feeling that Mrs. Robinson would, unless prevented, snatch them away from Mrs. Cushion and that it was up to me to prevent anything of the kind. So nervous did I feel that I accompanied the party to see the church and the village, and only breathed freely again when Mr. Vernon's car had borne Mr. and Mrs. Robinson away in a direction wholly opposite to Snig's.

As his guests vanished over the bridge in the direction of Marlehouse, the vicar sighed deeply. "Now, why," he demanded, "should Vernon have brought those people to me? I suppose he was so bored himself he had to do something. She's his cousin, I believe; and what a trying lady!"

"Did you 'ave a nice party, miss?" asked Mrs. Cushion an hour or so later, as she brought in my tea.

"Curiously enough, there was a clergyman and his wife from your old home, Mrs. Cushion. I wonder if you remember them—a Mr. and Mrs. Robinson?"

"I suppose you didn't 'appen to name me, miss?" Mrs. Cushion asked—I thought a trifle nervously.

"Well, I didn't, but the vicar did."

"Yes, miss; and did Mrs. Robinson seem to remember me?"

"She remembered some one of your name, Mrs. Cushion, but it couldn't have been you—perhaps you have relations in her parish?"

"May I make so bold, miss, as to ask exactly what she did say?"

"That it was a *Miss* Cushion she knew, who left soon after her husband got the living."

"I dare say she did," said Mrs. Cushion grimly; "and there was many as would have gone, too, if they'd had the chanst. If it's not taking a liberty, miss, was you exactly *draw'd* to Mrs. Robinson?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "I couldn't get on with her at all. Are they popular in the parish?"

"It's not for me to say, miss. I left two months after they did come. They was new brooms, you see, and swep' away a lot of old customs. They wasn't like the reverend 'ere—'e's all for 'live and let live'; but they was all for making every one live as they thought proper. I don't say they was wrong, and I don't say they was right, but, whichever it was, it weren't peaceable.

"But," concluded Mrs. Cushion, "I've no business gossiping here and you wanting your tea."

So she left me to my tea and the reflection that she had neither contradicted nor confirmed Mrs. Robinson's statement.

During the next couple of days I was conscious of a certain constraint in our hitherto completely cordial relationship. Mrs. Cushion was just as careful as ever for my comfort—everything was just as well done, and meals as punctual, and rooms spick and span as before—but I missed something. I missed the interest she used to take in me and the interest she allowed me to take in her. She was still the perfect landlady, but I grievously missed the frank and genial human being.

I had lunched with the vicar and his guests on Tuesday. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Cushion got a lift into Marlehouse to do some shopping, and I had to take my own letters to the post-office. I met the vicar on his way to call on me, and he turned back and walked with me, and I speedily perceived that something wor-

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ried him. The vicar is stout and gouty and walks but slowly. We only just caught the post, and then he asked me to go with him to the vicarage to look at

"Mrs. Robinson?"

"Yes; just read her letter."

"Dear Mr. Molyneux," it ran, "I

"Dear Mr. Molyneux," it ran.

a black dahlia in his garden before the first frosts took it.

In the garden he stopped long before we came to the dahlias and exclaimed: "I've heard from that vexatious woman."

feel that it is my duty to tell you that I have been making inquiries about Caroline Cushion, and there is no question whatever that she is the same person who was living here when my husband

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and I first came to the parish. It happens that Mrs. Bayley, widow of the former incumbent, is at present staying with Lady Moreland at the manor, and I called upon her the day I returned from Mr. Vernon's, that I might make searching inquiries as to where Caroline Cushion had lived before she left for Redmarley, where I understand she was left a cottage by her uncle, her mother's brother. Mrs. Bayley remembered her perfectly well and, I must say, spoke highly of her. But she was as astonished as I was to hear she was posing as a married woman with a family, for she had lived in this parish from her youth up. I grieve much that I should have to bring this life of duplicity to light; and I feel it is only right to let you know, that you may take steps to sift the matter and bring the woman to a proper sense of her wrong-doing. For if during the years she lived here she really possessed a husband and children, she shamefully neglected them; and if she is unmarried the case is infinitely worse. Please let me know the result of your investigations.

"Yours sincerely,

"ELAINE M. ROBINSON."

In silence I gave back the letter to the vicar, and involuntarily I shivered, for the wind was very cold.

"Well?" he asked impatiently, "what do you make of it?"

"I can't make anything of it. The whole thing's a mystery."

Then I told him of my tea-time conversation with Mrs. Cushion and of the curious constraint in her manner ever since, of how unhappy it made me, and how cordially I detested Mrs. Robinson and wished her far farther than the Forest of Dean—though to the Redmarley folk the Forest of Dean is indeed as the ends of the earth.

"If I know anything of human nature," said the vicar, punctuating his remarks with vicious flicks of the finger upon Mrs. Robinson's envelope, "Mrs. Cushion is as honest and straightforward a woman as ever stepped, a *good* woman, a kindly woman. Has she never said anything to *you* about her husband?"

"Only once. I asked about him, and I saw it was a painful subject, so I never mentioned him again. I fear he was an unsatisfactory person."

"But what am I to say to this pestiferous woman? If I don't answer her she's capable of coming over here and setting the whole village by the ears. . . . I should like," he added vindictively, "to throw a stone through her window." And as he spoke I was reminded of Mrs. Cushion's remark: "There's something in men folks as seems to stop growin' when they be about ten year old"; for, although the vicar is stout and bald, and his close-cropped beard and mustache quite white, yet there and then I seemed to see "a little boy in tore knickerbockers and a dirty face, same as if 'e stood in front of me."

"Wait a day or two," I suggested; "she won't expect an answer by return, because you've got to make your 'investigations,' you know."

He groaned: "How can I? If there's one thing I whole-heartedly abhor it's poking and prying into another person's affairs—it's so . . . ungentlemanly. I wouldn't do it to my worst enemy, but when it's a decent, kindly body who has been my right hand in every good thing that's been done in this village ever since she came . . . Look here, my dear. Perhaps you—without hurting her feelings—could find out something to satisfy Mrs. Robinson. It would come better from you."

I doubted this, but I promised the poor, worried vicar to do my best. I walked back to Snig's as fast as I could, for I was chilled to the bone. It certainly was a very cold east wind.

Mrs. Cushion was back when I arrived. A bright fire blazed on my hearth and hot muffins awaited me for tea. She looked cold and depressed, and she had no news for me either of the fashions in the Marlehouse shop-windows or of acquaintances she had met. Even references to her beloved boys failed to elicit more than monosyllables.

Next morning she began to cough. For a day and a half she struggled on, doing her household work as usual. Through the night I heard her coughing so incessantly that I got up and went across to her room. It had turned very cold, and in spite of her protests I lit a

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fire and did what I could to relieve her in the shape of hot black-currant tea and rubbing her with embrocation. I also took her temperature, which was 104°!

In the morning she was so ill that she consented to stay in bed, and I sent a note to the doctor by the boy that brought the milk.

When he came he declared Mrs. Cushion to be down with influenza and that she must be very careful. He would send in the parish nurse that morning and a woman to do for me. If a trained nurse should be necessary, he'd get one; but he thought if I could stay for a day or two to superintend things we could manage. Warmth, rest, and quiet in bed till her temperature went down were all that were necessary.

Everything went smoothly. The parish nurse was a personal friend of Mrs. Cushion. The woman sent in "mornings" was most attentive and efficient, and the fact that she was no cook did not seem to matter, for so much more than Mrs. Cushion could eat was sent in by sympathetic neighbors that we lived on the fat of the land on the surplus. If there had ever been any question as to Mrs. Cushion's popularity in Redmarley, it was answered now, and in the most emphatic way.

Anxious inquirers came at all hours, and I spent most of my time watching the garden that I might open the door, front or back, before the visitor could rap—you rap with your knuckles in Redmarley, whether the door happens to be open

I told the story very briefly and as far as possible in her own words.—Page 619.

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or shut: the latter only occurs in cold weather or on washing-days.

One thing did strike me, and that was the number of young men and boys who came, not only to inquire but to bring offerings of all sorts. It seemed to me that every male being under thirty that I had ever seen in Redmarley, man or boy or hobbledehoy, came to get news of Mrs. Cushion—and I was always careful to ask their names and write them down, for I soon discovered that their solicitude gave her pleasure.

It was the only thing that did seem to give her pleasure just then. When the cough was easier and her temperature went down, she remained heartrendingly weak, and at the end of six days the doctor asked me if I thought "she had anything on her mind," for, if so, it must be got at and lifted; for she'd never get well at this rate.

Now that she was, of necessity, rather dependent on me in a good many small ways, Mrs. Cushion had become less reserved, more like her former self, in fact—but yet I always felt that there was something between us. Her blue eyes, sometimes without the spectacles now, would follow me about with a wistful, weighing expression that was full of dumb pain and pathos; but naturally all exciting topics were taboo, and I had never again, since that first afternoon, referred to Mrs. Robinson and her disturbing revelations.

One evening about nine o'clock, when Mrs. Cushion had been in bed eight whole days, when the nurse had gone for the night and I was left in charge, when I had made up her fire, lit the night-light, and arranged the hand-bell and all her possible wants on a table by her bed—I was going back to mine, but she stopped me as I reached the door with a faintly whispered "Miss!"

I went back to the side of the bed and looked down at her. She was very pale, and had put on the spectacles as though to see me better in the dim light.

"Miss," she repeated, "I can't kip it to myself no longer; that there Mrs. Robinson was right—I wasn't never married an' I never 'ad no children."

Mrs. Cushion's hands were picking nervously at the sheet, though her eyes never left my face for a single minute. I seized one of the weak, cold hands and held it in both mine—but I could not speak.

"You'd better sit down, miss, while I tell 'ee. . . . All my life long I've loved children—more especially boys. When I was a young 'oman I 'ad my chanst same as most. One was a school-teacher, most respectable 'e were—but I couldn't seem to fancy 'im, and t'other 'e were a hundertaker, an' I couldn't fancy 'is trade—so there it was. An' as time went on I did get thinkin' about the little boys as I should like to 'ave 'ad; and they did seem to get realler and realler—Arty and Bert did—till I sorter felt I *couldn't* get along without 'em. . . . Do it seem very queer to you, miss?"

"Not a bit, dear Mrs. Cushion."

"Now, I ast you, miss—do I look like a hold maid or do I look like a comfortable married woman with a family?"

"I think you look *very* married," I exclaimed quite truthfully—"very motherly."

"Well, so do I think—and when I came 'ere where no one knowed anything about me excepting I was uncle's niece, I says to myself, says I: 'You act up to your looks, Caroline Cushion—an' then you can talk about your children same as the rest.' I didn't trouble my 'ead about a 'usban'—I 'adn't never thought about 'im. So when folks asked me—like you yourself, miss—I just prims up my mouth and shakes my 'ead, and they sees as 'e weren't up to much, and they says no more. Sometimes I've thought as it were a bit onfair on 'im, pore chap, and 'im never done me no 'arm—but—there. . . . I couldn't stop to think about 'im. 'Twere the boys as I wanted—an' they *did* comfort me so, miss, an' I don't know *'ow* as I can ever give 'em up."

"But I see no reason why you should."

"Ah, miss, you speaks so kind because you do think, 'She's ill, poor thing, and we must yumor 'er,' but what'd the reverend say? You may depend as that there Mrs. Robinson'll never let it alone. What'll *'e* say? An' if 'e says as I've got to tell every one I ain't no married woman an' never 'ad no children, I'd rather not get well. I couldn't face it, miss. Because I *can't* feel as the Lard's very angry with me—I can't."

"Mrs. Cushion, will you let me tell Mr. Molyneux and see what he says?"

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Mrs. Cushion sighed. "I suppose 'e'll 'ave to be told, an' you'd tell him more straightforward nor I could. It's all so mixed up like. You see, them boys ain't never done no 'arm to any one—they so far off and all—an' I will say this, miss, they've give me a sort of 'old over young, growin' chaps I wouldn't 'ave 'ad without 'em. Many's the young chap as 'ave listened to a word from me about drink and the like because 'e thought: 'There, she knows as it's only natural—she's got sons of 'er own—she won't be too 'ard on me'—and they did like me, I knows they did—they did, indeed, miss."

I thought of the hobbledehoys and the shy, furtive presents of eggs and honey and tight little bunches of flowers, and an occasional rabbit,—how come by it were, perhaps, better not to inquire,—and the inarticulate lingering, the waiting for intelligence they were too shy to ask for—I thought of these things, and I knew that Mrs. Cushion spoke the truth.

"Now, you, miss," the tired, whispering voice went on, "if I may say so, you *looks* unmarried; and yet I do believe as you understands."

"I do, I do, Mrs. Cushion."

"It seemed some'ow as if it '*ad* to be, and yet there's no one 'ates lies and bedanglements more than me. An' there I've been and gone and done it myself. But I ain't going to own it!" Mrs. Cushion added almost fiercely. "Not if I 'ad to let Snig's an' leave these parts. I'd *far* rather die."

By this time she was as flushed as she had been pale before, and I had to tell her she mustn't talk any more, but leave it all till the morning, when we'd consult the vicar.

For about an hour I sat by her bed, till her more regular breathing showed me she had dropped off into the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

In the morning I sent a note to the vicar by one of the solicitous young men, and by ten o'clock he was in my sitting-room, while the parish nurse was getting Mrs. Cushion's room ready up-stairs.

I told the story very briefly and as far as possible in her own words, and the vicar, who had been sitting at the table, facing the light, suddenly got up and stood by the fireplace, his elbow on the mantel-shelf, shading his eyes with his hand and almost turning his back upon me.

"And if she can't keep her children, she won't get well," I concluded.

"Of course she must keep her children," he muttered hoarsely.

"But what about Mrs. Robinson?"

He blew his nose, with his handkerchief all over his face, and then turned on me triumphantly, handing me a letter.

"I was coming to you this morning, in any case, to show you this. I suddenly decided what to say and thought you'd like to see it. I'm glad I wrote before you told me this. There's a decisive vagueness about it that will, I know, command your literary respect—if nothing else."

This is what he had written:

"DEAR MRS. ROBINSON: Of course you are right. The Caroline Cushion you knew never was married nor had she any children; and she always was, as you charitably supposed, an entirely respectable woman. The confusion arose with Miss Legh and me, and I apologize for the trouble we have inadvertently caused you. Thanking you for so satisfactorily clearing up the matter, I am yours faithfully,

"R. W. MOLYNEUX."

The parish nurse knocked at the door. "I've put her quite straight, Miss Legh, and the doctor said yesterday she can have anything she fancies for her dinner."

Up the steep stairs the vicar climbed, pausing at the top to get his breath. Mrs. Cushion was sitting up in bed, propped up with pillows. She had on her best cap and the gold-rimmed spectacles sacred to Sundays.

"Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it," said the vicar from the threshold.

I shut the bedroom door and left them.

When the vicar had creaked heavily down-stairs again I went and opened the front door for him.

"Poor soul!" he said, "poor, hungry-hearted, loving soul! Do you remember Elia?" And more to himself than to me he murmured: "We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been."

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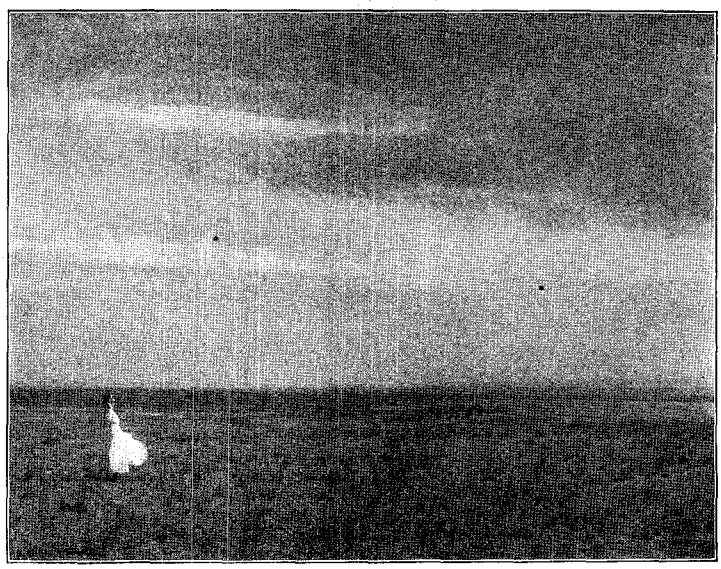

ON THE PRAIRIE

By Eliza Morgan Swift

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURA GILPIN

THERE'S a wind on the prairie
That sends the clouds sailing,
Their long tresses trailing,
With the blustering swirl of the wind on the lea;
And the waves of the grasses,
In sweeping blue masses,
Are brothers akin to the waves of the sea.

There are smooth dazzling reaches
Of white sandy beaches,
For miles upon miles without brushwood or tree;
And patches of yellow
That soften and mellow,
Like the dusk on the marshes that lead to the sea.

Oh, the voice of the prairie—
How often I hear it!
It calls to my spirit
In the silence of twilight: "Come forth unto me."
The mountains around me
Have smothered and bound me,
But the voice of the prairie's the voice of the sea.

Across the broad spaces,
The limitless places,
Unfettered, unhindered, my spirit goes free.
My spirit goes winging,
My spirit goes singing
The song of the exile who's far from the sea.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

XIV

STARLIGHT PHILOSOPHY

SUSAN never forgot how that day grew dim and broke from its moorings and drifted away, leaving a few stars in the western sky and a soft silence over the earth.

Mann sang little fragments of song and whistled in an absent-minded fashion as he got their supper ready. He would not permit her to help, because, he said, she could not be expected to have acquired the fine art of cooking on the road. He was pleased because he had prevailed over her—that he had opposed his will to hers and had won a victory.

He had acted with no reprehensible design, with no definite intention. He liked Susan, who seemed to him an odd creature of mental crudities and physical wholesomeness. He was inclined to think that she was more like a boy than a woman; yet he remembered very feminine speeches and movements, and he concluded that she was not at all like a boy, after all. She puzzled him not a little. That, perhaps, largely explained her attraction for him. It seemed plain that she was instinctively virtuous; yet she had admitted in the most matter-of-fact way that she had run away from whatever ties had held her and that she had no regret because they had been broken.

More than once he caught himself stealing a glance at her when she was not looking, and he realized that in an unfamiliar way she was quite beautiful. The idea of her undertaking to live the life of the road! How childish! Yet how appealing she was in her unsophisticated folly! He could have understood certain little coquetries and insincerities better than he understood her downright speech and her intently observant glances when she failed to understand him.

If he did not clearly understand his unwillingness to part with her he had a very plausible response to make to his own questioning. He was lonesome; and this woman was at least peculiar, without being burdensome, and she was therefore interesting.

It was dark when they finished their supper, which was of baked potatoes and fish and coffee, with little leaf cups of shining dewberries added. Mann had discovered them over in the grass and had secretly added them to their repast as a pleasant surprise. He observed her closely as he drew away the newspaper with which he had covered them; and he was well repaid by the light which leaped into her eyes.

Then he made a cheerful fire and prepared a blanket of leaves which he placed at the base of the bluffs, so that he and his companion could sit down in comfort, with the supporting wall of rock at their backs.

"It was pretty—what that woman said about travellers meeting only once, wasn't it?" remarked Mann.

"She seemed to be an awful good woman," responded Susan.

"And I was applying it to you and me, more than to the rest of us. We'll go on to Horseshoe in the morning, and then I suppose it will be farewell."

"Yes, I guess so."

"You'll be going back to the city before long: I'm sure of that. And I suppose one tramping trip will be enough. You've got people back there?"

"What kind of people?"

"Relatives—yours and your husband's."

"No. There's nobody there but my husband."

Mann turned toward her with a start. "He's living?" he asked.

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages

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"Yes. I never said he wasn't, did I?"

"I'm sure you didn't. I hope you'll excuse me for not attending to my own business."

"Oh, that's all right. It was my husband I ran away from—him and the room where we did light housekeeping. It was the combination I couldn't stand. My husband put me in one room to live; and then he—he couldn't be with me a good deal of the time. You know how some people live." She made this statement not as one who brings charges, but who merely states a commonplace fact.

Mann remained silent for a time, believing that she would go on with her story. When she did not continue for so long a time that he feared she might be turning her mind into other channels, he sought to recall her to that unfinished chronicle of shipwreck.

"But merely living in one room—that wouldn't seem altogether terrible, if you loved each other."

"Maybe," hazarded Susan thoughtfully, "we didn't love each other."

There was no levity in the steady glance Mann turned upon her.

"I don't believe I ever asked myself that question," she elaborated. "We belonged to each other before I had very much time to think about him. I married him when I was a girl, so that I needn't work in the factory any more. I don't suppose I ever did think very much about him—in that way. You know you don't know very well what you're about when you're put to work when you're a little bit of a thing, and kept penned up and tired out all the time. You do what women a little older than you are doing. You don't think things out for yourself. You can't. Anyway, I didn't. I was born for factory work, you might say. My mother used to take me with her, before I can remember. She was a factory woman, too. So you see there wasn't any other chance for me. I can't remember ever being a child, like other children. I used to see other little girls on their way to school, or to picnics, and the sight dazed me. I couldn't understand. When Herkimer wanted me, and offered to take care of me, I thought that was all I could possibly ask. I've wondered lately if I loved him." She paused with an effort to analyze her feelings. "Sometimes," she added, "I used to think I hated him."

"Ah, then you must have loved him. A woman never hates a man unless she loves him too." He spoke lightly, but his gaze wandered away and grew pensive. He was still beholding that picture of a childhood. He was marvelling, too, that he could bring himself to speak so freely to a woman who was really a stranger to him, about the intimate things of her life. But that was where Susan was different. She was not only unconventional—she hadn't the slightest inkling of what the conventions meant.

"Oh, I don't know," protested Susan, with that last utterance of his in mind. Her hands were clasped about her knees and she had made herself thoroughly comfortable. "I've noticed that people who lay down rules about women are pretty apt to be mistaken. Any rule that you can fit to a woman fairly will fit to a man too."

Mann shook his head slowly. "That would mean that men and women were alike," he objected.

"Why not—in ways that really matter? People say women are fickle, women are untruthful, women are vain, women are tender-hearted. You can say the same things about men, can't you? I mean, about some men—just as you can about some women. Still, I think I did love Herkimer, though I guess I didn't know it. I've thought of him a good many times since I've been on the road, and it seems to me he must have wanted to run away about as bad as I did. A good many times I wish I'd got him to run away with me."

Mann leaned his head back and laughed so heartily that Susan was dumfounded. She turned wide eyes upon him.

"It wouldn't have been running away, would it, if you'd taken him into your confidence?"

"I can't see why not. It would just have been both of us, instead of one."

Mann's laughter deserted him swiftly. How could he be amused by a thought which was as the very essence of childishness, of innocence? He began to catch the larger idea in her mind, too. She was

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not trying to escape from hardships as hardships. She was eager to be done with evil, with the forces which bound and oppressed her soul.

"And if ever you want to go back again," he asked, "do you suppose he will welcome you, and ask you to tell him all about the things that happened while you were running away?"

She sensed a lack of understanding in his tone; a probing curiosity, a hint of mockery.

"I'm not going back—to him," she answered with dignity. "I couldn't do that now for reasons of my own, apart from what he'd think or say. If I ever get back to the city it will be to work and make my own way. Herkimer wasn't so bad; it was the life we led that was bad. And it's all over now."

Mann remained silent for a long time. He realized that he had been betrayed into a mood which his companion resented. He realized, too, that she did not object to the most searching curiosity in his attitude, so long as an understanding sympathy accompanied it; but that she was more than likely to feel instantly outraged by facetiousness, by any intimation that life was not a wholly serious affair, to be grappled with conscientiously. Then of a sudden he found himself feeling a simple pity for her. He conceded that a straightforward creature like this deserved to fare better at the hands of society than she appeared to have fared. He did not believe that she would fail to find comfort and general welfare if she continued to seek for them—and thus her revelations were not comedy after all, but drama.

"After the rough places are crossed," he suggested, "you might find happiness together—unless one or the other of you makes things more difficult by going into the divorce court."

Susan turned toward him slowly, her face quite blank. Then with slowly dawning comprehension she answered him. "Oh, no. A divorce wouldn't be necessary in any case."

"Except, of course, that it would mean freedom."

"Freedom? How?"

He would have said "Freedom to marry again"; but a less downright response occurred to him: "Freedom of mind. Freedom of movement."

Susan seemed to consider. "I guess you don't understand," she said. "No, you wouldn't. You see, we were only common-law man and wife." She spoke with complacency and frankness. There was not a hint of embarrassment in her voice.

Mann stared straight before him; and Susan, viewing his profile as the firelight glowed beyond him, fancied he had not understood. There were so many who did not seem to understand common-law marriages.

"I mean," she elaborated, "there wasn't any ceremony—no justice of the peace or preacher as there is sometimes."

There was a further silence between them and then Mann said dully: "Yes, I understand."

He seemed to withdraw within himself. He was slightly dazed—he had to confess it. He had heard of common-law marriages, of course; but the idea of it seemed vague and entirely remote from him. Common-law marriage, he thought, was a kind of admission by the law that human affairs could not always be made to run in a lawful fashion. It was an institution planned for the protection of certain submerged elements in society. Yet here was a woman of an astounding degree of innocence who admitted lightly that she was a common-law wife, and who saw no cause for being ashamed of her condition.

He continued to ruminate darkly; and Susan too yielded to the pensive influences of the time and place. Across the black spaces of the night the lightning-bugs began to release their lights. Muffled, mysterious sounds were audible: the flow of the brook, the call of an owl deep in the woods, the pipe and whir of insects.

"It makes you feel sad to see them out there," ventured Susan finally. "The lightning-bugs, I mean."

"No, not me," said Mann.

"I mean to have them making their cunning little lights and nobody to see them, if we weren't here just by chance."

"It's our vanity makes us look at it that way. They're better off than we are in one way. They don't care about being

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seen. They do what pleases them and let it go at that."

"But why shouldn't we do just that, too?"

"Besides," continued Mann, "they don't know what it is to be lonesome. Think of the delights of such a state! Maybe," he added, with an attempt to be more cheerful, "when a tramp is really a good tramp his next experience is being a lightning-bug. I mean, when he comes back to earth again."

Susan looked toward him impatiently. "They wouldn't have any lights if they didn't mind being lonesome," she declared. "That's the way they call to each other. I think they may be sweethearting right now, some of them."

"Ah, if that's true it isn't likely that they make their lights in vain. It's no use being sorry for them. You might as well pity the stream—or the stars."

There was another interval of silence, and then Mann spoke—cautiously, yet with a note of earnestness. "Mrs. Herkimer," he said, "do you realize that there's nothing to prevent you and me from going on together, not just until to-morrow but —afterward?"

"Why not?" she demanded.

"No legal reason," he explained.

"I don't know anything about legal reasons. I don't know what you mean."

"Why shouldn't we go on together just as we've been to-day?"

"We don't belong together. That's the best reason I can think of."

"Well—why not?"

"I belong to Herkimer. I ran away from him. Unless I mean to keep to myself I think I belong to him still."

"But you weren't bound to him."

"Why, yes, I was. Of course I was. It's the people who go through with a rigamarole who don't really belong to each other. That's the way it seems to me. They depend upon the rigamarole, you might say, and not on themselves. Your own feeling is the only thing that counts. If you can't depend on that you're no good. What can an outsider do for you, I'd like to know? They can't make you married any more than they can make you honest or smart. It's a thing you must do for yourself."

Mann was now frowning faintly—a frown which he might have borrowed from Susan. Here was this unschooled woman leading him into a dark place and bidding him behold the stars. He wondered if the stars were really there.

"I mean in the eyes of the community," he parried.

"The community never did anything for me. It didn't even know anything about me. I worked for myself, hard, until Herkimer took care of me; and then it was Herkimer and not the community. I've heard your kind of talk before. I don't know anything about it."

Mann was silenced by this. When he spoke again there was perplexity in his tone. "Would you mind telling me how you worked that out?" he asked. It was sophistry, according to all the standards of human rectitude—yet she had not uttered her words as if they were sophistries.

"It isn't anything I've thought," declared Susan. "It's what I have lived. The people in Pleasant Lane don't have to hunt for the truth. It comes to them fast enough. Sometimes it hits them so hard it stuns them." She paused. Then —"I think I'd better go to sleep," she added.

Something in her tone, as well as in her words, seemed to place the old distance between them again.

"May I help you up?" he asked.

"No, thank you." She got to her feet.

Mann stood away from her at a respectful distance. He realized that he had not compassed even a slight degree of intimacy, but that, instead, ridiculous barriers that could not be described in any of the terms of the logic of schools were arising between them in increasing numbers. She was what many people would have described as a woman who lacked virtue; yet she kept him at a distance—not by the practice of any art but by sheer simplicity, by something within her.

His man's sense of logic was offended. For an instant he was tempted to ignore her indefensible fancies, to sweep aside her absurd sophistries, to take charge of the situation and shape it to suit himself.

He was checked by her childlike confidence, her obvious faith in him, as she turned toward the ledge where her pallet of grass was spread.

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"Mrs. Herkimer," he broke out impatiently, "won't you say, at least, that you're going to feel more comfortable because of my being in the lower berth?"

Susan battled with herself. She could not tell why it was so hard for her to be generous toward her companion, who had treated her only with friendliness and consideration.

"I'll feel more comfortable," she said, "when I get started on the road to Horseshoe to-morrow."

XV

TWO TRAVELLERS DISCOVER A TOWN

THEY set out for Horseshoe the next morning, leisurely yet with a certain degree of eagerness. If Susan had not clearly defined her expectations, even to herself, there was certainly present in her consciousness the hope that she might find some sort of employment. It seemed clear to her that happiness did not lie along the road of idleness; and her idea was that she need not sacrifice her liberty, even if she accepted a position of some sort. She could give it up the moment she wished to; and there would be none to decide her way of life for her save herself. In brief, the journey to Horseshoe was simply another adventure, and the life which offered itself to her there might be accepted or rejected as she saw fit.

Mann's interest sprang wholly from his companion's. He thought it might be entirely diverting to observe how this strange woman took hold of a phase of life which was new to her. He was also alertly curious as to the outcome of their undefined relationship. She had made no objection to their beginning the journey into the town together. At what point would she decide to bid him farewell? Or would she, possibly, consent to a continuation of their companionship? Or—more likely still—would circumstances combine to keep them together, regardless of what they planned or preferred?

He had been amazed, upon their setting out, by her explanation of how the unexplained horse came into her possession. She had said simply: "I found it, and it needed somebody to help it. It belongs to us as much as to anybody else."

He had laughed at the simplicity of this, and had summed the case up in words which she scarcely grasped: "If you feel that it's yours by right of discovery, you can't go wrong by holding on, at least until somebody with a better claim shows up. The theory of unconscious sin was an invention of the mediæval theologians—little chaps—and hasn't any place in the creeds of the heathen on the one side or the teachings of Jesus on the other." And then, with a smile: "We'll take your live stock with us to Horseshoe, and if we run afoul of any sheriffs we'll hope they'll have a sense of humor."

"Oh, wait!" exclaimed Susan imperatively.

The refuge under the bluffs had been left more than an hour ago when Susan stopped, her eyes shining, her hands, pressed together, held close to her heart.

Mann, who had been walking silently and somewhat listlessly beside her, brought himself to a halt, quite after the manner of a soldier. Then both travellers sent their glances far ahead, and both became possessed of a feeling very like rapture.

The road had lain through almost unbroken forests; but a turn had occurred a moment earlier, and now they found themselves at the top of a hill, with a tranquil and arresting scene spread before them.

In the distance, in the midst of a basin which was barren of forest, lay Horseshoe—bright, even brilliant, in the searching sun of the summer morning. The man and woman on their hilltop could see every edifice, every street, every open space in the town. There were little gardens, with flowers and vegetables in rows; and wells, with mossy roofs and boarded sides; and fences, some of which were erect and rigid, while others manifested a tendency to lie down and slumber. There were uncompromising roads, spanning the shortest distance from point to point, and there were easy-going paths which meandered idly. There were animals in occasional open spaces: cows, horses, dogs. And there were chickens and a flock of geese. There was a schoolhouse, and a

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church, and a cemetery; yes, and another church, and another. The cemetery seemed disproportionately large for so small a town. It lay upon a distant slope, its headstones catching the brilliant sunlight, and it seemed to be trying to climb over the hill and beyond into complete peacefulness. In what seemed to be the main street there was a public well, shaded by high trees with wide-spreading branches. Wagons were drawn up under the shade of these trees; and near by were horses which had been unhitched and tied. Some of the horses were feeding, seemingly. They seemed to be stretching their necks to reach wisps of hay, or boxes filled with grain.

And over beyond the town the most electrifying thing of all appeared: the steel rails and regular cross-ties of a single line of railway. For a few hundred yards the tracks were double; and on one of these side-tracks a few box cars stood, waiting to be loaded or unloaded. Here also stood a little station with a square garden-patch at either end.

"It's Horseshoe!" exclaimed Susan.

"Horseshoe," assented Mann. "It looks pretty, doesn't it?—especially those steel rails, with their far-off 'come-hither' inflection."

"I don't believe anything ever looked so pretty to me in all my life," declared Susan.

"And yet it's just another city like the one you ran away from—only on a mean scale."

"Oh, but let's hope it's something good!" pleaded Susan.

"I'm afraid I've only told you what's true; and I haven't told you the worst of the truth, either. That little town down there is different from the city in one important way. The people who live in it are just country people, after all. They'll be staring at us when we get a little farther on. They'll want to know all about us. And when they find we're a little different from them they'll despise us."

"But why?" demanded Susan.

"My dear friend, there are hundreds of thousands of Horseshoes, bearing one name or another, all over the country—all over the world. I know the kind of people who live there. There's a school-teacher, and two or three preachers, and a judge, and——"

"Oh!" moaned Susan, "what makes you think there's a judge?"

"There's always a judge," declared Mann. "Who ever heard of the bees eating the honey they gathered?"

"I'm going on," said Susan. She tried not to speak disagreeably, but she did not wish to be discouraged, to be disillusioned, now.

"Come on, Cleopatra!" Mann turned and tugged at the halter-strap in his hand, and the man and woman and horse proceeded down the hill in silence.

There was a moment, later, when Mann had an impulse to bid his companion farewell and leave her to descend upon the town alone. But he quickly banished the thought. Whatever else she was, she was a woman without protection, and he might be of service to her among a clan which might in all probability prove inimical to her. And as yet she had said no word by way of dismissal. Besides, there was the persisting thought in his mind that this unique creature, despite the utterly fantastic quest upon which she had set out, possessed qualities which were lovely and rare. She was like a sort of sleeping princess, stolen away from her enchanted wood and waiting for some one to awaken her by the still unspoken words of magic.

He had been greatly amazed by her frank attitude toward marriage on the common-law plan, and by her admission that she was a wife of the type which is regarded as no wife at all by the whole of Christendom. He had even felt that her admission absolved him from many of those obligations which a man must always recognize in his dealings with a good woman.

But what she had lost by an astounding frankness she had regained by her own consciousness of merit—of rectitude. He had forgotten her damaging admission now. Instead he was regarding, with increasing wonder, certain newly revealed beauties in his companion. She was advancing toward Horseshoe with the rapture of a child entering a field of daisies. She seemed slighter, more delicate, than he had thought her. The poise of her head was like that of an eager little girl.

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He was quite amazed by all this, and yet . . . clearly she was responding to the call of life, she who had never lived as yet. She was responding to that instinct to live which is the propelling power of all humanity.

They came closer to the houses; and at the imminence of new tests and encounters Susan felt her heart failing her again. She had run away, with a factitious courage, from the city, and this courage had slipped from her during the brief time in which she had permitted herself even in moderate measure to lean upon Mann. Now she realized that she would have to come into contact with the people of this strange town—with some of them at least. She would have to conciliate them, if they were unfriendly; she would have to answer questions. She felt as one might feel upon venturing out of doors without being properly clothed.

She turned to her companion abruptly. "We ought to fix up a story to tell," she said, regarding him sharply.

Mann could have laughed at the simple mendacity of this; but he speedily recalled the fact that she had been nurtured in a hard school, where women, as well as men, had to fend against constant cruelties and injustice. The sort of obliquity she manifested now was not the result of instinct; it was simply development.

"There!" he cried gayly, "you're coming under the spell of civilization again. In the main you were beautifully incautious back there in the wilds. Still, you're right. We ought to have a story to tell. Can you suggest one?"

"We'll not tell them we came from Quitman," decided Susan somewhat darkly. "You think of the name of some town. And we're coming to Horseshoe because we heard the town is having a boom."

Mann seemed to be weighing this judicially. "Very well," he agreed. It occurred to him that she had overlooked the most important point in her planning. What were they to say as to their relationship—as to why they were travelling together? He waited, confident that Susan would come to this speedily. He would cheerfully have made a suggestion, but he feared to shock her. There was only one course to take, he thought—and possibly she would hit upon that herself.

They reached the level of the town; they passed one house and then another: trim little places, with painted paling fences and neat flower-beds in front. There were also door-bells, and pretty lace curtains, and large panes of glass in the windows.

Mann continued to regard his companion inquiringly. He could see that she was deeply pondering. She would realize presently that they would have to seem something more to each other than mere chance acquaintances. Perhaps this thought had already occurred to her, and she was seeking for words with which to touch upon it delicately.

In the meantime they were steadily drawing closer to the town, and in a few minutes confidences and plans might be alike impossible.

And then Mann's mind was diverted from the channel it had been following by an entirely remarkable spectacle.

In front of them, in the road, the grotesque figure of a very old woman appeared. She was walking with the aid of a stick, which she carried staff-fashion. She took short, quick steps, as if she had to move rapidly in order to maintain her equilibrium.

At the approach of Mann and Susan she stopped and grasped her staff with both hands. By much effort she brought herself to a fairly upright position, and her eyes peered with childish excitement from a sunbonnet which sagged about her face.

She looked exultantly at Susan and asked a most disconcerting question: "Are you the woman from Quitman?"

The tones might have issued from a beak—they were so harsh and expressionless. Yet the woman's unlovely old face was aflame, in a fashion: as if she were a reception committee of one, come to extend to Susan the keys of the town.

"I'm not from Quitman," responded Susan simply. Her voice trembled ever so slightly.

The old woman removed her glance from Susan and fixed it upon Mann. "No, I reckon not," she said. "The woman from Quitman was travelling alone." She produced, seemingly from

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nowhere, a ridiculous little newspaper and held it out to Mann. She pointed with much agitation to an article on the first page.

Mann took the paper and straightened it out, looking first at the title: *The Horseshoe Nail*. Then his glance travelled down to the article the old woman had pointed out to him. Under the heading "From Our Correspondents" he found, under a Quitman headline, an item beginning——

"Our interesting little city was shaken from centre to circumference one day last week by the appearance of a mysterious woman, travelling alone——"

Mann glanced down the article until his eyes chanced upon the name—Mrs. Herkimer.

"Very interesting," he said lightly, handing the paper back to the eager old woman. "No, this lady is not from Quitman."

Susan looked at him with grateful eyes; and then at the wretched creature who now folded her newspaper and put it away with a sigh.

"You going to stop in Horseshoe?" came the rasping voice again.

"We thought of stopping for a time," replied Mann.

"Take my word, and don't. It's a hellhole—a hellhole. Better keep right on agoing."

"I'm very glad you mentioned it," responded Mann amiably. "We're very heartily obliged to you." He took a step forward. "Good day," he added, nodding pleasantly.

"What a queer creature!" whispered Susan, when they were on their way again. In her mind echoed the words: "She travels alone." She felt fearfully uneasy. "What was it in the paper?" she asked.

"Oh, just some bucolic nonsense. Nothing for us to pay any attention to."

Susan's feet became heavy, her eyes were cloudy with unhappiness. "She travels alone" were the words she repeated again and again to herself.

Mann noted her sudden distress. There came to him a renewed and stronger desire to serve her, unselfishly and to the end of her trials. "Would you rather we went different ways now?" he suggested. "I don't mean that we should separate entirely. I could find something to do, and keep an eye on you from a distance—to help, in case you might need help of any kind."

He was surprised by the promptness and intensity of her response. "Oh, no! Let's not separate now!" she almost implored. "You know I've got a little money. We'll go to a boarding-house, so that we can get out of sight somewhere for a while. I'd feel so much better if you'd stay with me until I get taken in somewhere."

Mann was puzzled by her sudden change of spirit. She who had been so independent—so resentful of needless help—had become in a moment a good deal like the average type of woman.

"Of course, I won't leave you until you want me to," he assured her.

And so they walked resolutely into the town, keeping to the middle of the road, though there were now sidewalks along one or both sides of the way. Mann talked to his companion easily when an occasional pedestrian paused to look at them, or when men and women came to the porches near by and stared.

"Back to the heart of civilization again!" he said, with friendly contempt for the aspect of things; and then his glance fell upon a large building, oddly distinguished from among its surroundings, which lay just ahead.

Above its portals hung this conspicuous legend:

THE HORSESHOE HOTEL

XVI

SUSAN TO THE RESCUE

THE gentle and observant traveller need only have looked at the structure called the Horseshoe Hotel to know that on a day now long gone a man with a dream had entered Horseshoe and had sought to make the town his home.

The hotel building was an old residence—or, more accurately, it was an antiquated mansion. It was a thing unique among its surroundings. With the grimy and crude structures which constituted old Horseshoe it had as little in common

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as with the smart, flimsy buildings which were springing up everywhere in response to Horseshoe's boom. The immense pillared portico along the front must have been almost noble in its time; and even from the street you got the impression of an interior characterized by generosity, by a large-handed spaciousness.

There had been grounds and a garden at one time; but the garden was now a wilderness of vines and of trees which had gone to decay through lack of care. There were remnants of fences, mute witnesses to the fact that the human beings who had once been at home here were here no longer. There was, in a word, the story of a man's failure and downfall in that shining legend across the structure's front: The Horseshoe Hotel. The thing might have made you think of heavily applied cosmetics on the face of a woman once beautiful and good.

Up a dozen steps Susan climbed to the wide, stagelike porch, while Mann reconnoitred. To a post in front of the hotel he had tied the horse he had been leading, and then he entered the seemingly deserted hostelry in search of a welcome.

While she waited, Susan looked down the miniature street which divided the miniature city. She noted the fact that people were moving along the sidewalks in the brisk and purposeful fashion which one does not note quite out in the country. The sidewalks were of wood and every footfall made a report which, Susan believed, must be audible to the remotest corners of the town. The men were in some odd manner suggestive of the men of the city—yet what a difference there was! They seemed to lack authority in their dress, in their carriage, in their very existence. And mingled with the make-believe urban types there were gaunt fellows with tanned faces and slouching straw hats who stepped high and talked in loud voices—men from the outer territory surrounding the town.

There were not a few who turned their heads curiously to look at the man and woman who climbed the hotel steps; for the forenoon train-time had passed two hours ago, and the hack service between Horseshoe and Smith City had been discontinued. They were accustomed to an unusual number of strangers, for the new railroad had acted as a magnet, and a good many people were settling in Horseshoe with the delusion that in itself the railroad would create work and wealth. But Susan and Mann had come into the town afoot—which was unusual in itself; and there was something in the manner and appearance of both the man and the woman which would have proclaimed anywhere that they were not of the country but from the city.

After a long time, as it seemed, Susan heard the welcome sound of voices inside the hotel. There was a murmured colloquy, which drew nearer, and then she heard Mann's voice call out clearly and cheerfully:

"It's all right!"

And so, with her fear of what might lie before her of small account, when measured with her dread of standing any longer before the public view of Horseshoe, Susan stepped out of the brilliant sunshine, through the wide-open doors, and into a somewhat sombre hall.

"This way." It was another voice that spoke, a woman's voice; and Mann stood aside and waited until Susan had entered the hotel-office and waiting-room, a small room which had been created by the introduction of a wooden partition.

"The madam wants to get accommodations," announced Mann easily, when he saw that Susan hesitated to state her own case.

The woman he addressed was still young—scarcely older than Susan, perhaps. Slattern is the word Susan would have applied to her, after the two women had exchanged a swift, challenging look; yet this woman of the hotel might, with a different will or nature, or possibly on another occasion, have been handsome. There was an abundance of color in her face, and a sensuous light in her reddish-brown eyes. She was broad-shouldered and heavy of bust and hips; her throat was of great diameter, yet soft and white. She wore a shabby waist which had been costly and colorful in its time, and which still gave its wearer a soiled, Juno-like splendor. It buttoned in front, or should have done so; though just now the corners fell away from her throat, discovering much ripe flesh, only partly hidden

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beneath a lace undergarment. Finally, her abundant hair was of a fine auburn.

"That's all right," she said. She looked at Mann boldly and with slightly heightened color. "And I suppose you want to stay too?"

"Yes, certainly," Susan interposed. The woman had paid so little heed to her that the situation was becoming something less of an ordeal.

"Well, it will be all right." Her vision seemed to be taking in the invisible spaces of the hotel rather than the man and woman who had applied to her for quarters. The expression in her eyes was explained when she added: "We're crowded just now. Some of my husband's relatives are here on a visit. And there are the regular boarders. There's the station-agent and his wife, and Mr. Prouty. His wife is coming over from Smith City later, and they're going to rent a house. But he's staying here now. He runs the paper."

The idle garrulity of this was like a song in Susan's ears; or, rather, it was like a kindly enveloping cloud to one who has stood too long in the sun. It seemed to afford her a greatly coveted obscurity.

"The paper?" asked Mann politely.

"*The Nail.* It used to be *The Nail-Citizen*, but they've dropped the *Citizen* now. You know we used to have two papers; but they were both starving to death before they consolidated. *The Nail* had the county printing, and *The Citizen* had Epstein's advertising and Goldman's."

They had taken seats and Susan was sinking back into herself with a sense of relief. A woman who talked in such an idle strain, and with such loudness and indolence, was incapable of any real discernment, she believed. She looked in a kind of remote, hidden way at this self-betraying creature, who had no depth of character and no aim to conceal the fact that she was quite shallow and common. She noticed, too, that the hotel woman was quite wilfully betraying her admiration of Mann, searching his features in an almost predatory fashion and coloring when she caught his eye. She noted, finally, that Mann was maintaining the innocent, almost demure, expression which is the male's only method of keeping countenance in the face of a too frankly manifested admiration.

"Did you say you came from Smith City?" asked the woman, after she had seemingly exhausted other topics.

"Yes," replied Mann; and Susan became tense. She was relieved when a young, somewhat ill-featured woman appeared in the doorway.

"Why didn't you come when I called you, Janey?" demanded the hotel woman of the newcomer. "I want you to get accommodations ready for two—and put on two extra plates for dinner."

The young woman disappeared without making any response at all.

"I suppose you got a rig in Smith City to bring you over?"

Again Susan's fingers tightened on the arms of her chair. She did not remove her eyes from Mann's face.

"No," replied Mann, after a moment's deliberation, "we started over in our own rig, but a tire came off when we were near Quitman and I left the buggy with the blacksmith. The harness, too. I brought the mare along with me. I may decide to buy another buggy here if I need one before I can send to Quitman."

Susan blinked rapidly. She was almost as greatly amazed as a New England child might be if it found, on some familiar common, an elephant, or a band of Arabs, or a playful walrus. Her blood seemed to freeze again when the hotel woman remarked:

"I hear they've had a great deal of excitement over in Quitman."

"Excitement?" echoed Mann.

"Mr. Prouty—of *The Nail*—tells me they had a visit from a woman thief over there."

"Oh, yes, yes," assented Mann. "Yes, I heard something about that."

"I believe they didn't have any real proof that she was a thief," remarked Susan casually. She felt for the moment that it was quite beyond her power to remain silent.

"Yes," added Mann, nodding, "I believe there was some question as to her guilt."

"Anyway, a suspicious character, travelling around by herself. She couldn't have been there for any good purpose."

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Susan held herself in hand as she had never done in all her life before. What would Mann think? Wouldn't he know at once that *she* was the woman who had been regarded with suspicion by the people of Quitman? And what reason had she given him to believe in her innocence?

But Mann only smiled oddly. Once he shot a whimsical, taunting glance at Susan; but his face betrayed neither surprise nor resentment.

"I see you're a wise woman," he declared, nodding slowly at the woman of the hotel. He repeated thoughtfully: "A very wise woman!"

The silence which followed was broken by the proprietress, who seemed to recall the responsibilities of her position. She arose hastily, assuming a businesslike air, and moved toward the hall with an energy quite alien to her bearing of the instant before.

"I must see what that girl's done toward making ready for you," she said. Her footsteps could be heard blending with other noises in distant rooms—the singing of a caged bird, the clatter of dishes.

Susan turned timid yet defiant eyes upon Mann. She seemed, for the moment, a good deal like a little girl.

"Of course you know," she whispered, "that I'm the woman she was talking about?"

Mann smiled buoyantly. "What's the difference?" he asked.

"But you don't believe I'm a—a thief?"

He seemed to weigh the question. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped. Susan observed, however, that his lips were resisting a smile—and she had become accustomed to seeing him thus when he wished to be tantalizing.

"I'll tell you," he said finally; "I never thought much about it. You see, I've got nothing to lose."

"But tell me," persisted Susan; "you don't believe it?" She was tremendously in earnest.

He became serious then. "Of course not! What a ridiculous question!"

Her eyes became slightly misty. "Well, I don't want you to," she declared.

"You're entirely all right," he said, with the thought of tiding over her stressful moment. "You'll get in here all right, and as soon as I make sure of it I'll disappear. Don't you let any of them worry you."

Something in his tone disturbed Susan in a new way. She leaned toward him with sudden vehemence. "There's one thing I want to tell you," she declared. "I'm not going to make a convenience of any one—of you, I mean. We've been friends together. You've been a help to me. And I'm not going to have it all one-sided. I'll pay this woman here for accommodations for us both—as long as I can. And then you can sell—Cleopatra." There was the ghost of a twinkle in her eye as she uttered the word he had first used. "I mean, if nobody claims her. And you can take half the money and give me half. And then if I want to I can go down to the station and buy a ticket for back home."

Mann beamed with joy: not because of the reward which she seemed to consider worth while, but because of the proof that she thought of him with kindness. Here again was the quality which he had stupidly thought of as boyishness; but it wasn't boyishness. It was her sense of honor and justice. She wouldn't make a convenience of any one; and he wondered if there was a rarer or higher virtue among men than just that.

He regarded her with keen eyes. "Don't think about that ticket for back home just yet," he said. And then, with deeper earnestness: "Do you know, Mrs. Herkimer, I'd be willing to settle down in the old harness again—I'm sure of it—if we could go on being with each other, and maybe helping each other. There's something awfully fair and square about you. You're what I'd call a regular partner. Let's not talk about tickets. I'm just beginning to find out that it's a wonderful world. I wish you could make that discovery too. Let's think of going on through the wilds together. We might discover wonderful things. We might"—he paused and smiled slowly—"we might even find each other."

Susan was beginning again to experience that undefined, delicious fear of him—and then she and Mann both were

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rudely wrenched away from their sentimental mood.

A disturbance of quite startling proportions had occurred just outside the door. Two voices, projected from different directions, came together and broke against each other.

"I told you to do it half an hour ago," the hotel woman was shouting, "and now I find you haven't turned a hand."

Then came the response—a very trumpet of sound: "No, it wasn't half an hour ago—and I won't be anybody's slave."

"But you'll mind what I tell you!"

"I'll not mind. I'm going to quit. I *have* quit."

There was an interval of silence; then sudden sounds indicating that the women had laid hands upon each other. In an instant two contending bodies appeared outside the door. The woman who had been called Janey was trying to free herself from her mistress, whose heavy body was kept persistently in the way.

"You're not going to leave me like this, without any notice. You wouldn't dare to!"

"I would! I *have!* You ask me to fix a room while I've got dinner on, while you sit around doing nothing. I'm through."

Then Mann and Susan beheld the shocking spectacle of an assault. The larger woman—the mistress—suddenly stood erect and lifted her hand with deliberation. Her eyes were dancing strangely. She bit her lips; her bosom was heaving. Once she struck the servant on the face with extraordinary force. Then she rained a dozen blows, dealt with the flat of her hand, upon the other woman's head and shoulders and back. The strange light fairly flamed in her eyes. And then she was striking against empty space. The other woman had escaped. For another moment she stood, panting and bewildered. And then she began to weep.

Susan arose and went to her quietly. "Don't!" she commanded. "You'll make yourself ill! It's not worth it. You must let me help. Look—we'll not waste words—if your servant is really gone, I'll take her place. I've nothing else to do just now. I'd really like to try—to learn how. You needn't pay me any wages. You shall give us accommodations—until you can get another servant. And stop crying."

The uncouth woman had tottered to the doorway and had hid her face in her arms. Now she looked from her hiding-place and grief gave place to wonder in her distorted face. She looked at Mann, who was regarding her with frank amazement. Then she smiled swiftly, most amazingly. "Will you? You angel out of heaven!" She turned to Mann. "Will you let her?"

He nodded. He was still regarding her curiously.

"Then we ought to begin right away." She was bearing Susan away with complete single-mindedness of purpose; but as if with an afterthought she paused and turned to Mann. "Thank you ever so much, Mr. ——" She looked inquiringly from one to the other. "I think you haven't told me what your name is."

Susan was about to answer, but her tongue faltered. It was her companion who stepped into the breach.

"Mann," he said.

"Thank you. Please make yourself at home, Mr. Mann. Now, Mrs. Mann, we'll have to hurry."

And Susan, with one glance at Mann—a glance of remonstrance, of alarm, of despair—followed silently in her wake.

(To be continued.)

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IN every true fighter there is a deep feeling of fatalism at the bottom of his heart, and in studying a little closer his daily life this will not surprise us. His conditions of life are quite different: he does not live in a house any more, but in caves, in deep dugouts which are considered as a kind of palace. Most of the time he dwells in a hole dug in the parapet of the trench if not in a shell-hole filled with a liquid sort of mud. His brains, his activities are not employed as they used to be; be he a farmer or a clerk, a docker or a teacher, a rich man or a poor man, he will dig trenches and again dig trenches. He will have but one single idea —kill the Boche and not be killed by him. Thus he has been transplanted from his habits as a civilian, from his ordinary conditions of living, torn away from his family, from his sphere, from his society, and he is obliged to bend both body and mind to these new conditions. The feeling that this appalling sort of life cannot be changed, that nothing can be done to induce him to lead a more normal sort of life, will work on him and give him the first touch of fatalism. When he is in the trenches this feeling will become an all-powerful one. There he will have to live in such startling conditions, amid such a gigantic uproar, amid such a tremendous commotion that he will feel himself a poor, wretched little creature at a loss. What is he to become in the midst of the fray, with shells exploding all around him with a startling noise? He is perfectly aware that the tenth, nay, the hundredth, part of the explosive contained in the shell would suffice to disable him. He is perfectly aware that one of these shell splinters which are buzzing all around him would, if it hit him, injure him seriously if not kill him. He also constantly hears the cracking of the bullets which pass close to him. And though he be not killed and come out of the fray unhurt, how does he explain this? Because his hour has not yet come. On the other hand, he sees a well-aimed German missile play great havoc in the billets close to the front among the men who came back unhurt after having delivered a very dangerous assault.

Fatalism

A very striking case of the sort happened in the 67th Infantry Regiment, my regiment. We stayed for nearly three months in the Somme, delivering two assaults, and living in a wretched condition, there being such an amount of mud that it reached knee-deep in most places and in some others waist-high. The orderlies who took care of the horses were at the rear and had a better lot. We were relieved and billeted in a little town at about fifteen kilometres from the line. There a German shell hit a barn where some men were billeted, and killed eight of them and wounded twelve of the second company. In that day this company sustained more losses in killed than during the last month we stayed in the Somme. Among the killed there was a man who had asked to be an orderly, as he was old and had several children. He believed that in staying at the rear he had no chance to be hurt. It was his destiny to die that day, said the men. . . .

Another reason that will help in bringing a touch of fatalism in the heart of the fighter is that all levels of human activity seem to be shattered, not to work in the usual way. Before the war a man with money in his pocket was a powerful man; now his bank-notes are often not available any more, and even with his money he will often not be able to buy food. I remember in the early period of the open warfare money was useless to buy food. Lately, during the Verdun battle, I would have paid any price to get some water; for during five days my whole regiment could get only eighty-six litres of water; so terrible was the shelling that nobody could cross this zone of death.

Thus the man sees that on the battle-field it is useless to run away—for the bullets will always catch him; that it is useless to hide in deep dugouts, for he has seen many of his comrades buried in overthrown dug-outs while others who fought bravely, facing death every moment, came out of the

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fray unhurt. On the other hand, all his habits, his ordinary mode of living, have been changed; everything to which he has been accustomed from his childhood on is different, even the very landscape which has taken such a strange and abnormal appearance that he is obliged to compare it to a moon landscape. It seems but natural, therefore, that he should be resigned to his fate; hence the feeling of fatalism. But this fatalism of his must not be mistaken for that of the Arabs, who never try to change the course of events (for everything on this earth happens by Allah's will and it would be a crime to go against his designs). No, the poilu, the French soldier, submits to the inevitable; he does not complain, for it is of no use; he does not worry, for all these miseries he is suffering can't be helped. But if he can avoid some evil, I assure you he does it. The conclusion is that his fatalism, far from lessening his fighting capacities, raises them to a high pitch, for he does his bit without complaint; he does it under all circumstances, never fearing death, for he knows that no man avoids his fate.

"Coquetterie"

A FEELING which is often found among French soldiers is that of a certain *coquetterie*. When you get a glimpse of these brave fellows coming to rest billets, mud-stained, weary, it seems quite impossible that they should ever indulge in *coquetterie*. It does seem incredible, for just after the relief their coats are but coats of mud and clay, and it is impossible to realize that they were once of that dainty horizon-blue, the blue of the sky of dear old France. We see that they are unshaven. All this is quite true, but have a few moments' patience and you will see what the poilus will do after they are dismissed. They just take the time to locate their quarters, leave their equipment, and out they rush to the next river. After a time they appear dodging along with a satisfied air, shaven, hair nicely parted, the police bonnet placed sideway in a stylish way. You would hardly recognize them with their uniform restored to its original picturesque blue. But when the sergeant-major distributes new clothing, what a swarm around him, what a bustle! Every man wants to get new puttees, new coat, new blouse, new breeches. This undoubtedly also is a form of *coquetterie*. One of the men of my regiment, the 67th Infantry Regiment, being asked why he was so eager to be smartly dressed, answered: "After our fighting in Verdun our officers told us we were the smartest lot they had ever seen; if that statement should be correct each of us must be smart-looking." Another man of the same regiment, being questioned in the same way, said: "I am going on leave very soon, sir; my wife being a dainty little thing, I want my uniform to be a nice background for her. And I want her to be proud of her husband."

Our poilus also try to look smart while on the battle-field. One day, I remember, I was in the jumping-off trenches; it was about a quarter of an hour before we launched our big offensive on the Chemin des Dames in May, 1917. I went in all the jumping-off trenches in order to ascertain that everything was in proper condition, and also to be sure that the morale of my men was as fine as it always had been. I noticed a man brushing most carefully his coat and paying particular attention to the rest of his uniform. After having watched him for a while, I exclaimed: "Well, Durand, what is going wrong? My opinion is that you are turning into a perfect dandy, but is this the proper time to get smart?" "If my understanding is correct, sir," he said, "we are to pay a call to these fellows in the opposite trench. I have always been told that to pay a call one should be a little dressy, and that is why I make my toilet." In this same attack, Captain Edart of my battalion put on a new uniform, and a new pair of boots, because, he said: "It was a great honor to tread on French soil wrested from the Boches by our gallant 67th."

By these few experiences you can get an idea of that feeling of *coquetterie* among the poilus. It seems as if amid the horrors of modern warfare they wanted to add a touch of sentimentalism—as if they wanted to mitigate by a little comeliness the ugliness of this game. And it must not be forgotten that they are the descendants of those who fought the war in frills.

ONCE upon a time I happened to enter the private office of a shrewd friend of mine just as he was making an end of glancing through the letters

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and circulars which had reached him that morning. After we had exchanged greetings and before we took up the special subject of my call, he handed me one of the printed documents he had been examining. It was a request for his co-operation in behalf of an object which seemed to be worthy of public support. When I had read it my friend asked what I thought of it, and I responded that it appeared to be an appeal which called for assistance, and which it would be difficult to deny.

Human Touchstones

"Yes," he returned, "it is a good cause—at least I'm inclined to think so. I may possibly make a small subscription—but I shall decline to serve on the committee of management as I am here invited to do. In fact, the more I come to think of it, the more I doubt whether I shall even give them a little money, and I find myself wondering if the object is really as worthy as it seems. Look over the list of those engaged in advocating it and you will find more than one name which does not inspire confidence, and at least one which inspires misgiving. Long experience has made me cautious, not to say distrustful, and I now keep out of all enterprises which cannot withstand the test of the Human Touchstone." I looked at him, awaiting an explanation of this term.

"You see what I mean," he continued; "a cause is known by the company it keeps. It is necessarily discredited by evil associations. There are a lot of men of more or less prominence, seeking the bubble reputation in the camera's mouth, delighting in the spot-light of publicity, and acting as their own press-agents. I call them my Human Touchstones. I know them to be more or less self-seeking, more or less unsound in judgment, more or less likely to go off half-cocked, as the phrase is. And when two or three of them are gathered together, then is a good time to avoid their society. Now this circular that you have just looked over has on its committee of management nearly half a dozen of the men whom I have been in the habit of using as Human Touchstones; and when I see this, I cannot help doubting the whole thing. The treasurer, for example, is a pushing person, who used to go about vaunting that he was a self-made man. I happen to know that his schooling was deficient and that he never enjoyed the advantages of a college career. Yet a few years ago I discovered that he had begun to append LL.D to his name. As he is a man of means I concluded that he had made a donation to some struggling college which had rewarded him with an undeserved honor. I once heard the president of one of these enfeebled institutions of learning declare that it needed a great deal of money which it did not expect to get all at once—but by degrees. And only last year this Human Touchstone of mine, the treasurer of this new association, has added to the LL.D. a Ph.D. The doctorate of laws he might have bought by a bargain shameless on both sides, but the doctorate of philosophy he could not have come by honestly. For him to flaunt that in the face of the public is very much as if he had suddenly taken to wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key."

Then my friend took the circular from my hand and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"I am inclined to think," he added as he did this, "that if I found this self-made Ph.D. advocating the Ten Commandments, I should begin to have doubts as to their validity."

HALF an hour later, as I was walking away from my friend's office, I pondered over this theory of the Human Touchstone; and I was suddenly reminded of an apologue which H. C. Bunner used to tell. It was probably his ŏwn invention; and he may have written it out although I think that it survives only in oral tradition and that I may be the only one now in possession of it.

An Apologue of H. C. Bunner

More than thirty years ago in the era of the mugwumps and of Cleveland's election and of Charles A. Dana's advocacy of Ben Butler in the *New York Sun*, there was a very old farmer in a very remote rural community, who was not a man of any unusual intelligence—in fact, he was recognized as rather below than above the average. Yet in one respect at least he possessed transcendent powers. In the field of politics his prescience was almost unerring. He was always on the right side and he was nearly always on the winning side. He could not give reasons for the faith that was in him; and his opinions were vague and inarticulate; but his judgment on the issues of the day was infallible. His sole aberration was

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a startling contention that all the forests in the country ought to be cut down at once.

His neighbors marvelled at the political wisdom of a man devoid of wisdom in all other things; and even the members of his own family, the critics on the hearth, were wholly at a loss to account for his political sagacity. At last the sands of life began to run out and he lay upon his death-bed. Then his sons consulted together and besought him to explain to them the secret of his strange gift. So it was that he was moved to make his last dying speech and confession. "It was really very simple," he told them. "I've always taken the *New York Sun*—and I've always disagreed with it. When *The Sun* said a thing was right, I said it was wrong. When *The Sun* said Ben Butler was going to be elected, I said that Cleveland was sure to beat him. And I always won out, didn't I?"

It will be remembered by all who were readers of *The Sun* in those distant days that Dana was one of the earliest advocates of our adopting a national policy which would preserve our forests; and this unexpected absence of perversity on the able editor's part, was the obvious explanation of the old farmer's contention that we ought to cut down every tree in the country. Dana was his Human Touchstone, although the editor was not absolutely unerring in his performance of this useful function.

Here, in fact, we are face to face with the danger which confronts all who seek to avail themselves of this excellent test. Few Human Touchstones are always and inevitably in the wrong. Most of them deviate now and again into the straight and narrow path, however scatter-brained and wrong-headed they may reveal themselves to be in the large majority of their opinions. And, of course, this introduces an element of uncertainty and interferes with the complete scientific validity of the test, otherwise infallible.

For example, Walter Savage Landor, possessed an immense fund of miscellaneous misinformation about the history of the English language, about its constitution and about its by-laws. In the late Professor Lounsbury's ever delightful discussion of the "Standard of Usage" in our noble tongue, he declared that in Landor's "observations upon language no man of equal abilities ever surpassed him in the combination of limited knowledge of the facts with unlimited wrong-headedness in drawing conclusions from them." So it was that in all questions of usage, in the consideration of which a wise man always treads cautiously, Landor "was the most untrustworthy of guides, but for a reason quite different from what might be supposed—he occasionally made a correct statement. Hence," so Lounsbury concludes with his customary humor, "the uninstructed reader can never have the desirable assurance that everything he asserts is always wrong even if it be so generally." That is to say, Landor, like Dana, was a Human Touchstone, likely to be useful but not absolutely to be relied upon.

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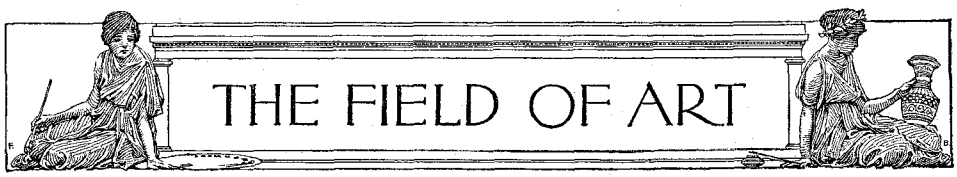

SOME REFLECTIONS ON MODERN ART SUGGESTED BY THE CAREER OF ARTHUR BURDETT FROST, JR.

THE passing of a young artist, full of life and rich in promise as he was, might not seem an event capable of arresting attention for long, in times like these, when great numbers of young men are being swept to death—at a time also when one of the greatest sculptors of the modern world and one of its finest painters have gone from among us. But it was precisely because his career was unfinished, because he had gone far along a course that might have yielded results defining the thought of our day, and of its immediate morrow, that the death of Arthur Burdett Frost, Jr., came as a grievous shock to all who knew him or his work.

To point out the important steps in his development will be to open up nearly the whole question of the art of to-day, and to show what problems it presents to the man entering the profession of the painter, or even to the man who simply wants to understand the evolution of his period as expressed in its art.

I well remember my first meeting with Arthur Frost. It was when William M. Chase, addressing his school, said: "Students, I introduce to you our greatest illustrator, Mr. Frost, who does me the honor to bring his son to study here." And young Frost did study. Bringing with him from home the habit of drawing whatever he saw, and possessing a certain knowledge of painting, he advanced rapidly under the tuition of Mr. Chase and Mr. Henri. By the summer of 1906, when the family went abroad for a long stay, he was probably as well equipped for his profession as his first school could make him. It was the desire of his father, however, that the European schools with their older traditions, and far beyond the schools, the influence of the immense store of art in Europe, both ancient and modern, supplement the training he had received at home.

Already, as a boy of eighteen in New York, Arthur Frost had shown a bent for research into the problem of what art is. Perhaps the most important characteristic of his later years was his eagerness to work at his problem. He did so brilliantly, radically insatiably. I remember his expression of boyish triumph when he announced one day that he could see what was great in Manet's art.

When his family settled in Paris, the young man became a student at Julian's, and found out what work in European schools is like—from eight in the morning till seven at night, if one attends the *croquis*, to which Arthur went regularly. The steady grind strengthened him technically, and his work at this period was about as complete as that efficiency-machine, the modern art-school, could make it.

Meanwhile his investigations of the purpose of art, of the thing he was to do with the fund of ability he was acquiring, had gone on apace. As we know to-day, the road from Constable, whom he had admired in London, to the Impressionists is a straight and unbroken one. A submissive learner when he felt that he was studying at the right source, Arthur mastered the principles and technic of the Impressionists to an extent that permitted him, in less than a year, to produce a number of meritorious works in their manner. With these he made his first contributions to public exhibitions.

But even before the time of which I write, Impressionism as a living force was a thing of the past. Of the masters who had brought it to perfection, a few survived, as indeed two still do. But they have no successors among those who try to work in their manner.

Paris was in a ferment of new ideas, with art, as usual, indicating the activity seething through the whole mass of the country's thought. Much had to be accomplished before the war came, and the close of the old era. "It's like seeing Athens at the time of Pericles!" Arthur exclaimed one evening as we crossed the Seine, after a visit to the Autumn Salon.

Toward the end of 1907 various young painters who had come to look on Henri Matisse as the most significant figure in the

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evolution of the time induced the artist to undertake the criticism of a class, which they formed for him. Arthur Frost joined it at once, thinking to find there complete freedom from the academic methods of Julian's, and the open door to all the fierce expressionism of the Paris exhibitions.

Instead, he and the rest of the band found themselves in "the most severely classical atelier in Paris." The old student of Bouguereau, whom they had chosen as mentor, started them off on the path he himself had followed; and, instead of the ten-foot canvases they had imagined themselves covering with broad sweeps of fiery color, they were set to drawing from the cast, using a well-sharpened charcoal on the uncompromising surface of a sheet of *papier Ingres*. A fund was collected to purchase a life-size cast of the calm Mars Borghese of the Louvre. Arthur secured a small plaster figure of a Michael Angelo and modelled a copy of it on his own account.

But despite the acceptance of Matisse's guidance by the more intelligent of his students, the large number of followers from all countries who soon overflowed in the school insisted on getting what they came for. They wanted to paint like Matisse. The teacher reasoned with them, explained that each must work out his own art from principles consecrated by centuries of tradition, and that the strange-seeming developments of later years were but the manifestations of new personalities drawing on neglected sources. It was in vain that he threatened to turn them out of doors if they persisted in imitating his work instead of following his instruction. In about a year from the founding of the class, which had by this time become one of the largest in Paris, Matisse made good his threat and abandoned teaching. Arthur Frost had to start anew.

He found work at Julian's impossible, with the new ideas he had acquired, and decided that the time had come to continue his general education where it had left off at his American high school. Does such a proceeding seem strange for a man who had decided on painting as his profession? It will, to some. But look at the annual exhibitions, with their miles of destitution—intellectual and artistic. On every hand we hear it said that ideas, inspiration, are what is needed. And yet how little evidence there is that the painters ever have the humility to turn aside from the game they play with the exhibitions, the critics, and the dealers—to ponder over the grave questions it is their mission to answer. It was this that Arthur Frost realized. He did not turn to education (beside a study of the arts allied to his own) to find the ideas whose lack he reproached in his pictures; he was building up a better mental organism with which to achieve those ideas when he should go back to his own work.

The results were evident by 1913, when we find young Frost as one of a group of painters—Delaunay was probably the most prominent of them—who had their own word to say. They were all men who had the scientific-æsthetic research of recent years well in hand; they had passed the groping stage in getting a balance between realistic and abstract form, and their pictures of aeroplanes, clouds, the sun, and other heavenly bodies were part of the movement of creative art for which our time will be remembered.

Staying abroad for a while after the war broke out, the day came at length when the family was ready for its long-delayed return to America. Once more in New York, Arthur was soon engaged on a big canvas. He wanted to paint a picture which should include the fulness of his acquirements, and worked on it for many months—only to repaint it completely. It changed from carefully studied realism to a balancing of form and color wherein no relation with the scene was discernible, though the new phase grew from the original conception.

It is probably not for those who were the close associates of Arthur Burdett Frost, Jr., to measure the value of his achievement. The point is that he was one of those men—and they are not common—who find out what life has to offer in their day, and who seize upon it. Being an artist, it was first of all through the medium of his profession that he approached life. He evolved with his generation and would not be shaken from his place in the ascent.

Whatever the future judgment on his merit, it is scarce likely that his work will be called complete. But do we, of this young, changing country, need most to consider the lives of those who have done a complete work or the lives of men who have followed a great aspiration and a great direction? Arthur Frost was a joyous student occupied with grave matters. His

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unceasing desire to look further into art led him along a course which I believe will be considered the essential one of our time. The earlier artists of his choice are the classics of the past, later he came to those who are being recognized as the masters of the present epoch. It is a progression such as this that his countrymen must follow if they are to produce the art of the future.

WALTER PACH.

THE LATE GEORGE A. HEARN WAS ALWAYS A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN ART

THE connoisseur and patron of contemporary art is a double benefactor. He encourages art and also the artist. Although the late George A. Hearn was a collector of the art of the past as well as of the present, it was as a patron of contemporary art that he was and is most widely known and rightly appreciated. He was interested in the artists of his time and particularly the artists of his country, many of whom were his intimate friends. Not one apart who bought only for future profit, Mr. Hearn became conversant with the ideas, aims, and aspirations of the artist, exchanged ideas, and entered into their creative spirit. He was always genial and delightful. I believe that he never sold a picture during the many years that he collected them, and it is a notable fact that he gave many of his most valued treasures to public institutions. Although honored as a public benefactor by those who knew, yet there was little publicity given to his gifts. Many of the pictures which rest modestly at the Metropolitan Museum would have created a sensation in the auction-room. In the recent sale in New York of the Hearn pictures, I do not remember a single Winslow Homer, yet in his collection at the Metropolitan we can count five or six, and with a master whose production was limited and whose important pictures are not often seen in the public market, this is a significant fact. Were it not for the Hearn collection at the Metropolitan Museum, later American art would be but poorly represented there. Wyant, whom we could not know in the Irish landscape and the wood interior of the early eighties, we see at his best among the pictures given by Mr. Hearn. "The Mohawk Valley" remains as a masterpiece of the early topographical period wherein we see the influence of the Düsseldorf school, whereas the other examples show Wyant in his most mature and complete expression as a great tonalist. So, too, with Inness, we see not only one of the most important and representative examples of his early work in the well-known "Peace and Plenty," painted in 1865, but the great spiritual significance of his later expression is beautifully exemplified in the evanescent charm of "Spring Blossoms," dated 1889. Of the middle period we have "Evening at Medfield," 1875. Homer Martin, whose mature vision came very late in life, and whose production was unfortunately very limited, is nevertheless represented by an important and imposing example in "Sand Dunes, Lake Ontario"; while Blakelock is revealed to us in two happily contrasted moods, in one of which he shows his early objective training and sensitive understanding of natural structure, and in the other a rhapsody of color in which the vision is seen as in a dream. The "Quadroon," by Fuller, a mystical masterpiece of elusive charm, and a less important example by Ryder, complete the distinguished group of deceased masters; while in the adjoining gallery are representative examples by many of the most distinguished exponents of contemporary American painting who are worthily continuing the precedent of their peers.

As a collector Mr. Hearn showed great catholicity of taste and excellent judgment. If in a general survey of his pictures we see a predominating interest in the tonalistic schools, we must remember that this was the mood of a period and many of its masters were contemporaries of the collector. This to a certain extent influenced his predilection for the early English pictures, the tones of which were in happy accord to the rich quality of our own school. It seems additionally appropriate, however, that the English school should be so well represented in our great museum, for we must remember that our early native school of portraiture was a direct continuation of the English precedent. So, too, it is welcome to see the English landscape-painters, with whom we have a close temperamental and artistic affinity. Inness was a great admirer of Constable, whose virile influence is echoed in his earlier pictures; and it is unnecessary to say that Wyant owed much to the sombre and austere master of Bergholt. The English school is grouped together at the

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Metropolitan Museum and shows with what care Mr. Hearn selected his pictures, not only for individual excellence but for æsthetic kinship and harmonic relation. It is one of the most beautiful rooms in the museum.

But Mr. Hearn had also a sympathetic eye for the modern achievement and the revelations of the American impressionists. We will recall that not many years ago Theodore Robinson was looked upon as a rebel, an acknowledged extremist, the daring of whose color frightened conservative curators and connoisseurs. He was among the first of our landscape-painters to awaken to the call of the sunlight, and his natural vision responded to the new discoveries of the French impressionists. To-day the distinction is not so clearly marked. We see these painters as tonalists working in a higher key and in cooler hues. Mr. Hearn was fortunate, however, in acquiring a very distinguished group of this painter's canvases at an early date, several of which were dispersed in the recent sale. Theodore Robinson died young and did not achieve the complete consummation of his undoubted genius, but his influence here was active and generative. Twachtman echoed the new spirit and we are fortunate in having one of his most beautiful expressions in the Hearn collection at the Metropolitan.

We have seen several great collectors pass. The pictures which they brought together at incalculable expense the public is privileged to view in our museums. The great treasures of the past have brought the Old World to our shores. In the realm of painting we can look upon the historical retrospect and trace the early traditions leading to our own time. But if we learn from the past many valuable lessons for the present, nevertheless it is the present which is our chief concern. Many of our greatest collectors have left no impression upon the artistic life of their time, no sign of their interest in the modern struggle to create and sing the songs of our day, no encouragement to the young men who are working valiantly to recreate the living spirit of the higher life as expressed in art. It is not the real test of the connoisseur to be able to select masterpieces from the achievements of the past. Time, that mysterious but never-failing judge, presents the decision to the present. It is only the great that survive its merciless test; the inferior go the way of all things, that lacking the breath of life, are as dust. The real connoisseur is not necessarily an antiquarian or archæologist. He is a lover of the living spirit and he sees it in the present as well as in the past.

The significance of Mr. Hearn as a collector is that he encouraged and quickened the art of his time and of his country. It is not the mere fact that he helped artists to live; that alone is a means and not an end. As a business, art has no reason for existence. It is mere money-changing and it were better to deal in those material things called commodities in which Mr. Hearn acquired his fortune. But if in seeking the higher life the soul awakens to a spiritual need expressed in the realm of art, the response must come through that communion of feeling which radiates from the common love of the beautiful. This is not a thing cherished only in the dead past. It still seeks to be awakened.

Therefore, Mr. Hearn has left his heritage not only in museums but in the hearts of those whose works he helped to quicken into being. He was not only a benefactor of American art, in so much as he bought the pictures of his contemporaries, but because he endeavored to enter into the spirit of the art of his time, to know the artists and to exchange appreciations and estimations. That he selected wisely, and that the confidence which he especially placed in the American artists whose pictures he bought was entirely justified, is clearly shown in the result of the recent sale of his collection by the American Art Association.

ELIOT CLARK.

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.—JOHN S. SARGENT: Not only is Mr. Sargent an exponent of portraiture and mural decoration and a devotee of outdoor scene; he is also a masterly and sympathetic painter of indoor genre. The frontispiece, "Nonchaloir," which was first seen at the New English Art Club exhibition in Suffolk Street in 1911, displays the artist in a little-known but manifestly congenial mood.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE BATTLE IN NORTHERN FRANCE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

FOR the past four weeks other events have been quite submerged, in the mind of the outside world, by the battle in northern France—probably the bloodiest conflict in history, possibly the most memorable. It has not been a Waterloo, a Valmy, a Blenheim, a Gettysburg, in which a political system or a personal ambition was at stake. The comparison most often drawn with this struggle, in which two opposing conceptions of civilization have been fighting for control of modern society, has been carried back to the stand of the Allies of another period against the invading Saracens at Tours, and against Attila and his earlier Huns in the battle on the Marne, fifteen centuries before the other great battle beside the same river. Meantime the events which have passed rapidly and dramatically across the scene—the recapture by Hindenburg, after enormous loss of life, of the ground regained in Picardy by General Haig last year; the Kaiser's hysterical boasts of a victory won; the stubborn resistance and counter-blows of the French and English; the selection of the foremost military genius developed by the war as generalissimo of the Allied forces (an incident not precisely paralleled since Marlborough's campaigns), and the entry of General Pershing's American army into the battle — this panorama of history necessarily superseded all other considerations, economic as well as political.

Significance of the Great Conflict

GERMANY'S part in the campaign—not less interesting because, contrary to all military precedent, it was advertised in advance—has already raised many questions. What is to be assigned as Germany's fundamental motive for this campaign of desperate violence on the western front, with such frightful sacrifice of her soldiers' lives in mass attacks on powerful artillery? The common answer is, that this was the last chance for victory at the real strategic point of conflict—to be won, not by superior generalship but by brute force of numbers, while Russia had been disposed of and before the American army could arrive. This view of the matter is obvious enough. But there are also many careful observers of German psychology who believe that the military cabal had been intoxicated by the collapse of the Russian Government, the territorial disintegration of that unlucky state by Germany, and the unopposed march of the German army on Petrograd and Odessa.

Why Germany Struck

The German Junker's head might indeed easily have been turned by these spectacular results of a military commander's rough thrusting-aside of diplomacy at Brest-Litovsk, and his adoption of a purely bullying programme toward the Russians. The Opposition party in Germany lapsed into silence—half in fright, and half in admiration at these Napoleonic exploits. Nothing further was heard in the Reichstag of franchise reform for Prussia. The Emperor, who in February had been humbly telling the Hamburg aldermen how Germany "often entered false paths" in this war until "the Lord pointed out by a hard school the path by which we should go," was boasting in March of the "glorious page in the history of the German army" in which—so ran his description of the pusillanimous desertion of the Russian soldiers—it had triumphed over the Russian army's "overwhelming superiority of numbers."

But the picture had another side. The reckless breach of faith through which Russian provinces were torn apart, Armenian populations of southern Russia promised to the Turk, the grain districts occupied in violation of a treaty just

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signed, and central Russia invaded in the face of an armistice, caused a good deal of sullen comment at home. Even the usually subservient newspapers began to talk. The Berlin *Tageblatt* asserted that the new states carved out of Russia were "less representative of their people's wish than Napoleon's Kingdom of Westphalia" —the anathema of Prussian historians. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* told its readers that Germany had "played the game of the Allies in Russia." Military critics, members of the army reserve, wrote scornfully of the intelligence of "the man who can believe that the break-up of Russia will be to Germany's advantage." Something more was evidently necessary to maintain the control of political affairs by the General Staff.

At first, the hope of silencing home criticism by feeding Germany with Russia's stores of grain was relied on; but this expectation also began to wane. People of experience in grain-market affairs had been aware from the first that the random estimates of six to eight hundred million bushels of wheat, alleged to have been raised in Russia every year since the war began, were utterly absurd. This would have equalled the maximum peace-time production, and it would have occurred in the face of loss of the export market (which normally takes nearly half of a Russian wheat crop), shortage of labor, and almost total lack of storage facilities.

These estimates assumed that the Russian farmer had for three successive years been investing his time and money in producing crops which he knew he could neither sell nor store, and, in the past twelve months, under political circumstances which rendered his continued possession of either the land or the harvested grain a matter of entire uncertainty. If there had been no other evidence, the bread famine throughout Russia itself during 1917 proved that no such grain crops had been either planted or harvested, and it also strongly indicated that in March, almost at the end of the "wheat year," no enormous reserve of wheat could possibly be left.

Whatever illusions they may have indulged in at the start, the Germans in Russia must rather soon have begun to perceive the truth. But the generals made for Odessa, at which former export market, if anywhere, wheat supplies might be supposed to exist. Even at Odessa, it was not a simple question how the Germans were to pay for the Russian wheat. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* hesitatingly answered: "Presumably with an exchange of goods; though it is doubtful if we can deliver enough." The General Staff, however, again had a plan of its own. It ordered the military seizure of Odessa; after which, true to the German soldier's instinct of pillage, it summoned the Ukraine people (with whose government a treaty of peace had just been signed) to deliver 85 per cent of their grain holdings to the military. The next perfectly natural incident was armed resistance by the Russian peasants, and, at the very moment when the fighting on the Somme was at its height, the attack on Odessa by the Russians and the shaking of the German hold on the city. The German military cabal had already determined the future relations of Germany and Russia.

Warnings by German Business Men

WHAT political inferences intelligent German people would draw from this chapter of exploits may be imagined with little difficulty. But other inferences, drawn in high German quarters from other aspects of Germany's situation, had been growing extremely grave. Albert Ballin, president of the Hamburg Steamship Line, wrote to his friend Rathenau last December that "we are mad"; that "in antagonizing the United States we have done a disastrous thing, a thing which will throw its shadow on our economic life for a generation." He asked, in regard to Germany's foreign trade, with which he is more familiar than any man in Germany: "How are we to resume it, in the face of an Anglo-Saxendom which loathes and must loathe our presence among them?" and answered that "all the military victories and all the wild will-o'-the-wisps about 'Hamburg to Bagdad' will not help us."

Helfferich, the most competent of Germany's war-time finance ministers, told the Import Trades Association at Berlin, six or eight weeks ago, that "if final peace fails to return to us what our enemies have

(Continued on page 56, *following*)

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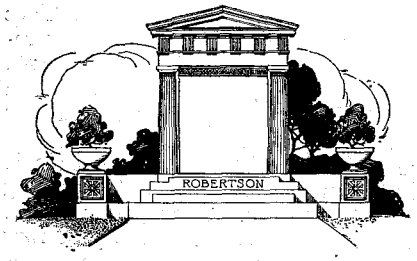

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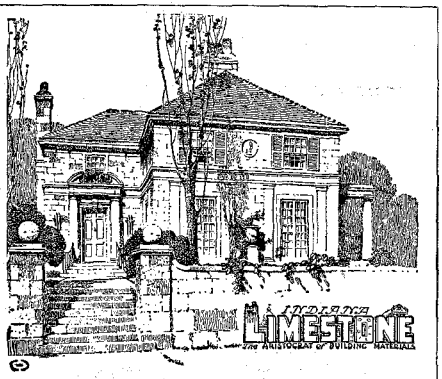

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Financial World, continued from page 642

taken and destroyed; if it fails to restore to us freedom in our work and in our spirit of enterprise in the world; then the German people are crippled for an immeasurable period." The only hope that Helfferich himself could hold out was that "we have first to win"; and, having won, to "meet the plan of exclusion with a demand for the open door and free seas, and the threat of blockade of raw materials with a demand for the delivery of raw materials."

The last words are suggestive. Apparently, they mark the abandonment of the theory of 1915, that the world will be unable to get along without German trade on the old-time scale, and the adoption of the new theory that other people may be compelled by main force to trade with Germany. Thus from the ex-Reichskanzler, the highly respectable director of the Deutsche Bank, comes the same foolish ultimatum as had been laid down by the Junker commander of the Army of Ukraine Invasion.

The psychology of such an attitude is purely German; even if there is something almost pathetic in it. The penalty for her government's wickedness of the past four

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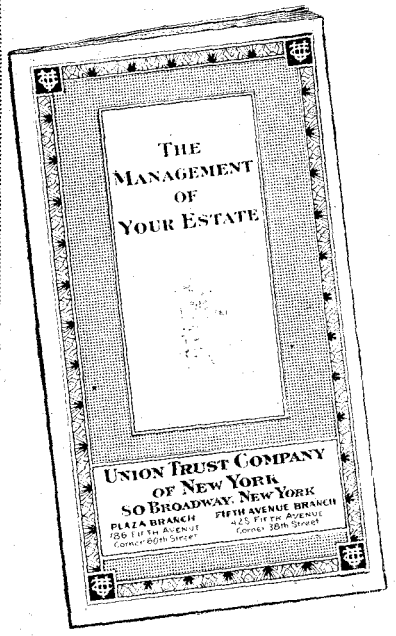

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years (calmly acquiesced in by her people) will have to be borne by Germany, victory or no victory; for the penalty will follow the verdict of civilized society. It was not the author of "J'Accuse" who wrote to his fellow Germans a few weeks ago that "it is not surprising that the whole world outside of Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world war," but Prince Lichnowsky, German ambassador at London in 1914; and he made the assertion after exposing, in the light of official knowledge, the facts of the German Government's conduct at that time which the lying "White Book" and the ninety-three professors had explicitly denied. The zeal with which government and army supplemented the crime of 1914 with the infamies of the next three years is an old story, and so is the action of the neutral nations, one after another, in virtually declaring the German Government an outlaw in modern civilization.

The "Economic War"

UNDER such circumstances, governmental boycotts may not be needed to shut Germany out from her old-time international intercourse in the commerce of the future. The individual merchant and consumer will have something to say about that.

A recent canvass of American commercial and industrial organizations, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, on the question whether or not the American people after the war "will enter an economic combination against Germany if governmental conditions in Germany make it necessary for self-defense," resulted, by 1,204 votes of such organizations against 154, in an expression of opinion that the American people would do so. This was more far-reaching an indication, though possibly not more significant, even than such individual utterances as John Burroughs's declaration that, "for my own part, I will never again use an article made in modern Germany, if I know it, and I will never look into a modern German book."

These are things that commercial Germany can understand and unquestionably does understand. Doctor Helfferich's declaration, made as it was by a serious statesman, was either an outcry of panic or an appeal for the army chiefs to stake everything on a desperate throw. On either supposition, it throws light on the second battle of the Somme. Commercial Germany, always a political parasite, was now imploring the military autocracy to save it from the consequences of its own subservience. The military autocracy itself was fighting desperately for its political life, and sacrificing the German man-power with entire indif-

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ference to the result on the German people of the future.

Capital Invested in German War Loans

GERMANY is not exhausted. She still raises huge war loans; another (the eighth in the series) has just been floated. But even in this direction there is one formidable omen for the future, pointed out by her neighbors in Switzerland; that what the German people have been subscribing to the Imperial War Loans is in fact very largely the capital released through the liquidation of German industrial enterprises—either smothered by the blockade or ruthlessly suppressed by the military control of industry for purposes of war. This capital will not be recoverable at the end of the war except through realizing on the war bonds in which it is invested; and who would there be to buy them?

It is quite true that the other belligerents are by no means free from the grave problems which overhang Germany's economic future. England and the United States have thus far provided the only marked exceptions to the increasing financial perplexities which are confronting the fighting states. Great Britain has from the outset held resolutely to the theory that accruing capital should be allowed fair opportunity to accumulate between the "loan campaigns"—a policy which, as I have heretofore pointed out, explains the fact that the British Government has thus far issued only three great war loans with a fixed date of subscription, while the German Government, including the loan just placed, has issued eight. These contrasting programmes were also partly a result of opposite fiscal policies, in which Germany dispensed as far as possible with war taxation whereas England almost exactly trebled the taxes on her people; her revenue increasing from $991,000,000 in the fiscal year ending with March, 1914, to $3,500,000,000 in the twelvemonth ending with March of 1918, and the total war-time yield of her new war taxes, during the period between 1914 and the end of last month, being something in excess of $5,000,000,000.

Strong Position in the United States Loans

OUR own financial programme, on the other hand, made impossible the wide separation of dates for issuing loans, and we have not adopted war loans with a short maturity. Our war disbursements to date have been very nearly doubled through our government's continuing advances of credit to its Allies; which are now not far short of $4,000,000,000. Including them, the actual sum total of our public expenditure in this first

Financial World, continued on page 60

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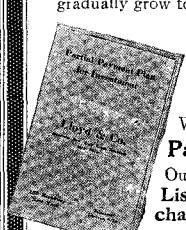

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Financial World, continued from page 59

year of war will considerably exceed what has yet been spent in a single year by any European belligerent.

Nevertheless, through an increase of at least $2,700,000,000 in war taxation and through enthusiastic subscriptions to the war loans, the war expenses have been met with a minimum of difficulty. Our first war loan of last June asked for $2,000,000,000 and elicited subscriptions of $3,035,226,850; the second war loan, last November, applied for $3,000,000,000, and subscribers tendered $4,617,532,800. The Treasury estimate of last December, that $10,000,000,000 more would soon have to be borrowed, in order to cover the remaining deficit of the fiscal year ending with next June, caused much apprehension in the money market; but the accumulating evidence (from the Treasury's returns of actual expenditure up to date) that this was a very extravagant overestimate was confirmed when the Treasury itself, at the end of March, announced that a loan of only $3,000,000,000 would cover requirements of the fiscal year. The relief which this announcement brought to the banking community was expressed at once in a violent recovery of prices for outstanding war bonds and by a confident and enthusiastic entry on the campaign for the third war loan.

Russian Repudiation

THIS relatively favorable situation of the two great Anglo-Saxon states, however, has not affected the increasing pressure of the war requirements on the other belligerents; with whom, in differing ways, the problem of after-war finance and ultimate dealing with the public debts has become a matter of anxious controversy. Russia, under the ultra-radical Bolshevik régime, is the only government which has spoken the word repudiation. As announced at Petrograd in January, that policy directly affected only foreign obligations of the government; which, however, including railway and industrial loans guaranteed by the state and not including loans for war purposes advanced to Russia by Allied governments, have been estimated at $4,000,000,000.

Nearly three-fourths of this is in the hands of French investors, who subscribed in immense amounts to Russian bonds when the Dual Alliance was in negotiation. The English people probably hold $500,000,000, the Dutch $400,000,000, and the Germans $375,000,000; continued payment of interest on the last-named portion of the debt having been stipulated by Germany in the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The British Government is also believed to have advanced

Financial World, continued on page 62

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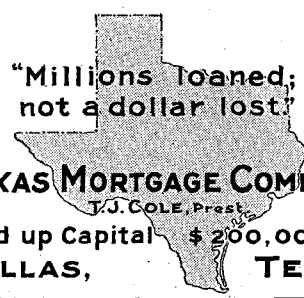

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between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 to Russia since this war began, and the United States, aside from something like $70,000,000 placed by private investors in the Russian "gold loans" floated in Wall Street during 1916, is involved to the extent of $187,729,000, which our government had loaned to Russia for the purchase of war supplies, before the Bolsheviki gained control.

To French investors especially, the action of the Russian radicals was a heavy blow. Even at New York the Russian "gold 6½s," due to mature next year, have lately sold as low as 38 cents on the dollar—at which price they would yield, in case of actual redemption at par, a return to the investor of something like 50 per cent per annum. Clearly, however, this meant that the chance of such redemption was considered very remote. Interest on Russia's foreign debt has thus far been regularly paid—in this country, from the remaining Russian credits; in France and England, through outright advances by the French and British Governments. But that could only be an interim arrangement; the British Treasury has already announced suspension of such policy, so that the actual future status of the debt remains to be determined by future events.

There is still a substantial body of opinion which holds that the Bolshevik control can be only temporary; that a sane and sober government would have to recognize the necessity, with Russia's urgent need of foreign capital, that her credit with the outside world be not destroyed. Precedent gives force to this belief; though Russia's case is undoubtedly much further complicated by the recent splitting-up of the Russia which had borrowed the money into four or more separate independent states. If this new status were to be permanent, then the allotment to each fragment of old Russia of its fair share in the burden would be a problem of the highest intricacy. After our own Civil War, it required more than thirty years to settle the controversy over a similar division of the old Virginia State debt as between Virginia and West Virginia.

Proposed Capital Levies

THE case of Russia is, however, too peculiar to be typical. The rest of the greater European states are not likely either to be partitioned or to be ruled by Bolsheviki. Nevertheless, the debt problem after war will be formidable with all of them. In the course of a recent speech in the Bavarian Diet, an Opposition member asserted that, unless a great war indemnity were obtained by Germany, virtual confiscation by the government of German

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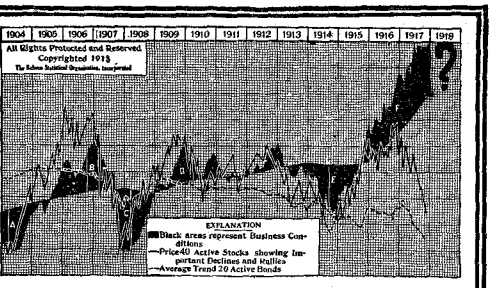
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wealth up to 40,000,000,000 or 50,000,000,000 marks, or as much as $12,500,000,000, would be an inevitable sequel of the war. The prediction may have been extravagant, and it is difficult to see how Germany could face any such exaction, when her people have virtually converted all their former trade capital into the government obligations which would be for the most part cancelled by such a public policy.

But discussion of the post-bellum "capital levy" did not begin or end with Germany. It has become a matter of serious controversy, even in England. Its practicability was urged, several months ago, by a delegation to the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and Mr. Bonar Law evaded explicit statement of the government's purposes. Still more recently, the English Labor party, in announcing its policy during the war and afterward, declared that "the Labor party stands for a special capital levy to pay off, if not the whole a very substantial part of the entire national debt—a capital levy chargeable like the death duties on all property, with exemption of the smallest savings."

The proposal makes in some respects a strong appeal to the imagination. The government admittedly has the power to make such requisition. Future generations, it is argued, ought not to be forced to carry on their shoulders such a tax burden as would be required when annual interest on the British war debt had become, say, $800,000,000, as against $120,000,000 before the war. The state itself would find its hands tied when confronting peace-time duties. What solution more proper and patriotic than to wipe the slate fairly clean; pay off part or all of the principal of the debt through fairly distributed sequestration of the wealth of individuals, and then start afresh for the future?

What a Depletion of Capital Would Effect

BUT there are a few other considerations in the matter. The programme makes no allowance, first, for the effect of so sudden and immense depletion of private working capital, through which a country's commerce and industry are conducted. If it be said that the state, freed from its war-time obligations, would provide the capital, then the answer is that the state itself must procure that capital through taxing private wealth, or borrowing it. But the 5 or 10 or 25 per cent, surrendered from private capital, under the policy proposed, would to that extent reduce the community's taxpaying capacity, and the policy would not greatly encourage future investment of the depleted private capital in public loans.

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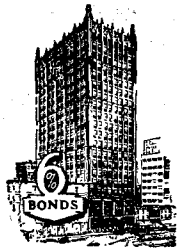

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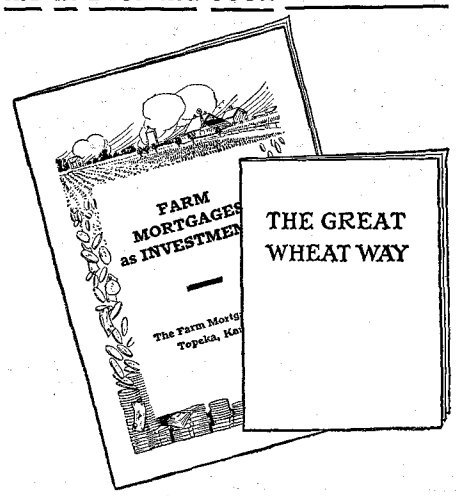

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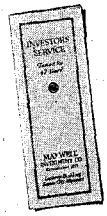

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Cotton and Cotton Seed	$272,000,000
Corn	122,607,000
Vegetables	71,287,500
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Financial World, continued from page 64

From a purely moral view-point, it is not straining a point to describe the policy proposed as left-handed repudiation. The governments raised their war loans on their pledge to repay them in full at a stipulated date. A very great part of every belligerent country's wealth has been invested in those war loans—in large measure under patriotic urgency. But for the government now to sequestrate one-tenth or one-fourth of the citizen's invested capital—some English writers have explicitly advocated that payment of the levy through surrendered war bonds be required—would not be very different from forcible cancellation of that much of the war-time promises to pay.

The third objection, that a levy of this sort, drawn from the highly complicated investments of a great community, could not possibly be exacted without cruel and gross injustice, is equally formidable. No case is more familiar than that of the individual or family whose income, often a small one, is derived from mortgages or real property which cannot be divided and which often cannot be sold for cash. Few people have lacked experience with the property which has a nominal but not a realizable value, or the wealth which is so invested that, while its earning power is continuous, its conversion into cash, except as a whole and at a very heavy loss, is impracticable. The income tax meets all these contingencies; the "capital levy" would not meet any of them. It is quite inconceivable that such a plan could be resorted to without creating a situation in which the great mass of well-to-do citizens would be forced suddenly to realize on their assets, with no one except the very wealthy left to buy, and with those buyers in a position to make their own terms.

The Insidious Moral Result

AS to the influence which this experiment, once tried, would have on private thrift, personal economy, and patient effort to accumulate a competency through hard work, that must be judged in the light of human nature. If the outright sequestration of a good part of all private savings could be limited, once for all, to the single operation whereby the war indebtedness would be readjusted, there would at least remain the reflection that the citizen had done his patriotic part and might now confront the future without further misgiving. But the whole history of taxation is evidence to the contrary. Once having discovered the access to such huge sums of money on such terms for public purposes, nothing can be more certain than that the experiment would be tried again, when some equally desirable public purpose suggested

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the return to it. The effect which expectation of that result would have in encouraging extravagance instead of thrift, spending instead of saving, present indulgence instead of preparation for the future, may be imagined by those who know how hard it is to inculcate the virtue of self-denial, even under existing circumstances.

These are among the considerations which will occupy the minds of thinking men when the proposal comes up for more serious discussion on return of peace. It is altogether for the best that the principles underlying such sweeping innovations in the system of public finance should be brought into open controversy while there is still time for informative debate. No one can foresee what will be the mood in which such questions will be considered when the war is over.

Sometimes it has seemed as if the world was about to rush with blind and impetuous violence into the process of adjusting itself to the new conditions which will probably prevail. If so, all the greater is the present need for firm and courageous statement of the facts. Of this much we may be sure; that on the temper and intelligence with which such proposals are discussed will depend a good part of future economic history.

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From a recent letter written by one of our subscribers we quote the following:

"Last summer you advised me against buying some stocks I mentioned. I took your advice against my own judgment and have been saved a 100 per-cent loss. I am very much obliged."

As a matter of fact we did not *advise* this subscriber. We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market, nor do we advise our readers when or what securities to buy or sell.

Our readers have the privilege of consulting us about their investments. The service we render is that of furnishing facts from which investors may decide for themselves the wisest course to follow.

When you desire to consult our Investor's Service Bureau it will assist us if you give complete information about your investments. Surrounding circumstances often make a course advisable for one investor and inadvisable for another. The character and amount of your present holdings, the purpose for which you are making an investment, the amount you desire to invest, and other similar information will assist us to give your inquiry intelligent attention.

This service is rendered without charge to the readers of *Scribner's Magazine*. This correspondence is in charge of a conservative investment specialist. Each inquiry is treated individually by personal letter. Return postage should be enclosed with each inquiry. Inquiries should be addressed Investor's Service Bureau, *Scribner's Magazine*, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Bonds and the Investor: *Scribner's Magazine*, 597 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

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How to Invest: *Scribner's Magazine*, 597 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

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Stock Dividend Outlook for Standard Oils: *R. C. Megargel & Co.*, 27 *Pine Street, New York.*

Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.*

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The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds: *Scribner's Magazine*, 597 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The South and Southern Municipal Bonds: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

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The Farm Mortgage as an Investment: *Scribner's Magazine*, 597 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

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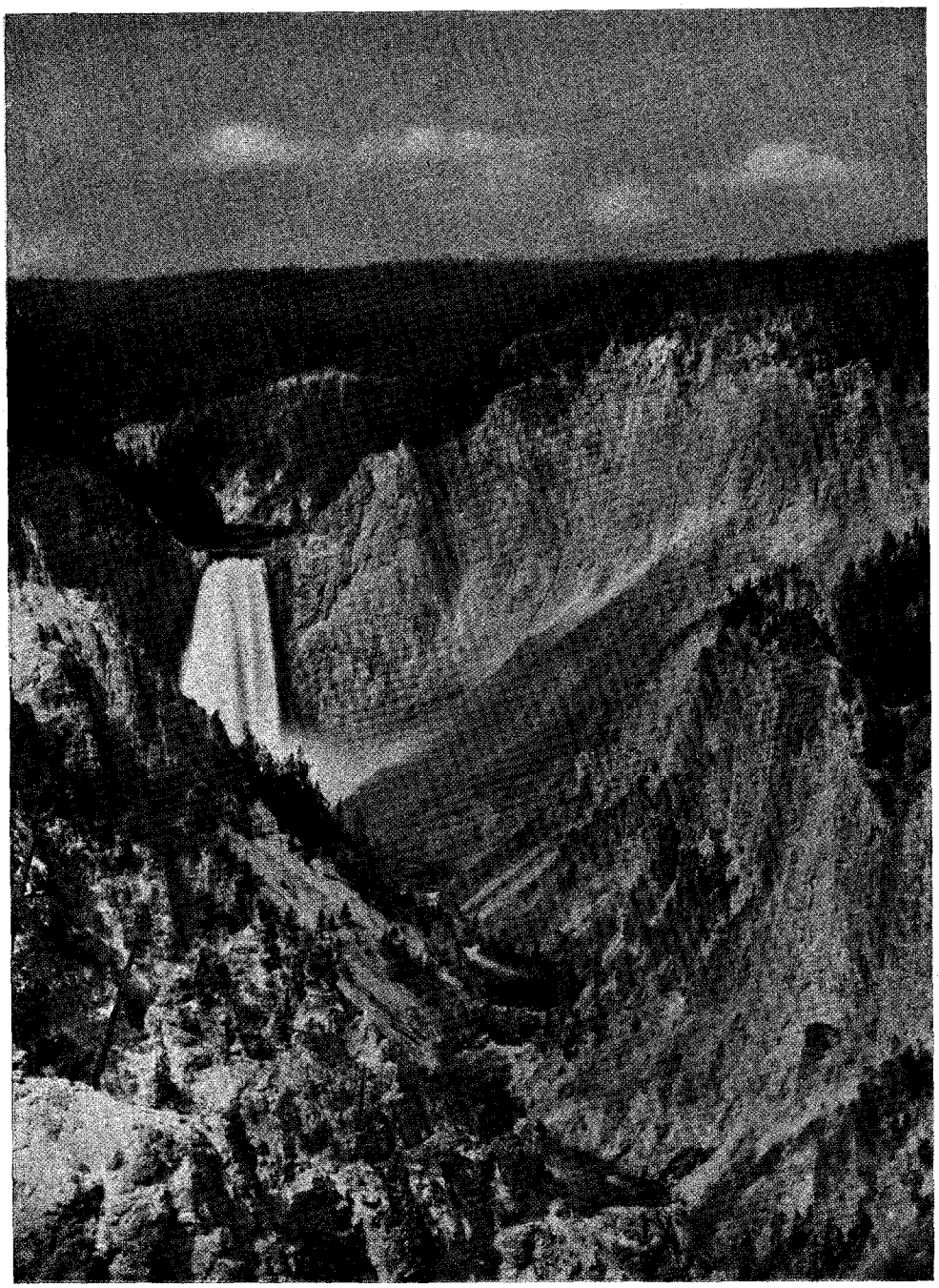

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YELLOWSTONE FALLS.

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—See "The Motor in Yellowstone," page 673.

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